MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#265 JUNE 2005

ENDLESS NIGHTMARE

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so) lists of stuff we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

Talula Brooks
4/5/05 • 7 lbs. 3 oz.
Congratulations!

MITCH CARDWELL

- GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
- FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP
- MOTHBALLS-Come Out of the Closet-EP
- ARRIGT ANTRÆK-I Mørket Er Alle Katte Grå-EP
- DIRTSHIT-Rattenloch-EP
- OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP
- BEAT BEAT BEAT-Cheap Time-EP
- KRUNCHIES-In De Winkel-LP
- POINTED STICKS-Perfect Youth-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Circuit Breaker Love-LP

ROB COONS

- GUDON-1984-1990-2xLP
- OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP
- RIISTETYT-all
- BASTARDS-Siberian Hardcore-LP
- V/A-Konton Damaging Ear Massacre-LP
- STATE-No Illusions-EP
- GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
- HARD SKIN-Same Meat Different Gravy-LP
- CUT-THROAT-12"
- GASMASK TERROR-Deathscipline-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- HARD SKIN-LP / OBSERVERS-EP
- SPITS/TRIGGERS-split EP
- ARRIGT ANTRÆK-I Mørket Er Alle Katte Grå-EP
- V/A-Konton Damaging Ear Massacre-LP
- ERGS!/MODERN MACHINES-split EP
- TORRINGTON-Wage Slave-EP
- GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
- MEGAHURTS/SEX ROBOTS-split EP
- SAY GOODBYE-Misanthropy-EP
- STRIPMALL SEIZURES-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- KILL-A-WATTS-Circuit Breaker Love-LP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS-Blunt Instrument-LP
- GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
- FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP&live
- HARD SKIN-Same Meat Different Gravy-LP
- ERGS!/MODERN MACHINES-split EP
- OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP
- TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKETS-Total-CD
- ABI YOYOS-This World Is Not My Home-EP
- METHADONES/SOVIETTES-live

JEFF HEERMANN

- LES TERRIBLES-CD
- MINIMAL MAN-Shroud of-CD
- BLACK JETTS-Right-On Sound-CD
- MOTHBALLS-Come Out of the Closet-EP
- FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Circuit Breaker Love-LP
- STATE-No Illusions-EP
- EPICYCLE-Teenage Suicide-LP
- SORES-Wormwood-EP
- SPITS/TRIGGERS-split EP

KENNY KAOS

- BEAT BEAT BEAT-Cheap Time-EP
- KUNG FU MONKEYS-2xEP
- SPITS/TRIGGERS-split EP
- THE CLUTTERS-Oh!-EP
- SEX ROBOTS/MEGAHURTS-split EP
- V/A-Teenage Crime Wave-EP
- WESTERN DARK-45
- FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP
- KILL-A-WATTS-Circuit Breaker Love-LP
- POINTED STICKS-Perfect Youth-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- THE BAGS-Sharpen Your Sticks-CD
- GIANT HAYSTACKS-Blunt Instrument-LP
- BUNNY BRAINS 88-Squirrel Attack-10"
- V/A-Teenage Crime Wave-EP
- OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP & live
- V/A-Salvo of 24 Gunshots-2xLP
- FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP
- KRUNCHIES-LP / MOTHBALLS-EP
- HARD SKIN-LP / THE CLUTTERS-Oh!-EP
- Nomads & No-Zones-DVD

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible– one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only releases. See reviews section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

SNUFF-CD / THE FIGHT-CD	V/A-Teenage Crime Wave-EP
ERGS!/MODERN MACHINES-split EP	THE 101'ERS-LP / BEAT BEAT BEAT-EP
CADEAUX-Physical City-CD	SECRET CRUSH SOCIETY-CD
V/A-The Bastards Can't Dance-CD	TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-Total-CD
GIANT HAYSTACKS-LP / KRUNCHIES-LP	DAMAGE CASE-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

HARD SKIN-LP / OBSERVERS-EP	MEGAHURTS/SEX ROBOTS-split EP
GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP	TARNFARBE-Heroes of Today-LP
DRIFTAGE-Paint It Black-EP	ABI YOYOS-This World Is Not My Home-EP
PAINT IT BLACK-Paradise-LP	ERGS!/MODERN MACHINE-split EP
ARRIGT ANTRÆK-I Mørket Er Alle Katte Grå-EP	HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE-WEENIES-10"

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

INEPSY-City Weapons-LP	GASMASK TERROR-Deathscipline-EP
V/A-Konton Damaging Ear Massacre-LP	KRUNCHIES-In De Winkel-LP
GIANT HAYSTACKS-Blunt Instrument-LP	GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP & live	ARRIGT ANTRÆK-I Mørket Er Alle Katte Grå-EP
HARD SKIN-Same Meat, Different Gravy-LP	SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Fucking Butchery-EP

DONNA POOLE

OUT FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT

WILL WEBER KNEITEL

ABI YOYOS-This World Is Not My Home-EP	ERGS!/MODERN MACHINE-split EP
OBSERVERS-Walk Alone-EP	TELEVISION PERSONALITIES-LP
GIANT HAYSTACKS-Blunt Instrument-LP	HARD SKIN-Same Meat, Different Gravy-LP
SCREACHING WEASEL-reissues	KRUNCHIES-In De Winkel-LP
GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP	STRIPMALL SEIZURES-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

BRODY'S MILITIA/NO VALUE-split EP	SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Fucking Butchery-EP
THE STEAM PIG-Bastard Ugly Everything-CD	BASTARDS-Siberian Hardcore-LP
INEPSY-City Weapons-LP	DIRT SHIT-Rattenloch-EP
THE BOILS-World Poison-CD	KIROTTU-Eloton Maailma-EP
GASMASK TERROR-Deathscipline-EP	TOTUUS-Kun Kuolema-EP

RYAN WELLS

MC MONKEY AND APE WITH ATTITUDE-EP	HARD SKIN-LP / MOTHBALLS-EP
V/A-Punksvall 1979-80-CD	SPITS/TRIGGERS-split EP
DIRT SHIT-Rattenloch-EP	EPICYCLE-Teenage Suicide-LP
MINIMAL MAN-Shroud of-CD	GORILLA ANGREB/LOKUM-split EP
FEELERS-Learn to Hate the Feelers-LP	BEAT BEAT BEAT-Cheap Time-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Artcore Fanzine #22	Profane Existence #47
Dogprint #5	Razorcake #25
Freak Tension #12	Slug & Lettuce #82
Mind Clutter #1	Lower Forty Eight #1
Poor and Forgotten #21	Suspect Device-20 Years...

MRR SHITWORKERS

Aragorn	Carl Auge
Peter Avery	Ariel Awesome
Madeleine Baran	Michelle Barnhardt
Jerry Booth	Julia Booz Ullrey
Tim Brooks	Amy Browne
Dean Carrico	Ariel Celeste
Rob Coons	Craigums
Jip Daems	Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado	Dawna DeMartini
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Tress	Ryan Wells
Shane White	Erin Yanke

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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, Portland, Boston, Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene report

263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

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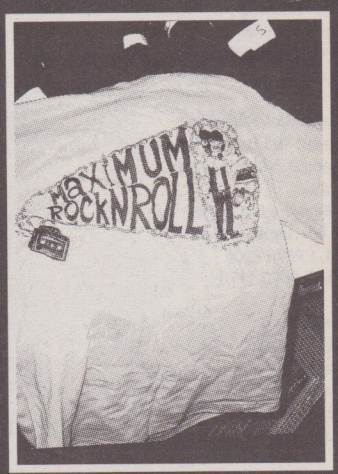

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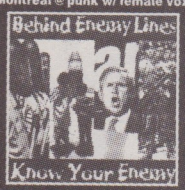

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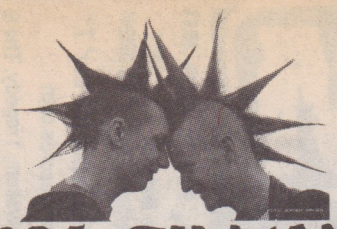

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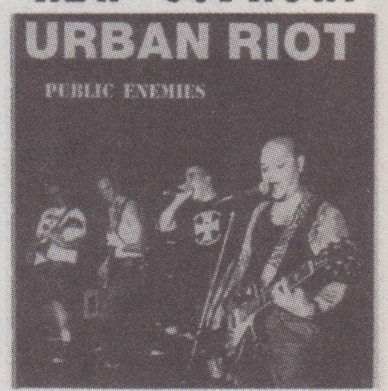

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LETTERS

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MRR—

I recently picked your zine up after a long time and was pleased with the amazing coverage of the worldwide punk scene. Many people believe that punk has run its course and it has now become socially acceptable, but it seems there is still a lot of fire in its belly because it hasn't stopped the problems for this young man. Friends, family and relatives are amazed that I have not "outgrown it" and settled into a more acceptable lifestyle but, fuck it, this is the reason I still wake up every morning. I don't wanna sound cocky or like a dick, but it really pisses me off when punk is misrepresented in the media. Hell, I dont "look punk" but this ain't just a trend or fashion or something on MTV. But hey, I guess I'm preaching to the converted here. Anyways, the main reason I'm writing is I'm hoping for a pen pal out there, 'cos none of my "friends" have an interest in this music and it gets real lonely here. (Sorry to go all emo on you.) So it would be really cool to talk about the music, politics, etc. we're all so passionate about. Thanks, and I look forward to hearing from you.

—Matthew Bullock
1 Merganser Close
Porthcawl
Bridgend
Wales
UK
CF36 3UE
flapableduck@yahoo.com

MRR—

The 10th Annual Anarchist Bookfair was yummy to my soul. Everyone I talked to was very friendly and smelly and hairy. My favorite tables were Microcosm Publishing, Profane Existence, MRR (of course!) and AK Press's huge set-up (to the chubby, dreaded AK worker girl, I love you). Didn't check out any speakers, maybe next year.

PEACE,
—Shane

Paul—

It's great that you are going to be a coordinator, I'm sure you and G. will make a devastating team.

Anybody writing regularly for *Maximum* sounds boring, preachy, etc. sooner or later; that's part of stating your opinions. Which brings me to my defense of the hatred of liberalism.

In your column, you associate shit talkin' on liberals with a "punker than you" attitude which ignores real victories mainstream politics has brought us. You posit that abortion rights would have been saved by more punks voting Democrat, as opposed to now, when these rights are likely to be lost. As a shitworker who voices in these pages the ideas you're criticizing, I want to differ with your conclusions.

"Liberal" means you believe in working within the legal and electoral systems to affect change. "Radical" means you think these systems are not sufficient to do what needs to be done. (The corresponding terms on the right are "conservative" and "reactionary.") Where did the eight-hour workday and the right to organize one's workplace come from? From people being in the streets, shutting down cities when they were told to go home by the authorities. The liberal response would have been to go home! When enough people want something, the state will change the law to accomodate them. Obviously, this only happens in times of severe crisis, like the Depression of the 1930s. I think the civil unrest sparked by a federal ban on abortion would have a different form, but be comparable in effect. Despite being legal, safe abortion is largely unavailable in rural, conservative areas of the US, just as illegal abortion would still be a safe option in big liberal cities. It all depends on there being enough people who believe in it to do it, regardless of the law.

How many of "us" would have had to have voted for Kerry for him to win? 'Cuz of the way presidential elections are run, there were only a few states where the punk/radical vote had a chance to affect the outcome. Bush had no chance to win California, just like Kerry could not win Texas even if every punk, freak, and anarchist in the state voted for him three times. The "swing states" discussed the most in the media were Florida and Ohio. Ohio went to Bush by more than 100,000 votes, Florida as well. The official story is that hordes of conservatives, completely missed by all polls, made the effort to vote so that queers could not marry and thereby destroy civilization. I halfway believe this story, tho' between Diebold (the Ohio-based, Republican-controlled company who provided the ballots and did the counting) and Jeb Bush, a more direct manipulation of the election is entirely possible. Either way, "we" did not have have the numbers (or the access) to change the outcome.

Liberalism is "we signed to a big label so we could get our message out to more people." The message gets out, but the label takes in the money, and everybody knows you really vote with your wallet. It shouldn't be a surprise that the state is most responsive to those who control the most resources, i.e., the rich. How's that song go, "the problem ain't the system's broke, it's working all too well." Liberalism is for the system, and what did Conflict say about that? So there's a bunch of reasons to be against it, but that's a couple.

I thought your comments about the greatness of the Bay Area Anarchist Bookfair, the awesomeness of Christy Road's artwork (her zine, *Greenzine*, is pretty great too), and the scumbag-ness of somebody who steals records when they stay at (or visit) your house were right on. It particularly sucks to steal from a library. Now I'm getting mad, too.

Take care, see you around,
—Jeff Mason

Jeff—
Thanks very much for your vote (no pun intended) of confidence ! And your points are all well-taken.

You state that "when enough people want something, the state will change the law to accomodate them." That sounds like a pretty strong belief in democracy to me. In countries like China, the state will just roll over you with a tank. Let's face it, our system is fucked up, but there are many different ways that people can affect change here, be it protesting or writing to your representatives, rioting or lobbying (or maybe just riding your bike to work). The eight-hour workday was ultimately voted on by some sympathetic politicians. Yes, of course it was in response to a popular uprising, but it certainly wasn't an entirely "radical" endeavor. There were a lot of normal Joes out there who just wanted to have their fair share. Just recently, California nurses organized some protests that actually got Gov. Schwarzenegger to change some of his nasty policies. I doubt if most of them would call themselves radicals.

The "us" I had in mind was all of the left-leaning folks who didn't vote for one reason or another. I'm certainly not foolish enough to think that punx, anarchists, and commies are that strong of a political force in this country. But I was posing the idea that supporting those who do have some clout isn't necessarily all that appalling when you consider that there could be tangible results, as opposed to spending a lot of time debating how a theoretical, idealist society might work. But these things are not mutually exclusive either, which is why I feel comfortable arguing liberalism and anarchism all in one paragraph. Let's keep our ideals, our anger and disgust, our love and creativity. But every once in a while let's go to a city council meeting, meet our neighbors, or even talk to our local beat police.
—Paul

P.S. We will find who stole our records, and we will cut them.

P.P.S. I meant to mention in my column that everyone should read The Match, *the best anarchist publication around. Hell, one the best magazines around, period. $3 to Fred Woodworth, PO Box 3012, Tucson, AZ 85702.*

MRR—
I am a long time fan of *Maximumrocknroll*. I have been since the early 80s—I'm 33 now. I used to have a subscription but I've been homeless since my return to San Francisco. I skate and I'd like to surf and visit the many clubs in the Bay Area (worldwide, if possible) but I landed my butt back in jail again. I'm accused of doing a burglary first, and receiving stolen property. I'm already on probation with a strike here in SF, and since the house that was well-burgled belongs to a policeman, it seems as if the DA, courts and, well, even my Public Defenders are all against my going to rehab. Delancy Street turned down my application. The Father Alfred Center St. Anthony's will take me, as will Salvation Army, Victory Outreach and a bunch of other places, but I have to get out of jail to go to them and apply in person. Only a few will take me right out of jail. Maximumrocknrollers, I don't know what to do. I've already spent near twenty-two years in the system, juvenile halls, crisis centers, California Youth Authority, jails, prisons and I ain't had a chance to get into rehab and I really want to get myself straight. I would like to know what to do. I'd like to rehab and maybe work for you guys, gals and do something artistic if you let me. Hey, anyhow I go to court on 3-16-05 for pre-trial and then to trial on 4-08-05, if the court doesn't cut me a plea bargain to go to rehab. My lawyers are Marla Zamorah (415) 575-8819. Any help would be great. Anyhow, I hope you all keep up the rock 'n' roll radio spirit. Me, I'm counting the days until next time.
—Marshall

MRR—
Kudos to columnist, greedy bastard, and New York City wireless hot spot Bill Florio for citing the 20-minute set rule in the May issue of MRR. He's right: even the best of bands would be well served by playing short sets. In New York, the argument against shows with more than three or four bands is clear—none of the bands are related, so there's little sonic unity, much less progression, to the bill; few of the fans overlap and people leave, as Bill described; and shows with seven dissimilar bands just run too freaking long even if you want to get turned on to bands you don't know (especially if all your friends leave).

But in general, smaller shows with shorter sets make even more sense. Sarcastically yet seriously, bad bands—bands you might not like—that play short sets suck less. I'll check out a 20-minute set by an incoherent, overly strident screamo band in an over-loud, overcrowded back room in Greenpoint at 11 p.m. after three other bands just to see what they're like. More importantly, bands that really rock and play short sets simply rock harder. When they finish, you're smiling, surprised, gasping for breath, wanting more. And wanting to see them again—soon.

In addition to the 20-minute set rule, I have another recommendation. When I sang with the Anchormen in Somerville, Mass., we worked with promoters and venues to book our own shows—entire shows. We'd work with the booker to secure a slot for our band, a friend's band—usually another band in the Handstand Command music collective—a band we really liked, and maybe another band as a stretch and a test. We did this more often than not.

That did several things. It made the shows more fun because the people in the bands wanted to see the other bands. It made the audience more involved because the friends and fans of the people in the scheduled bands wanted to see the other bands, too. It made the shows shorter—or seem shorter—because everyone involved was working together and the show made sense sonically. And lastly, a real feeling of community was created. We cross-promoted each other's shows on other nights, we promoted other bands we liked just because, and people started to follow the collective—not just the individual bands. Whatever Handstand Command show you went to, chances were good that you'd like most if not all of the bands involved because of that unity.

Now that I'm in New York and singing with the Trylons, I hope to find the same sense of community and camaraderie despite the too-long dissimilar shows I've gone to and come to expect as the New York norm. Who's on my short list when we start to play out? For one, Bill Florio and the Shemps.
—Heath Row
Media Diet
Brooklyn, NY

P.S. Congratulations to Paul Curran for deciding to become an official MRR coordinator. I've read MRR on-and-off since 1988 and followed Paul's music for about as long. He's a real keeper. *[Aw, shucks... thanks, Heath. —PC]*

MRR—

In looking what's "new" or happening this month, it's always depressing to go through the top tens and find that the best record out this month is SS DECONTROL *Kids Will Have Their Say*. *Kids Will Have Their Say* or *Get It Away* or Kaaos 1982 demos or WIPERS singles and rarities will *always* be the best record out that month, there's no contest, it's an already proven quantity, classic stuff, no contest. Within the small hardcore scene that Prank is a part of, I think this current redundancy and focus on the retro is counter-productive, partly as I think bands emulate in their style, artwork, sound, and recording as opposed to innovating new ideas. This view is not as limited as the collector jerks "who only collect punk 1977-1982" (or is it march 1983? Wait—Punk ended at June 14th, 1983 at 4:02 PM EST!) but it may be pulling down the shades a little in that direction. I guess fostering an appreciation of that stuff is well warranted, and that point is pretty well hammered home by now, but it almost seems like the *focus* of a lot of people's involvement in the punk scene, to unearth whatever shitty demo from Japan from 1986 as opposed to creating something new or listening to new bands that hands-down smoke the 1980's basement Zyklome A boombox practice tapes you just downloaded off of soulseek. I don't think the objective of punk ever was to be so obsessed with nostalgia ("No Elvis, Beatles and the Rolling Stones!!!"—those bands only being less than a decade or so old at that point!) Then again, there were "well, the first punks on the mayflower…" kind of guidebook finger pointing already by the early 1980s (or probably late 1977) instead of trying to innovate and grow. It just seems like in fostering the retro trend, focusing on "the classics," *MRR* and the scene turns more towards being more about something that "happened" than something that's "happening." (Though this can't be said of the whole mag.)

Why even bother reviewing a bootleg of *The Kids Will Have Their Say*? To help some scumbag bootlegger in Belgium or Germany? Dredging up the past—Tim Yo's (and by default the magazine in general's) attitude about boots was bullshit, basically valuing his personal enjoyment/gratification in owning the music/record over the artists' rights, while at the same time mercilessly attacking major and certain indie labels "for ripping off the bands."

Tim Yo passed away before the dam burst on the flood of bootlegs, and while, sure, I own and have bought some boots and enjoy a well done, legit retrospective as much as anybody, I've always viewed this as this big nebulous hole in the ethic of *MRR*. While I could understand reviewing a collection of say, live tracks that may not come out in any other format, or a singles and demo collection, and I doubt *MRR* would ever adopt a no-boots policy for reviews (though personally think how *Suburban Voice* fanzine handles this is best, there's a whole separate review section for reissues), I don't see why *MRR* should foster straight pirates of *any* record, 20 years old or not. Sure might be hard to establish whether it's legit or not, and sometimes artistic appreciation of what bands were trying to do only comes twenty years down the line when the listeners catch up with their ideas, but what's even the point of reviewing, say a boot of the first Corrosion of Conformity Album? Because it's great and the kids need to know? Fuck that! The kids need to form their own bands and make their own future, and not worry about what their mom and dad (and/or the graying crowd of diehards like myself and a lot of the *MRR* staff) used to listen to.

Cheers,

—Ken Sanderson

Prank Records

Ken—

Thanks for your letter—it brings up some important points that I think are well worth thinking about both for the magazine and for the punk scene at large. For those of us invested in the current punk scene it is frustrating to say the least to watch collector elitism, fetishization of the past, jaded retro chic, and disinterest in the current state of DIY take over for the vibrant and still viable ethics of punk. Sure, MRR *(like any good music fanzine) has always been interested in examining the roots of punk music (early articles on 60s garage punk, the "Pioneers of Punk" section that was popular during its long run, etc), but this has never been at the expense (hopefully) of the magazine's fanatical support of bands that are around now keeping punk alive and exciting. I for one am totally with you when you say you'd rather listen to any number of current hardcore bands over shitty boombox practice tapes (for example) of old bands, just like I'd rather go to any number of rad DIY shows, support the local, national, and international scene, and hear any and every band of today playing great punk rock. The exhilarating thing about punk is that it constantly reinvents itself, offering us punks ever renewing ways to inspire and be inspired by what we create. This sounds way better to me than keeping our collective gaze perpetually towards the past.*

Our bootleg policy, I think, remains in step with our review policy in general. Whether or not we like bootlegs (a quick perusal of this month's review section should give you an idea of the distaste most of us have for shitty bootlegs and the bootlegger scum who capitalize on our collective past), MRR *strives to have its reviews section be a complete and critical look at all of the records that fall under the general rubric of punk in any given month. It is with this same idea in mind that we've always reviewed records by bands whose politics radically clash with those of the magazine, including far right-wing and white power bands. The idea is that it is more effective to cast a critical look at a record than to ignore it outright. In other words, when a bootleg sucks, its up to all of us to let the kids know!*

It is also certainly true that it is often difficult to tell legitimate re-releases from bootlegs, and that reviewing reissues and boots allows our reviewers to wax poetic about some of the records laid the groundwork for their (and our) taste. It is up to as punks to write our own history, after all.

Having said all of this, I will say that your letter does point at something I've noticed since arriving here. More and more, it seems like our contributors are interested in interviewing old bands and that labels are interested in reissuing old stuff. All of this is great, of course, as long as it's not at the expense of the current, active punk scene. With that in mind, I encourage all of our readership to get in touch, send in scene reports, go to shows, listen to demos, read fanzines, play in bands, trade tapes, stay pissed, and above all stay punk.

—Golnar

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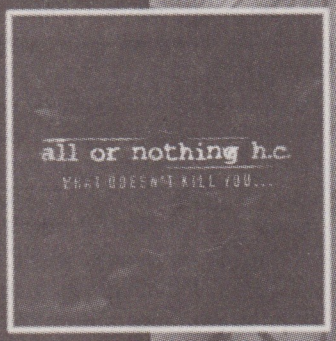

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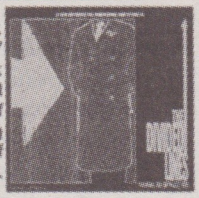

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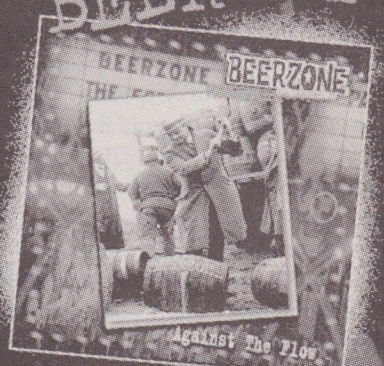

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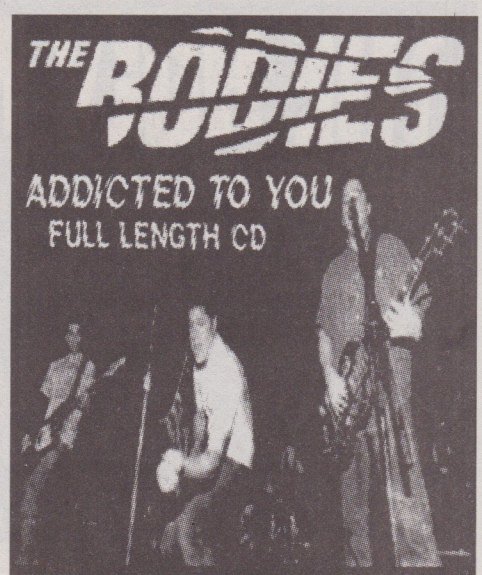

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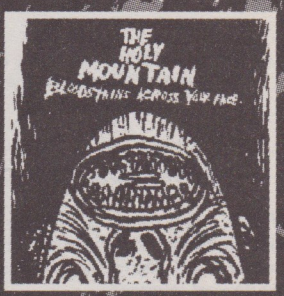

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COLUMNS

Bikes Racing Clouds

Life is full of moments tied together like string.

When I first moved to Boston, some twelve years ago, I lived in the wind. My mind was always looking to the sky, feeling the breeze on my face as I biked through streets looking for myself in this city. I explored everywhere from Bunker Hill and Revere Beach to Beacon Hill and Atlantic Avenue, pedaling my bike until my legs burned, not noticing or concerned about time or being where I had to be. I was in the breeze, running with the ribbons of streets that wound through this city.

Midnight.

I would grab my bike and leave the cement depression of a university dorm that offered me no sense of place or meaning. I was not interested in drinking cheap whiskey until I couldn't see straight and puking on myself in acid chunks of bile. I had already done that ride, thank you very much. At sixteen, that was part of my effort to escape my reality of an abusive mother and a shitbox town. I didn't need to revisit that particular poison again, not yet.

So I would escape the beehive of overprivileged drones and take to the streets.

Midnight, one, two, three, four in the morning, flying down Commonwealth Avenue to the Commons, racing through the park's city darkness punctuated by circles of light from a few old-fashioned lampposts. Pulse and speed quickened as I thought to myself, "Women are not supposed to be in the park at night. Rapists are on the loose. I shouldn't be here. This isn't safe."

But I silenced these doubts. I trusted my legs and my eyesight and strength. I flew down deserted walkways that would soon be trampled by office clones drinking coffee, as the church at the Park Street corner chimed nine times. Monks who wanted to pray to their God several times a day invented mechanical clocks. Now, clocks tick away our lives, as the capitalist machine runs high.

All was quiet while I turned rubber wheels, gaining speed.

I paused at the top of the park and looked to the sky. The wind was full in my face, but I was warmed from the ride, smelling strong of sweat steamed through my wool jacket.

The clouds were low, white billows, on the move, going out to sea.

Boston is a harbor town, so often forgotten by the people who live here. At times, I have also fallen into the trap of civilized, regimented, eat-work-sleep-repeat ad nausea, trying to make ends meet and "get things done." Living in small ruts, paths carved out of the flesh of our own minds, disconnected from geography and season. Such is the disappointment and drab reality of modern urban life.

I don't know the last day I watched an ocean wave crash into rock.

But today, walking down Harvard Ave, I saw the seagulls playing on the breeze, riding the strong currents from a spring rainstorm on the horizon.

The birds and their sharp eyes reminded me of those same low clouds, on the move in the middle of the night. Energy of atmosphere and vapor traveling dangerously fast.

Those years ago, I was on my bike, headed for the harbor. Riding as hard I could and laughing at life, I was racing the wind and the clouds, heading for the coast.

Ten minutes later, after breaking through the cement and steel tunnels created by the buildings downtown, breathing hard, I was at the edge of Long Wharf, at the edge of the Atlantic. An entire fucking ocean lay in front of me, miles of water that could not be comprehended, teasing me to jump in and join the waves.

I had lost the race to the wind, but arrived only a moment after the clouds. Only a few hundred feet above the ground, the white billows sailed over me, going out to sea. I stood by my bike as the clouds grew ever smaller, traveling fast over the dark water, until they were gone. Swallowed by the night horizon and the edge of the world. All that was left was darkness and the glitter of planes landing and taking off at Logan across the bay.

As I slowly rode home, tired, I knew I was alive.

Blood on Paper

Action in Solidarity with the Women of Juarez and Chihuahua

Just week ago, it was another night downtown, only this time I was on foot walking with Gro and Erin. It was about midnight. Same spring clouds were riding low in the sky. The air was charged.

We ignored the small groups of people we passed on the sidewalk and bellowed in song, "Women of Juarez / Women of Chihuahua / Women of Boston / Stand in solidarity!" in low and dark tones. "Say no to violence / Say no to femicide / Say no to profiteering off our very lives!"

It would be the song for the protest the next afternoon, an action that the La Rivolta! Collective organized to demand an end to the femicides on the Mexican-US border that have been going on since 1993. Over 4,000 women have been reported missing and more than 400 have been found dead, their bodies often horribly mutilated, beaten, and raped.

Still today, women's lives are perpetually in danger. Although the exact reasons and perpetrators behind the killings remain obscure, it has become clear that the Mexican government and the maquiladora owners have failed to take meaningful steps to protect the women of this area, or to fully investigate and try to stop these crimes.

At night, blending in with the bar crowd, we were out posting up flyers all over downtown on every pole and newspaper box that came across our path. We worked as a swift team.

Gro put up the flyers on each side of the pole, "paper!"

I wrapped clear packing tape around it, "tape!"

Erin cut the tape off the roll, "scissors!"

Working together, it took about fifteen seconds to put up two flyers that would stay up until a determined person with scissors or a knife took them down. The flyers were splattered with red paint resembling blood and read, "4,985 DEAD AND MISSING WOMEN—THE MEXICAN CONSULATE—NOON" with a silhouette of a woman's face with a question mark in it.

Below the woman's face read, "JUAREZ AND CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO. For more information, call 617-348-2113." (The phone number of the Mexican Consulate in Boston.)

There were three other teams doing the same thing, also roaming downtown and putting up the paint-splattered flyers. In about two hours, coordinating our actions, we put up about four hundred flyers near the consulate.

Solidarity Across Borders

Two months ago, I didn't know much about the killing fields at the US-Mexican border. Then, my friends and I suddenly became much more involved. As organizers of the La Rivolta! anarcha-feminist festival in Boston last March, we invited a member of Justicia para Nuestras Hijas from Mexico to hold a workshop about the femicides. We felt very lucky that Elizabeth was then on a speaking tour sponsored by the Mexico Solidarity Network (MSN) up the East Coast, and were excited to host them at La Rivolta and two other events in the Boston area.

Elizabeth's discussion at La Rivolta was well attended, and about 80 people crammed into the small CCTV studio to hear her speak about her group's struggle to demand answers and an end to the killings. Elizabeth talked about the femicides, the role of sweatshops, corrupt officials, and how women are organizing themselves to seek justice. Elizabeth's story was also very personally charged, as her cousin Neyra Cervantes was murdered in Chihuahua, and her brother David Medez Argueta has been wrongfully accused of the crime.

One ramification of the killings is that innocent men are being made scapegoats while the real crimes go unsolved and the murders continue. David is one such victim. He was investigating the disappearance of his cousin Neyra Cervantes when he was arrested for that very crime. David was falsely accused of killing Neyra, and was tortured into giving a false confession even though he was in the state of Chiapas when his cousin disappeared.

A few days after the festival, we received alarming news from Elizabeth and MSN. David, who was currently in prison, was suddenly moved to an undisclosed location by Mexican authorities, unreachable by his family. Elizabeth's family and supporters believed the move was in direct retaliation for her trip to Boston.

David has since been returned to his original prison, but he awaits sentencing and his situation remains grave. As a collective, we saw no alternative but to publicly protest the femicides and stand in solidarity with Elizabeth and her brother David. The Mexican Consulate, as a representative of the Mexican government, seemed the best local target.

Latte and the Profit off Disaster

The Consul General of Mexico in Boston is Porfirio Thierry Munoz Ledo; his name appears emblazoned on a business card that I found crumpled in my pocket. He wears crisp white shirts, cufflinks and black-rimmed glasses. He speaks better English than I do.

Thursday afternoon, the day before the protest, Gro, Sara, and I sat at a long table across from Porfirio in the Mexican Consulate offices downtown. He offered us coffee as his assistant handed him documents. We politely said, "No, thanks." We explained our distress about the femicides and what happened with David after the festival. He was a very polite diplomat, and gave us a good politician's performance of concern.

Porfirio calmly stirred sugar into his latte and talked about how border towns are complex and women often cross the border illegally, and that that's why so many are missing. He also offered us a pie chart that seemed to suggest drugs and prostitution were the key reasons why so many women have been killed. I thought the pie chart should have been correctly titled, "How Women Brought This Upon Themselves."

Things are so often twisted this way. It is the victims who are to blame.

We agreed that things are complicated, but stuck to our point. Women are being killed and mutilated like nobody's business, and the Mexican government and the maquiladora owners making a profit — despite all of the official documents that try to express otherwise — are not doing shit about it. In a capitalist, patriarchal culture, poor women, as in this country, are seen as expendable. And when people are severely oppressed, as in the shantytowns outside of Ciudad Juarez, women end up on the bottom.

The Consulate didn't seem to know about the protest the next day, so we thought we'd keep it a surprise. As we left the consulate, Porfirio shook our hands, smiled and said we should come back soon, so we did. With several friends. The next day, at noon, with banners, drums, songs, leaflets and hundreds of flyers downtown. And bagels, because everything is better with bagels. Surprise!

It was a small rally, about 50 people, but a decent turnout for a Friday afternoon when most people have to work. The sidewalk was busy outside the Park Plaza building and we gave out hundreds of informational flyers to curious onlookers passing by. As the protest started, I sent the Consulate flowers by bike courier (one of our friends), with a list of our demands:

1. A legitimate investigation into the crimes against the women of Juarez and Chihuahua.
2. Real protection for the women of Juarez and Chihuahua by both public authorities and the maquiladora owners,
3. Dropping of the false charges against David Medez Aguerta,
4. An end to the use of torture to coerce false confessions and an end to the intimidation of individuals and their families who fight for justice,
5. STOP THE FEMICIDES AND CULTURE OF VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN to end the violence against the women of Juarez and Chihuahua, and to stop the intimidation of women in Mexico who speak out for justice.

A police officer came by, but didn't make us leave. Instead, the consulate sent down people to ask to meet with representatives of La Rivolta, again.

Back so soon! And this time, we met in Porfirio's office, sitting in green leather chairs, with his deputy in attendance as well. Again, Porfirio, Consul General of Mexico in Boston, tried to kill us with politeness and diplomacy, and I kept getting an odd creepy feeling that he was trained by a version of the Mexican CIA. There was something about the way he asked us questions, looked you in the eye and kept changing the subject. I would just keep bringing the conversation back to the important points—we demand an end to the femicides, the culture of violence against women, and the harassment of people seeking justice. With our demands expressed, we politely said we had to leave.

Mainly, it was very clear that our presence had interrupted the consulate's usual business of the day, which was our goal,

and many people in Boston at least thought more about what is going on in Juarez through the posters and informational flyers. Hopefully, our event added pressure to help with David's case. And, I'm sure the event was reported to the Mexican government, even just as a matter of security. We had the consulate's attention—he knows now that a few Bostonians are really pissed off about what is going on in Juarez and Chihuahua, we know about it, and we won't stand for women being intimidated for coming to our events and speaking out. We can also go back and bother him anytime we like.

We ended the protest with a short march to Park Street, singing and making noise the whole way. "Women of Juarez, women of Chihuahua, women of Boston, stand in solidarity"

Pieces of String

What do these two stories have in common, except spring nights in Boston? I'm not sure, except for once again writing my column right at the deadline, cursing that I didn't start earlier in the week, drinking a bottle of Harp and listening to the stillness in the house.

I believe, my grand connecting points are these:

The best moments of life are living unafraid. Not asking permission. Not following the rules. Going for a bike ride at midnight won't change the world. Neither will small protests in front of consulates. But taking to the streets, living in the moment, saying fuck off to the scripted routine, working together, speaking up even when others say it won't make a difference, and taking back the space and power of your mind — these are first steps in the right direction.

Ransom End Notes

— Thanks to the entire La Rivolta Collective for all the laughs, inspiration and goddamn good fucking times smashing patriarchy. Thanks to all of the Boston anarchists who came out in solidarity on April 1st. Thanks to Jon for reading my column, although he thinks I write like a hippy these days. Thanks to Laurie for reading my column about rape and telling me she cried. I told her that I cried while writing it. Thanks to everyone who sent me a fanzine and letters this month. I liked them all, even the one that was poems about writing poems about ex-girlfriends in Ohio. Good stuff. I'm behind but will send everyone something back, I promise. OK, enough thanks already!

— What happened to my story about the La Rivolta festival? If you were wondering, the full account will be published in *Profane Existence*, with photos.

— More information about the femicides in Juarez and Chihuahua can be found at www.mexicosolidarity.org and information about La Rivolta at www.larivolta.org

— Send me stuff at Erika Ransom/ PO Box 391273 / Cambridge, MA 02139 / USA. This month I'm particularly looking for queer fanzines, as I think the punk scene in general seems very straight right now. Two women friends of mine recently casually kissed at a party and got so much shit from the punks, it only showed me how homophobic our scene still is. So, punk dykes, where are you? Summer is also a great time to write and think about sex, don't you think?

Until next month, fuck shit up. Erika

Rumors I heard about Chicago Fest

I'll be honest with you, dear readers, for once in my miserable life. I hate fests. I see no value in fests. I find no joy in fests. They are too often crowded with assholes that know nothing of soap and/or record etiquette. Too often a chip on one's shoulder grows into the brain, causing a violent surge of testosterone, and resulting in fists to be hurled and foul language to be used. And if I hate anything more than fests, it's a potty mouth. If I had to pick one word to describe fests, I would be painfully torn between "moronic," "annoying," and "hootenanny." And while the latter may not necessarily be an adjective in your narrow little world of limited description, I think it sums up fests pretty well; gatherings akin to musical hobo parties or barnyard orgies, two things I often associate with punk rock. If you enjoy fests or are a proprietor of fests, consider yourself not necessarily a sworn enemy of Mantooth, but rather a person whom Mantooth would rather have not enjoy or put on fests. Perhaps one day we could be true blue friends. You could give up your silly love of 20 band festivals when you could easily travel to Pittsburgh and see them all on separate, lovely days. We've got lots of Indian restaurants here. But until you realize the folly of your ways, our relationship will remain hopelessly ambiguous, chronically teetering on the edge of love and hate. Much like the relationship between the members of Stone Temple Pilots, a relationship most easily described with the word "hootenanny."

Anyhow, this year's Chicago Fest was once again devoid of my most unholy presence because of said hatred of such hootenannies. Instead, I stayed home and did something that probably involved ruminating on how to use the word "hootenanny" as many times as possible in this month's column. Unfortunately, I also missed a reunion of Cleveland's favorite and only power violence superstars Apartment 213 because of my duty as being *MRR*'s most annoying columnist. It's a badge I wear as a thin veil of dignity that masks—barely—a throbbing organ of pride and avarice. Though, the next day, Warzone Womyn got to play with Stations and Fighting Dogs. Both bands were excellent and we all got together after the show to celebrate the death of Jesus.

Anyhow, like I said, I didn't go to no stinkin' fests for one simple reason: I am too fucking good for everyone. But I am not too good to hear some juicy gossip. Here are some of my favorite juicy bits of juice-gossip….hootenanny.

1) *Jack Control slapped Terri Schiavo to death:* Details are sketchy. One side of the story says that Terri was minding her own business over by the merch tables with her feeding tube lying out on a section of the table. Jack Control, reportedly, saunters up like quite the ne'er-do-well, and demands that Terri remove her feeding tube. She tries to tell Jack, in a series of indiscernible grunts and groans, that Jesus put that tube in her throat so that she may live while her brain melts away like a Nutty Buddy on a dashboard. Now Jack doesn't care what she's got to grunt. For all intents and purposes, Jack hates zombies, especially of the ghoulish variety. He doesn't hate her for what she stands for (laziness), but because, reportedly, she was taking up merch space. So Jack apparently slaps the feeding tube out of her throat, sends Terri's soul soaring over the magical rainbow of glee, and into the zombie abattoir of Heaven.

To digress just for a moment, I'm not entirely clear on what was the big deal over this whole Schiavo debacle. Honestly, I'm more amazed by this feeding tube technology. How long has this wondrous device been around and how can I set up a benefit show to get me hooked up to one? I don't regret much in life, but if I had to pick one thing, it would be all the time spent securing myself sustenance. And when I secure

said foodstuffs, I must spend even more minutes chewing thoroughly for unhindered digestion. Sounds like a lot of work just to live, right? If you can call this living. So sign me up so I can finally live my fantasy of never having to get up again.

Anyway, other reports claim that Schiavo died somewhere in Florida, probably at Disneyworld, after her husband decided to legally remove the feeding tube from her lazy throat after twenty some odd years. I don't know how much I believe this account. Don't you think a newshound such as myself would have heard about this woman beforehand? And what took them so long? Did they expect her to suddenly leap out of bed and give her husband a DDT a la Jake "the snake" Roberts? I posit that it is more likely that a feisty Floridian alligator wandered into her hospital room one night and ate her feeding tube.

2) *The Pope died stage diving:* Not much to this rumor. I mean, the guy is dead. How else would he have died if it weren't for diving off the stage during the hootenanny that is Career Suicide or The State? He was probably attempting to snag one of those fancy-pants Japanese versions of their new 12" *Invisible Eyes.* If any dear reader out there doesn't want me to end up like the Pope, please send me a copy of said version of this 12". In other news, I will soon be running for the position of new Pope.

3) *Nachos were crushed:* Not really sure what the deal is here, but I sure do love nachos. It's a shame such a delicious treat was rendered inedible.

4) *Jeff Gentle hurt his pretty little back*: Proprietor of Out of Limits records, player of clear guitars in Warzone Womyn, and low-down-dirty-dog, Mr. Jeff Gentle somehow got it into his head that he could fly like the birds and the bees. Unfortunately for Jeff, he did not realize that he couldn't escape the kung fu grip of the earth's gravitational pull. While he did manage to dive off the PA speakers during Caustic Christ unscathed, he decided to tempt fate once more by leaping off the stage during Career Suicide. He subsequently ate shit. Unbeknownst to him, his bloated corpse is weighed down with deceit and licentious urges. You'd think he learned the lesson demonstrated by our dearly departed moshing Pontiff, but no. Now he can't haul gear. I would like to say that Mr. Gentle was *salted*, but I'm afraid it is my band members and I who have been *nined*.

5) *Signal Lost covered Stone Temple Pilots:* I have a hard time believing this one. Someone probably just confused one of their original songs with some early 90s alternative rock anthem and/or hootenanny.

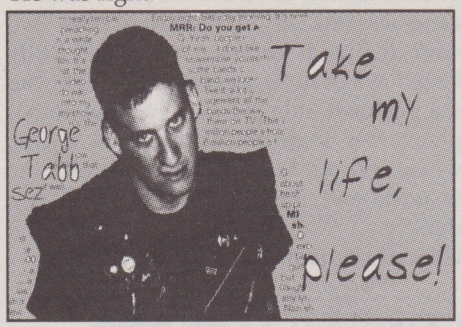
Endnotes:

—wocka wocka wocka

—gregory.mantooth@gmail.com

—One time my roommate said STP was "sludgy." He was wrong.

—Negative Tom once said, "Shrimp don't have feelings. Except maybe love." He was right.



"How's your mom," asks my buddy Rick from college. It's been quite a few years since I've talked to the guy and he doesn't know.

I guess, how could he? We hadn't been in touch in a long while and I'm not much for talking about these kinds of things.

Things like death.

So instead, I tell him the following story. It's not about death.

It's about living.

*

It was one of those cold April days in New York where your breath still hung in the air after you finished talking. The sun, along with our winter jackets, kept us warm on our walk along 34th Street until we reached Macy's. As we entered the place, I could feel that stuffy, uncomfortable warmth that always seems to hug big department stores in the city during the winter. With me was my stepdad, Nick, and my mom, Barbara. She had only a few months to live because of the fast progression of the lung cancer she was diagnosed with some months earlier. She had finished many rounds of chemo, and was now ending her radiation treatments at Sloan-Kettering.

The reason we had ventured to Macy's that day was, well, odd. We had gone there to buy her a wig. The cancer had spread from her lungs, throughout her entire body, and was now in her head. Her brain. This is called metastasis. Nice sounding word for an ugly thing. Actually, there are lots of nice words that are used with cancer. To soften the blow. Wonderful.

As we walked through the ground floor of Macy's toward the rear elevators, I could smell all the perfumes and after shaves. But somehow, they didn't linger in my nose like they usually did. All I could smell was the stuffy uncomfortable-ness of the place.

We got off the elevator at the third or fourth floor and followed the signs to the wig department. It was just a couple of enclosed glass cabinets adjacent to each other, tucked away in a far corner of Macy's.

Behind one of the counters stood an older gentleman, and behind him, various wigs placed stylishly upon faceless and eyeless styrofoam heads.

The man's smile was warm as he greeted us. Nick and I smiled back, but my mother didn't. There was a woman trying on wigs in front of a table top mirror, and when she saw us, she turned and smiled. We smiled back to her as we watched her adjust the wig on her head, with the price tag hanging off the back and all. My mom, again, didn't smile.

"It's all right sweetie," said the woman to my mom, "everything is gonna be all right." My mom, with a scarf covering her quickly balding head, just nodded.

"You'll get used to it," she added, "really, you will."

I looked at Nick, and he looked at me. And we both smiled. But they weren't real smiles. They were smiles of fear and desperation. We didn't know what else to do.

"Which one should I get?" my mom asked Nick and I. We had trouble understanding what she said at first because her tongue was swollen from all the chemo and radiation and stuff.

We looked at the wall of faceless heads for a long time not saying anything. The reason my mom had wanted a wig was because I had planned a trip to Cancun with my brothers, Wendy, Nick, and I that was to take place in a couple of weeks. I figured it would be our last chance to all be together, and of course, I was right. I fucking hate being right.

Nick, my mom and I looked at the wigs, and to tell you the truth, I had no fucking clue which one she should get. There were black straight ones. There were blonde curly ones. They even had a punk rock colored one. Somehow, I didn't think my mom wanted that one.

"Nice wigs, huh?" said the woman in front of the table top mirror, "I already have a couple, this is going to be my third!"

Nick and I just looked at her and smiled. My mom seemed off in a daze.

"It's really not that bad," explained the woman, "in fact, now your mother can have the hair she has always wanted."

We nodded our heads, and I was sur-

prised Nick didn't make any bad jokes. I guess it just wasn't one of those days.

We continued to look at the wigs, while lost in the frustration of being in this insane situation. A situation we thought we'd never find ourselves in. Ever.

"Why don't you describe the kind of hair your mother used to have?" said the woman to me. And to Nick.

Nick and I began to describe it to her as my mom stood there, listening. We explained that her hair was brownish-blonde and very, very beautiful. As Nick started to explain the texture and feel of it, I could see his emotions tearing him apart. He knew he'd never feel or smell the real stuff again. I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and saw them in Nick's.

I think it was then that my mom somehow snapped out of that cancer-morphine haze, and told Nick and I to go shopping, and to leave her alone at the wig counter. She told Nick to take me to the electronic games department, and buy me whatever I wanted. She told us to come back in a little while, and that she'd be fine.

Nick and I walked away from my mom, the woman with the wigs, and the guy behind the counter feeling very uncomfortable. We didn't want to leave her alone, so we just went around the corner and peeked over at her ever few seconds.

I watched my mom try on all sorts of wigs. As she would try each one on, she'd look in the mirror and brush the hair as if it were her own. The man behind the counter smiled warmly at her as she brushed the various wigs she was trying on. I could see in the way that she brushed and stroked the hair, that she missed her own, and was feeling what it was like to have a full head of hair again. I quickly wiped a tear from my cheek, hoping Nick didn't see it.

Finally, mom put on a wig, and wore it for more than a few minutes. She just kept staring at herself in the table-top mirror, and brushing and caressing the hair. The man behind the counter just smiled, and the woman who was trying on other wigs was telling my mom she looked great in it.

Nick and I walked back to the wig department to my mom. When she saw us, she smiled It was a warm smile. A smile I'll carry with me forever. On her head was a wig that looked exactly like her hair, only it was shorter than she had worn it recently. It was the kind of hair style she had worn about twenty years earlier, which it made her look younger, like the mom I remember when she pushed me on the swing set. Or when I sat in her lap. Or when she bathed me. The same hair. The same mom. She was beautiful. Like a mother. She was beautiful. Like a woman.

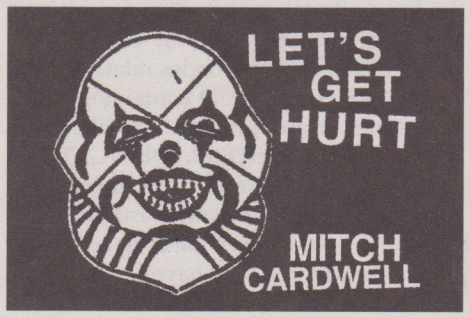
I felt a lump begin to rise in the back of my throat, and looked at my mom. She looked at me, and suddenly I wanted to be in her arms. To be hugging her, cradled in her warmth. Safe from the world. I wanted to be home again. The lump in my throat got bigger. My mom looked me in the eyes, then put her finger to her lip. And I knew all that had to be said was said.

I'll never forget my mom and that wig on that cold winter day at Macy's. That day my mom had stood up in the face of all that was wrong, and had reminded Nick and I about pride and courage. She had tried on wigs majestically, and somehow, with synthetic material on her head, had shown us the true meaning of beauty. She took away our uneasiness and fears with just the smallest of a smile, and let us know that life was worth living.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. Find me on Myspace.com, and buy my book, *Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich* at any book store or over at my favorite place, interpunk.com.
3. The new Endangered Feces album rocks, as do the ones from The Makkabees, and The Fallout, good guys from Canaduh!
4. I, for one, just want to say I'm glad *MRR* is still alive and kicking, and with a new CEO! *MRR*, to me, has always stood for the "do it yourself" thing, and has proven, without corporate interference, you still can! So if you want to make a CD, go ahead. Do a zine or blog? Go ahead. After 25 years, *MRR* is still kicking out the jams!



I am so goddamn late turning this column in that I'll be surprised if I'm not kicked in the nuts upon entering MRR's compound. A variety of factors have contributed to this, but they are mostly alcoholic in nature and not the sort of thing any regular reader would care about. Times a-wastin'…

It seems inappropriate to begin with any other record than the debut LP by THE FEELERS. As you might recall, these guys made my absolute favorite record of 2004 with their debut 7"EP, *Furhur's New Miniskirt*. Needless to say, expectations were high when *Learn To Hate The Feelers* finally made its way into my grubby paws. I tried to keep my preconceived notions of god-like power at bay and be as objective as I possibly could. Didn't work. I *needed* the same fucking wallop that the single gave me in a more lethal dosage and anything less would be a complete waste of my time. Fortunately for all parties involved, this LP is exactly what the doctor ordered. *Learn To Hate The Feelers* is as good a document of Midwestern *Killed By Death* scuzz as you are likely to hear this year. The frantic, proto-hardcore vibe is at a dangerously high level, and the snot and buzz factors increase dramatically, thanks to some time-capsule production quality that should be bottled and sold to all those LE SHOK clones that think they have a pair. This album immediately catapults this band near the top of my list, forcing their name to be barfed up alongside the likes of the heavy-hitters I pay plenty of lip service to. You fucking suck if you don't like this band. That's all there is to it.

It's been a while, but JOHN WILKES BOOZE is back in a big way this year. Their first new release is brought to us by fine purveyors of ultra-limited, handmade vinyl releases, St. Ives. *The Heliocentric Views Of John Wilkes Booze* is a beautiful record on virtually every level: screened/painted gatefold jacket, heavy vinyl and some of the most original soul and free jazz inspired punk around. What really impresses and inspires me about bands is hearing (or seeing) them drive home ideas in an original way. If your band's idea is being a bunch of drunk, glue-sniffing bafoons and you *do it right* and in your own way, chances are I'd be impressed. I'm far from a romantic, folks. But there's something about JWB that gets me going in a way no other band does. The projects they undertake musically are just fucking enormous and they end result is something you really have to sink your teeth into. *Heliocentric* isn't confined to the same scheme that their previous *Five Pillars Of Soul* was (not that it limited them in the slightest) and the band seems determined to offer up their most exciting freak-out yet. If you are one of the 300 folks in the world with enough soul to take this plunge, there's a record waiting for you. If not, there are always drugs.

In The Red keeps the ball rolling with two highly anticipated albums. The first is the debut from Timmy Vulgar's new band,

HUMAN EYE. For my money, Timmy's got the truest voice around today when it comes to drugged up and damaged punk rock, as witnessed by the neo-classic status assigned to both EPILEPTIX and CLONE DEFECTS. It should come as no surprise that he moves even further out with The Human Eye. The quirky tactics that Clone Defects added to spice up their assault now move into the forefront with this new band's self-titled debut, proving to be powerful enough on there own. While still very much a *punk* band, Human Eye is likely to appeal more to fans of the recent work of the neighboring PIRANHAS than those merely seeking to spill beer and draw blood (which is bound to happen on a few tracks here anyway). While coming off every bit as vicious as one would expect, the method and means to this madness are the real sell. I can't wait to see how this works (or doesn't?) live!

Perhaps the biggest shock of last year was the surprisingly wide appeal of THE PONYS. It's funny how a band so difficult to categorize can appeal to folks across so many different punkish genres. On their new LP, *Celebration Castle*, The Ponys offer up more dark, intelligent, and powerful pop music that hooks you immediately. While I'm not blown away in the same way as I was with *Laced With Romance*, there is no denying this band's knack for creating pop with brains and soul. I wouldn't be surprised one bit if this record made a splash outside of our little underground. In fact, I'm taking bets right now.

We all knew this day would come sooner or later (many probably hoped), but the infamous G.Lo has been dropping hints about burying Rip Off Records in the not-too-distant future. I don't buy it. *Circuit Breaker Love*, the new (and last) KILL-A-WATTS LP, is one of many tricks up his sleeve. My guess is everyone has heard of these speedy Wauwatosan hit makers by now, so I'll save you the sweat and let you know that they went out on a very high note. In another perplexing move, Rip Off has released this in a limited pressing of 500 copies, and on colored vinyl to boot. Maybe this is the end?

HIGH TENSION WIRES is apparently another in a long line of REDS and MARKED MEN related projects. On their Dirtnap debut LP, *Send A Message*, we get the same winning brand of speed pop that we've known and loved regardless of the band's name. I still firmly believe the high water mark of this lot is the second Reds LP, but I'm apparently in the minority with that opinion. At least I can take comfort in the fact that I know I'm 100% right about this and you people should kiss my fucking ass.

Yakisakana Records' second venture into 12" territory is a monster! *Rich People* is a new 12"EP from THE HOSPITALS! The ear-splitting brilliance continues! A suitably odd release fitting an equally odd band, the lone track on the A-side is backed by a slew of choice covers (including THE FINGERS?!?!?!?). In a word: wow.

It's been quite a while since I wrote about a comp, so this month I've got two for your consideration. The first is Dionysus' *Just Go Destroy Everything In Sight*, which presumes to offer up the latest and greatest in the current Japanese punk and garage scene. Problem is they don't quite get there. As a fanatical follower of this scene, they picked some stinkers to beef this thing out. Sure, I dig THE GIMMIES, DAS BOOT, and HAVE NOTS, but there isn't much else worth shouting about here. If you *really* wanna hear some great shit, order *King Size Needle* and prepare for a life-altering event the likes of which you aren't prepared for. Bitches.

Last month, I was overjoyed to see Sympathy For The Record Industry's return to form with THE A-LINES album. Turns out I just wasn't (for the obvious reason) paying much attention to the CD section of my local record shop. Long Gone has seemingly concentrated his efforts on a series of stellar SCIENTISTS and GUN CLUB reissues and a slew of CD-only treats falling under my radar. My most recent discovery was the third installment of the label's killer regional comp series, *Sympathetic Sounds Of Montreal*. Regular readers will note my affection for this area and my habit of scouring international mailorder distros for singles related to this scene. Well, here's a CD containing exclusive tunes from front-runners like BBQ, SCAT RAG BOOSTERS, DEL GATORS, DEADLY SNAKES and many more notables to bring all you lazy bastards up to speed. If you haven't investigated these bands already, you now have absolutely no excuse to continue your ignorance.

Related to this comp on virtually every level is SFTRI's CD-only swan song from LES SEXAREENOS! *28 Party Dancers From Montreal's Finest* lives up to its name. This CD compiles all their notoriously difficult to score EPs and a handful of previously unreleased tracks to sweeten the pot. I can not understand why I never saw these cats perform because I've been shaking with them every step of the way. Newbies should work backwards from the latest BBQ material and make this your introduction to the swinging Sexareeno lifestyle. VD is guaranteed!

As we move toward singles, it's only fitting to check in with our favorite lot of Memphis maniacs. Jay Reatard and Alix from THE LIDS have joined forces to form Shattered Records! I for one expect big things from this union and the initial goods deliver across the board. Singles by KAJUN SS (a repress of their Die Slaughterhaus single), REATARDS, and TOKYO ELECTRON ought to peak the interests and empty the pocketbooks of the faithfully deranged. Need I mention that all of these feature limited pressings *and* even more limited colored vinyl? Didn't think so.

While the current state of THE LOST SOUNDS appears to be in limbo, Zaxxon Virile Action has made sure we get at least one more NERVOUS PATTERNS record to chomp on. "Beautiful Brutal" b/w "You Can't Change" offers one Jay tune and one Alicja tune, both of which meet expectations. Alicja returns yet again with a new RIVER CITY TANLINES single on the illustrious Goodbye Boozy label. "Gimme Whatever" b/w "Time 2 Get Right" is poppier than the last RTL effort, but still packing a solid rock vibe and plenty of punch. This will conclude our Lost Sounds related propaganda for this month.

BEAT BEAT BEAT has arrived thanks to (drum roll please) Douche Master Records. BBB features folks from THE CARBONAS and THE FRANTIC, but have a sound rooted much more in the 'tude-heavy '77 school. The *Cheap Time* 7"EP is very impressive in that they are able to pull off a JOHNNY THUNDERS-ish type sound without coming off as an absolute cartoon. Very great stuff! This is the sort of thing that will be nearly unattainable in a few weeks. Act fast!

Love Killed My Brain is a 7"EP compilation brought to us by the fine French folks at Nasty Product. On this slab, you get to hear the latest from THE FATALS, SONIC CHICKEN 4, GOGOMAN & THE PLAYERS, and KUNG-FU ESCALATOR. Yes, it's already selling for $75 on eBay.

Johnny Cat Records has returned in a big way. They've got three new singles out this month (or over the course of the past couple months...sorry for being late on these) by STRAIGHTJACKET, THE INNOCENTS, and some band called THE OBSERVERS. Maybe you've heard of them...?

Speaking of Portland, THE TRIGGERS, who I thought were long gone, find themselves sharing a split 7"EP with THE SPITS

this month! Puke Records has released every acid-soaked, piss-drinking, statutory-raping, hot-sauce-throwing punk's wet dream on this 7". Not my favorite Spits outing, but you simply *gotta* get it. Wish I could tell you why...

I hereby christen Carlos of THE MOTHBALLS "Russell Quan Jr." What other choice do I have? Carlos crushes and melts COUNT BACKWURDS singles and shoots them up his fucking mainline. The kid eats, sleeps, shits, fucks and eats garage punk in a way that makes even the scummiest of the scum (me) want to gag. That said, the *Come Out Of The Closet* 7"EP on Car-Hole Adult Party Records reeks of the same gas that all those brilliant Radio X and Telstar singles did not so long ago. The Mothballs play incredibly sloppy but oh-so-charming garage PUNK that has all the girls shaking from Oakland to...Oakland. Join The Mothballs on their quest for ultimate geekdom.

That'll do it this month. Reissues and bootlegs will return next month with appearances from METAL URBAIN and Rave-Up Records. As far as new stuff on the horizon, Kick-N-Punch has a bunch of stuff hitting our shores that I'll run through, along with the usual fare. Prepare for primo assholery and snobby opinions based on little or no fact. You can almost smell the bullshit, right?

MITCH CARDWELL
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So the Pope finally cashed it in, the flags are at half staff and the news channels, having moved on from the Terri Schiavo story, are now giving saturation coverage to his lying-in-state and upcoming funeral, to say nothing of the upcoming election for a new Pope. As usual, I'm reacting by keeping the TV off or at least away from the news stations. After all, it's baseball season now and I'll be tuning in to watch the Red Sox almost every day. Incidentally, to you Yankees fans who sent me all those nice notes after the Bronx Bombers defeated the Sox 9-2 in the season opener—go fuck yourselves!

John Paul II visited Boston in 1979 and it was a pretty big deal. I was a sophomore at Boston University and the Pope did a Mass on Boston Common. I actually went, more out of curiosity than anything else. I was still a practicing Jew at the time and this event was on Yom Kippur, the holiest day on the Jewish calendar. It was a shitty, overcast fall day. I remember jostling with people for space along the curb where the Pope's motorcade would pass and their reaction being less than Christian. Oh well. I also remember my freshman roommate, Smitty, getting arrested that day for selling unauthorized bumper stickers with the legend "I Saw the Pope In Mass." You'd think the cops would have better things to do. Smitty wasn't such a great roommate, anyway. I was a pain in the ass as well, but he was a total preppie and would smoke in the room, which drove me up a wall to the point where I would spray air freshener at him. He also got morally offended when I played the DEAD BOYS' "I Don't Wanna Be No Catholic Boy" in the room. When I did my musical tribute to the Pope on Sonic Overload, I thought of Smitty and dedicated "Catholic Boy" to him. Of course, Smitty smoked and drank and was fairly promiscuous...not exactly altar-boy behavior. Or maybe it is. I remember one night when he allegedly had an "encounter" with a woman on the floor above us. He comes in the room, gets into bed and, outside the door, one of the guys from down the hall starts saying, in a loud voice, "Smitty, you're going to roast in hell!" One of those memories that remains fresh in my consciousness some 26 years later. Along with the time he got hammered and puked all over his sheets and we had to throw them away, even though they were "rented" from a laundry service. Or the time, in an equally inebriated state, he and our next door neighbor stripped down to their underpants, slicked down the hall floor with water and did some sliding down the hall.

Enough on the Pope. Enough on Smitty. I want to write about the Chicago Fest. I imagine other columnists may have their own take—Chris Boarts and Felix Havoc were there and it was good to see them, as well as friends and acquaintances from around the country and overseas. I even made some new friends. In some ways, that's the coolest thing.

Chicago Fest was a head-spinning experience. In some ways, it was a sensory (and sonic!) overload. I lost count, but saw over 30 bands over the course of the three days. The first two days, the shows were at the Pulaski Fieldhouse and, for the last day, it was at a warehouse space called the Ice Factory. That show had better sound and was more intimate, which made for a better time.

I was too tired to go the after-show parties but did make a point of having lunch with my pals from I OBJECT and a few other folks at a pretty good restaurant called Earwax. Weird name—more appropriate for a record store—but good food. Way better than eating at Pizza Hut the first night of the fest. Yes, I admit it—we (the other person being my friend Pat, who made the trip with me) ate at that establishment out of desperation more than anything. Sad when you think that Chicago is kind of a mecca for pizza, although I'll put up Ernesto's in the North End of Boston against almost any pizza I've had. Anyway, we had hoped to eat at a BBQ place near the venue but it had gone out of business. Most of the other food options in the area were Mexican and Pat had already eaten a burrito for lunch. We didn't want to miss too much of the show so we went to the Hut and, after taking nearly half an hour to get our food to us, it was the worst shit I've consumed in years.

Friday was kind of a disaster on a lot of counts. The flight out was OK (sorry—no way I could drive 20 hours), the trip downtown quick and stressless, but when we got to the Travelodge we discovered that the tiny room they put us in wasn't the one I'd reserved. Turns out it was out of service but they didn't tell us that. After complaining, they did give us a larger room with a lovely view of an alley and a TV that didn't work—but they did fix that. Look, I know traveling punks sleep on floors or whatever they can get but I wanted a quiet place to get away from the mayhem and relax, and if I'm paying that much, *goddamn it*, I want what I ordered.

Of course, as it turns out, after the Pizza Hut debacle, the show started late and we didn't miss any bands. Since things ran late, the first night was kind of a mess and RAMBO and WORLD BURNS TO DEATH had to postpone their sets until the next day. The sound wasn't the greatest, either—the PA kept going in and out and, with the high ceilings, it was cavernous. Anyway, among the highlights were a raging set by BSA (aka BASTARD SONS OF APOCALYPSE) who I wasn't yet familiar with. This Texas band ripped out some fast-paced Discharge and Scandinavian-inspired hardcore punk. BLACK SS, BAD BUSINESS, and the more melodic SIGNAL LOST and I ATTACK also played good

sets. TO WHAT END? was OK, although I'm not as into the lower-tuned Swedish hardcore sound.

Saturday's show, while a marathon of 20 or so bands, was a *lot* better, highlighted by Michigan hardcore veterans THE STATE. I've been a huge fan of this band's 7" since my late, much-missed friend Jane sent me the record while attending the University of Michigan. It's still one of the most underrated US hardcore releases (Havoc just reissued it—get it while you can). Starting with "No Illusions," they tore through all the songs on the 7" and a few newer compositions and, although they had to stop before doing their cover of Discharge's "State Violence State Control," it was still satisfying. Another band of "old-timers" who don't look as though they're going through the motions.

There were so many other memorable moments that day—an insane pit for thrash/crossover demons MUNICIPAL WASTE, who brought two springboards for stage diving and boogie boards for crowd surfing. Even without the spectacle, they've evolved into a punishing unit. RAMBO also put on a show, walking through the audience with a Jesus impersonator on a crucifix (I actually missed this but saw them "preparing" him in the back room) and also tearing through their hard/fast songs with lots of power. Equally powerful were CAUSTIC CHRIST, WORLD BURNS TO DEATH (Jack remains an intense frontman), Chicago veterans RAT BASTARDS, LIFE SET STRUGGLE—who did a medley of five Agnostic Front covers—and CAREER SUICIDE, who played the best set I've seen them do—which was remarkable considering that they had just spent 14 hours flying back to Canada from their Japanese tour, then drove ten hours to Chicago, used a fill-in bass-player who they practiced with once and their vocalist Martin had a sore throat. What a buncha troupers. CARDIAC ARREST, from St. Louis, was a pleasant surprise with a raw, old-school attack. Another Chicago band, THE REPOS, hammered out a ten-minute mindblower of a set—fast, yet twisted-sounding. RIISTETYT was a bit sloppy and I was exhausted after watching a full day of bands but when the set includes "Skitsofrenia," "Protest and Survive," and "Mieletöntä Väkivaltaa," one can't complain too much. One regret is that I missed HIT ME BACK, who people were raving about all weekend—I had to get food at some point.

After that endurance test, I was amazed that I still had some energy left for the Sunday show at the smaller Ice Factory. A few hundred people crammed inside, making it a bit claustrophobic, but worth it for the rampaging likes of DIRECT CONTROL, I OBJECT, PUNCH IN THE FACE, THE SPARK, and the return of SIN ORDEN. Even the more youth-crew sounding THE FIRST STEP played a strong set and CONDENADA added a thornier punk rock angle to the show. Direct Control was on my must-see list—their vocalist/guitarist Brandon used to play drums for Municipal Waste and he's made a successful transition to frontman. Their sound nails the loud/fast 80s hardcore style.

So, even with the bad pizza, not being able to find the subway station in the snow the first night, and the delay for the flight home, it was a great time. Kudos to Anton from Underestimated Records and his friends for putting the fest together. And the vegan lasagna that I snitched at the Sunday show was delicious. I still occasionally feel a bit disconnected and overwhelmed at these shows and always wonder if the connections run any deeper than musical taste, but this is still a part of my life that I can't leave behind.

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RECORD REVIEW TIME:

OUT COLD – *Goodbye Cruel World* (ACME, CD)

I didn't realize it had been almost four years since the last Out Cold album. Where does the time go? No idea, but time hasn't dulled this band's power or pure aggression. Remaining one of the more unheralded US hardcore bands—at least compared to less-deserving units that get the hype—Out Cold has been dishing out their noise for over a decade. The lineup this time includes half of Last In Line, with Deuce and Mikey Flynn joining Mark Sheehan and John Evicci. No major change in sound—Mark and John play most of the instruments on the recordings, although Mikey's acrobatic bass lines can be heard on some songs, especially the hard-driving closer "Sick Little Game." High-energy hardcore punk that blends early 80s and '77-era influences and also balances the rawness with sharp production. No bullshit, no excess—a killing machine running on all cylinders. (PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826, acmerecords.net)

I OBJECT – *First Two Years* (Punks Before Profits, CD)

I Object has compiled their various vinyl and demo releases into one handy disc (co-released with two other labels), starting off with a batch of new songs that continue their evolution into a powerhouse hardcore band. A positive, youthful vibe without being a generic youth crew band, if you're following me here. I Object puts their ideals and ideas right up front and leave no doubt where they stand, whether on personal ethics or more global concerns. An energetic sound with in-your-face vocals and a loud, mainly fast-paced sound. They're some of the best people in punk and they've become a killer band. (537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620, www.punksbeforeprofits.com)

BROKEN BONES – *Time for Anger, Not Justice* (Dr. Strange, CD)

There may be some skepticism about a Broken Bones album in 2005 but, much like the Discharge album a few years ago, this isn't bad at all. Bones can still lay down the six-string flash and the songs ride the punk/crossover border effectively. Bones is joined by Oddy from the old days and more recent recruits Dave (drums) and Quiv (vocals) and the lineup is the same as on the previous *Without Conscience*. No surprises, just loud and fast songs with repetitive choruses and breaks for Bones to rip out the leads. Better produced than their 80s releases without sounding too slick. There are also two unlisted bonus songs: re-makes of "FOAD" and "Decapitated." (PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701, ww.drstrange.com)

LAUKAUS (Putrid Filth Conspiracy, 12" EP)

Japanese band with a Finnish name and, while there's a Riistetyt cover, it's not a strictly Finnish sound, though that's by far the main influence. Raw, fast, and thrashy, a tad loose around the edges and the vocals shouted above the fray. What they sometimes lack in tightness is made up for with the high energy level and ravenous, trebly attack. (Box 7092, 200 42 Malmö, SWEDEN, www.putridfilth.com)

VÄÄRINKÄSITYS – *Sota Äpärät* (Putrid Filth Conspiracy, LP)

I can't really pronounce the name of this band but I know what I like and this Finnish band has plenty of it. Fast, thrashy hardcore with an old-school influence, though still sounding modern. A scorching guitar sound, raspy vocals and solid bass/drums holding everything together. This LP compiles new material on side one and an earlier, tough-to-get 7" EP on the flip. Lyrics are fragmentary and the English translations a bit clunky (they sing in Finnish), but it's easy to determine that the music is fueled by rage and it's effectively

conveyed. (Box 7092, 200 42 Malmö, SWEDEN, www.putridfilth.com)

IRRITATORS – *Family Values* (CD-R)

Hardcore and punk from this Western Mass. band that includes DJ, late of the great Last In Line on vocals along with members of other bands from that region. Speed remains a part of the sound but there are diverse influences, from the west coast punk of opening track "Back to Zero,"—which also nicks some notes from the Buzzcocks' "Boredom"—or "Defect," which is reminiscent of the Freeze. DJ sounds as nettled as ever but there's a little more nuance in his vocals. The lyrics remain caustic, but thoughtful—not too thrilled with the state of humanity and the struggle turns personal as well, with "Private War." Both ripping and tuneful. (Mark Dargie, PO Box 173, Granville, MA 01034, dargie@comcast.net)

BLOWN TO BITS / DEATHTOLL – split (Despotic, LP)

Two raging sides from each Bay Area band. Blown To Bits' recording is so-so and the drumming sounds tinny at times but it's still a formidable roar of thrash, crust and crossover, with low-register vocals. When the last song, "Ing Skulla," came on, it had an air of familiarity and it turns out it's a Crude SS cover. Deathtoll hits with an arsenal of punishing riffs and gutteral vocals. A thick blastbomb of a sound that pours it on from start to finish. "Bastard Police" will make you want to start throwing rocks at cruisers. Skull-bashing material on both sides of the disc. (PO Box 832, Long Beach, CA 90801, www.despotic-records.tk)

THE KONKS – *The Konks* (Bomp, CD)

Primitive garage punk with a righteous sense of rock 'n' roll heritage—and how many bands cover both Soupy Sales *and* Aerosmith? For the record, it's "King Kong" by the former and "Let the Music Do the Talking" by the latter but I wish it had been the Joe Perry Project version, instead. The Konks are a three-piece from Boston fronted by Kurt Davis on vocals, and he also plays a two-piece drum kit. Kurt has a long musical history, having played with the Repellents in his home state of Indiana (they were on the *Master Tape* comp... Kurt also drew the cover for the Zero Boys' *Vicious Circle*). He was also the frontman for Bullet LaVolta in the 80s, when he was calling himself Yukki Gipe and played drums for Kustomized in the early 90s. In other words, he doesn't keep repeating himself. Mixing things up, from the straight-forward punk of "Outta My Mind" and "29 Fingers" to the bluesy shake of "Move & Shake" and "God Says." No self-conscious posing, no silly costumes (the White Stripes are fucking phonies), just the rock. I've seen 'em play in a basement, I've seen 'em in a seedy club and it's never disappointing. (PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, www.bomp.com)

BASTARD SONS OF APOCALYPSE – *Merciless Slaughter* (540, 7" EP)

A killing machine from the Texas/Mexico border who, as I mentioned above, rip out a burning tandem of Discharge/Swedish hardcore destruction. The EP's title should give a good idea where they're coming from lyrically—lots about war and destruction, as timely as ever. Still can't get enough of this sound, especially when it's played in the blazing manner here. (Timmy Hefner, 1012 Brodie St., Austin, TX 78704, timmythetexas-turd@gmail.com)

CARDIAC ARREST (Underestimated, 7" EP)

Another band who I saw and heard for the first time at Chicago Fest. Boiling-over hardcore punk played with speed, rawness and tightness and Rob Ruz barks out the vocals with drill-instructor cadence. Six songs in rapid-fire succession, leaving you wanting more. (PO Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613, nomoreauthority@yahoo.com)

RAMBO – *Bring It!* (Havoc, LP)

On the spine, it says RAMBO now stands for Resisting American Business Operations and that's reflected in some of the songs. As always, plenty on the lyrical table—observations about militarism, cops, America's obsession with diet fads ("Atkins America"), even corporate booking agents for punk bands. The lineup has changed over the past few years and there's also been shift in sound, embracing more of a melodic Scandinavian influence with tuneful guitar trills over the band's heavy wall of thrash thunder and Tony's gutteral emanations. Evolution but not dilution, as it certainly packs a wallop. The LP is accompanied by a DVD, which I didn't get in time for this review, but considering that this band emphasizes the visual as well as the musical element, it's certainly an integral part of the package. The album, however, stands on its own merits. (PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

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Of course I want to hear from you...Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903. Email: suburbanvoice@earthlink.net. Sonic Overload radio show: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com

I knew that all that hibernating I was doing was really preparation for one week at the end of March when everything would explode. I also know that while March is the worst month, April is the reward. I'm so predictable in this regard, but every year it kicks my ass just the same and when the seasons change so do I. Life is worth living again; I'm euphoric over the earthy smell in the air, the radiance of the sun, the glow of the budding trees and flowers. My tulips are blooming and the days are getting longer. I'm high on spring. I can make fun of myself for being so predictable, for being such a hippie, for being so dramatically changed by weather and changing seasons, but it is truly that dramatic for me

The planning of my spring fever started with To What End?, the Swedish band that has changed my life. I heard them last year, loved them, and obsessed over them. When I found out they were coming to the East Coast in the spring, I started to plan out the idea of building a fest in Richmond with all of my favorite current bands. I quickly let go of the idea, but not before compiling a amazing list. But I set my spring focus on To What End? and let my full-on obsession run rampant. They played in Richmond, and it was the kind of show that both transformed and transcended RVA. Punk shows in this town haven't been that good for the past year or so, and I myself have almost steered bands away from coming here at times. But somehow this show was in the right place and the right time, and it was amazing. My obsessive favorite band was everything I expected. It was the beginning of the frenzy for me.

When I found out that To What End?, Riistetyt, and Die Screaming were all playing together in Pittsburgh, I planned my life around being there. I normally miss out on shows in my own town on weeknights due to my work schedule, and I never even think about taking a night off and traveling during the week, but this was a show to move mountains for. Consequently, I didn't really think about how ridiculous of an idea it was to drive for six hours, go to a show, and then drive back home six more hours to get to work the next afternoon. I like to

overdo my schedule and don't let practical limitations get in the way, though sometimes I should. It should go without saying that night capping in the bar with the Swedes and some of my favorite yinzers was a necessity, and that sleeping in the back of my car in the pouring rain for a few hours before driving home and straight to work was how it would be. The best part of the schedule is that not only did I go straight to the photo lab, but that the next morning I caught a 6 am flight to Milwaukee, from where I ultimately head to Chicago Fest. The all-go-no-sleep plan was in full effect. A 40+ band fest when you've had no sleep is a hard thing to conquer. But conquer I did.

Friday's show was kind of a mess. Eleven bands had to play in a mere four hours, and the show started late. Rambo and World Burns To Death got pushed to the Saturday show, but To What End? played an amazing set and once again shred the world in half. I could carry on and on about how good they are, as I have for the past month. I am perhaps known for obsessing over a band when I like them. And I have been saying that TWE? are the coup d'etat of my obsession, dare I say the "perfect band." I have listened to nothing else, and thought of nothing else for a month. They are that fucking good.

The rest of the Chicago weekend was a blast. Things ran much more smoothly, and the 40+ bands all got to play on schedule and Rambo and WB2D made up for their missed sets on Friday. And Richmond stole the shows with Municipal Waste and Direct Control both shredding shit to the ground. I went to this fest not knowing a good half the bands that played. It was a lot more HC and less punk than I live with on a daily basis. I liked the idea of going to a fest where I didn't have to see every second of every band though; I thought perhaps I could actually hang out some. Despite this, I can safely say that not only did I get to see nearly every band that played, but that I also liked just about every band that played. And I got to do the hanging out too, though we all know at these big fests that you never feel like you get to talk to anyone for more than a scattered five minutes. And when you're exhausted and half in a coma from goth club dancing with Scandinavians the night before, and a disturbed drunken sleep in a cold van, the hanging out often isn't quite the satisfaction you hope for, especially when you are half asleep under the book distro table. Nonetheless, the coming together of friends from afar for these weekends is awesome, and it was a starting point to propel the mania of spring forward for me.

I didn't recover from that weekend easily or quickly though. Erik was home for a mere few days between tours, and I was back to my work schedule for those few days. With spring in the air and tulips starting to bloom, I was exhausted and preparing with great anxiety for an upcoming weekend in New York City. It's been five long years since I've been back to NYC. I haven't wanted to return. Every time someone would ask if I missed it, I would say, "of course I miss it, but 'my NY' is gone." Five long years of gentrification and post-9-11 security, made it difficult to imagine myself there again.

My best friend from childhood was getting married, though, and she really wanted me at her NYC wedding. I decided that was just the thing to get to me to return. As soon as I got off that bus, and out of Port Authority, I was ecstatic. The bus terminal is like a living hell. But I just started walking and I can walk in NYC like an old-school New Yorker, dodging people and cars like nobodies business. I actually really enjoy that kind of power-walking frenzy. I crave it. I miss it. Could it be that is one of the things I miss the most? The energy of walking, and great food on every corner that you can eat while walking—all that great produce and those real bagels—and, well, I miss a lot of things actually. But New York has an energy and a momentum that you can feel nowhere else. As soon as I got myself onto the streets in the Lower East Side, it was so familiar. It was also very different. The whole city including the whole LES has been "cleaned up" a lot. Condos have replaced the dilapidated buildings I remember. Bistros and bars and fancy restaurants line the blocks that were once uninhabited. Taxis compete for classy people on streets that you didn't used to be able to get a cab to come to. It's fucking weird. But it's NY, and it's still my NY in many ways 'cause for all the change, the familiarity is there; I didn't know how much I missed it. I walked and walked and took it all in. I had this amazing and bizarre coming together of all the aspects of my life that weekend. It was my first return visit to the city that shaped me. My childhood hometown best friend was getting married. I saw other people from my hometown who I've had little if any contact with in half a lifetime, I reacquainted with a couple friends from photo school in NYC. Not really such a surprise that one of them was the photographer for the wedding. I was staying with one of my friends from NYC who I've kept in touch with and her daughter who grows older and smarter and more amazing with each day. I connected to the old days of my punk rock life, with a pop into ABC No Rio to see the fifteen-year anniversary of the HC shows art exhibit, which I have a bunch of photos in. I caught up with an old friend at CBGB's who was one of the first people who sorta took me under their wing when I arrived in New York 15 years ago. We shot the shit about old times, new times, our families, and the plight of an endangered CBGB's. It was rounded out by hanging out with a couple of friends who are still in my current life, from both coasts and two different generations of punk, and a visit to the old squat where Fly peoped me. A mere 48 hours of frenzy later, I had to manically hop onto a bus in chaotic Chinatown and spend an hour trying to get out of the gothic city and eventually back home to Richmond, where the full marvels of spring are fully in effect. For all of my jaunts into major metropolises of the north where it's still cold and barely even spring, here in south, the tulips are blooming, the grass is taking on that iridescent hue, the wisteria buds are sprouting, and the cherry blossoms and forsythia are in full effect. Spring is upon us with 70 degrees of amazing warmth and bright radiant sun. The clocks have sprung forward and the days are longer. My time of year has arrived and I'm euphoric and ecstatic and so in love with my life in all it's various guises and parts that I can't contain myself enough to sit here and write a sensible account of it. I should just sit in the hammock and watch the tulips glow and grow. But the reality is I'm late for work, my zine schedule is behind, and I'm falling behind in everything because of all my manic adventures. But does it really matter? As Dick Lucas has said, " I didn't feel like going to work today, I don't think I'll go in tomorrow." But of course I will.

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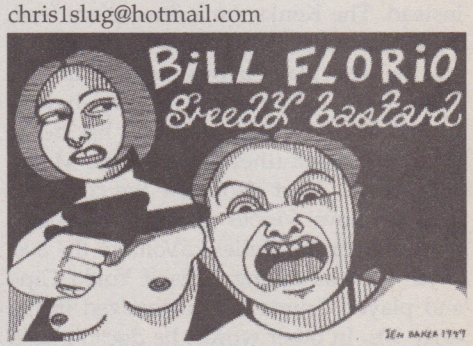

HOW TO KEEP A JOURNAL

Journal Entry December 19, 1987: Today I hung out with this kid Mike. He kinda uses

too much hair spray and he's like Mr. Heavy Metal, but he's really not. He doesn't like Venom or Metallica and he never goes to see any bands. His mom won't let him take the subway. I told him I have extra tickets to see Mötörhead and Alice Cooper next month and he said he doubt's his parents will let him go. I feel so stupid buying an extra one in hopes I would have a girlfriend by then. I don't know why I do stuff to myself like this. Anyhow, we took the 20 bus to Central Ave., I wanted to go to Bay Plaza but he told me his mom would freak out, I had a 10 minute argument about it where I was like, "How the fuck would your mom know where you were?" And he's just completely paranoid. I mean I guess I can understand a little. When I stopped by his house, his dad was wearing a sombrero and drinking little bottles of tequila he got off an airplane. He pulled a ton of shit off a shelf he made across the hallway ceiling and pulled down a box of things he created out of tin foil. He had a Golgotha scene, a Nativity and a Chess Set. He won third prize in some state fair for one of them and has it hung on the wall like a diploma. Anyhow we finally decided we were gonna go see Eddie Murphy *Raw*. We counted all the money we had and we were like 45 cents short. We had about 20 minutes before the movie started so Mike thought he'd ask some people for some change to use a phone to call his mom. After about 20 tries I told him this wasn't a good idea because he looks like a fag with his little boots with buckles on them and someone was gonna think he was a male prostitute or something. We saw this bum pushing a cart full of cans, so considering this is the first time I hung out with the kid I did one of my famous "Watch this!" While the bum was fixing his plastic bag that was stuck in his shoe I ran full speed into the cart knocking all the cans all over the place, I grabbed a whole bunch and yelled at Mike to do the same. Anyhow we ran over to Pathmark loaded all the cans in and we ended up 5 cents short because ice tea cans don't give you a nickel. We were too late by then and the bum saw us and was yelling. So we just got some Baskin-Robbins and took the bus home, Mike was like, "See if we went to that Movie at Bay Plaza we would have been out of money and we'd have to call my mom and then we'd be fucked." I was like, "No we'd just walk home." He's like, "No we'd get mugged; it's a bad neighborhood." I'm like, "Our school is in the first one and you live in the second one—why would it be any different than walking home from school?" What a dork.

Journal Entry December 26, 1987: So this is the last time I hold on to someone's gun for them. That freaking Jamaican dirtbag gave me it because of the 1000 bucks he owes me, it's probably only worth $100 but I figure with his rep, he needs the gun more than the money. So I'm walking home from his house on 222nd St. and this huge ass crackhead comes at me with a knife. I never thought I'd ever have to kill someone before but it was so fucking easy. The top of his head came clean off and I just casually walked down White Plains Rd. with the piece in my sweatshirt pocket. No cop is gonna give a shit about that crackhead. I should try this more often.

Journal Entry April 9, 1988: Jennifer called me yesterday crying. She said she had sex with Matthew again, even though he gave her a black eye when they broke up last month. Anyhow, she's fucking pregnant and she wants to get rid of it in Westchester and needs a ride. Of course she also needs me to lend her $300. I don't give a shit about the money. After seeing that girl Beth get kicked out of school for being pregnant last year and that fucking Mrs. Ferrarra's computer class with her fucking prayers for the unborn, I'm happy to help someone kill a baby.

Journal Entry April 10, 1988: I hate all those fuckers on Hyatt Ave. Last night I snuck out at 2 a.m. and slashed every fucking tire on the street. It only took me like 15 minutes, and after I was done I looked back and saw every car all tilted like an earthquake hit or something.

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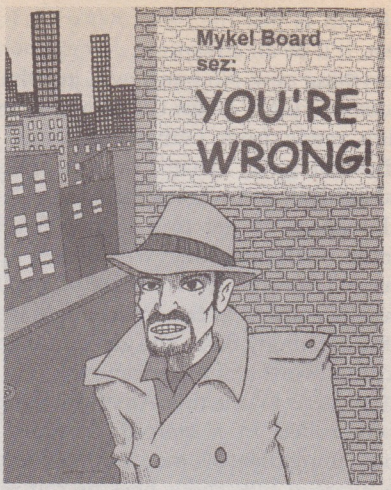
I just thought I'd share my teenage journal with you folks. I've been talking to people about journals recently and it seems that someone else reading your journal can really fuck with your life. That said, reading someone else's journal can also fuck with you as well. I don't recommend knowing everything your mom really thinks about you, for example, especially when she may just be in a weird mood and venting. Whenever I had to write about something that my mom would flip out about if she ever found it, I'd just put something much much worse right after. This way, she'd have to confront me if she read it and I wouldn't have to worry about her reading it and not telling me. Anyhow, I had it hidden in a hole in the wall underneath some wood paneling, so she never found it. I think I'll brick it back up in the wall and maybe 100 years from now someone will dig it up and make a movie about me. bill@candids.com



Che Guevara's collapse was complete. His intentions were forgotten, but the style was taken up by boutique owners. There is no faster way of destroying a man, or mocking his ideas, than making him fashionable. That Guevara succeeded in influencing dress-designers was part of his tragedy. —Paul Theroux

[As usual, words originally spoken in Spanish will be translated.]

I'm just coming to consciousness. A vague pressure pushes from inside my skull, just above the Neanderthal eyebrow ridge. A whirring sound gradually penetrates the fog. An irregular brrRRRRR-daRRRRRR-brrRRRR-daRRRRR. A breeze travels down my body in syncopation with the whir.

My belly feels crusty, like Elmer's glue dried in my sleep. The same crusty feeling holds my eyes shut. I turn on my side, trying to recapture the sleep. My arm brushes something soft and warm. Another body. Ah yes, I remember. I'm in the Dominican Republic. Next to me is a girl I had minutes?... hours?... earlier risked disease and finance to taste, hold, and enter.

Before we get to her, let's back up a bit. Last month left me in Boca Chica, the whore town. I was in a hotel having just finished with THE WHORE WITHOUT THE TITS. I introduced you to THE METROSEXUAL BIKER, a tattoo artist from Vancouver.

I promised you some other characters:

THE SWISS FAMILY WHITE TRASH

THE WHORE WITH THE TITS

THE SNIFFLING EGYPTIAN

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOY IN THE WORLD

RALPH KRAMDEN

THE HAMBURGER MAN

Unfortunately, I've only got space for two of them this month. I hope you enjoy them as much as I did... or didn't.

In the DR, I'm on my own, missing my punk rock friends from Santo Domingo.

This trip is just me, with whoever I can meet. It'll be an adventure... everyone and everything new. No punk rock, just the joy of discovery. My *Rough Guide* says there's a drink made from herbs "masticated by pubescent girls." That'll be new. There's also baseball and whores galore.

I manage to get to a couple baseball games, including one with Licey (pronounced *lee-say*), the Yankees of the DR. The other one is in San Pedro de Macoris, home of Sammy Sosa. The games are great, exciting, worthy of American play.

(*Aside:* As I write this, American baseball is embroiled in a steroid scandal. The whole thing disgusts me... but not the way the average talk show host or self-righteous commentator is disgusted.

I'm disgusted by the obsequiousness, by the caving in of players, by the denials, by the offers to cooperate. On TV, the heads of Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa look like marbles balanced on redwood trunks. Necks wider than their jaws. How can they deny it? Why should they?

No one asks the right questions. Why *not* use steroids? Or any other drug, vitamin, or exercise routine? Players know the risks. They should have the right to take those risks if they choose.

You *might* have an argument about drug testing for pilots or train engineers. A NY Ferryboat captain crashes his boat because he was on Sudafed or something. [*Aside in the aside:* There are rumors that Sudafed is going to be "a controlled substance." If you buy it, you'll need to show ID and sign a form. They say some people use it to process into methedrine. What's next, hammer registration? Ya know, terrorists have used hammers to build the boxes they transport weapons of mass destruction in. Pul-eez! *End of Aside in Aside*]

Ball players? Are they really a threat? Who are they going to hurt by taking steroids? How can people with so much money in the bank so fear the necktie congressman? How can rich folks agree to be stopped any time, any place and asked to piss in a cup? Why not require it for Senators? *End of Aside*)

I even get to visit the training/recruiting camp of the Hiroshima Carp, the only Japanese team with a camp in the DR. That's a cool visit. Besides meeting the future stars of the Carp, one of the weakest teams in Japanese baseball, I have a terrific conversation with the wife of a 19-year-old pitcher.

"I don't mean to be disrespectful," she says, "but what is it with Americans?"

"Some of my best friends are disrespectful," I answer, "but I don't know what you mean."

"In America, if you make one little mistake, you're out," she says. "Americans will destroy someone's dream for a mistake. The Japanese let you try again. They help you and let you make a mistake and then work through it. But Americans... Americans just drop you. They let you die for one mistake."

I didn't tell her about Martha Stewart and the American urge to destroy, redeem, and then love the redeemed one. But of course, that's only for celebrities who apologize and do penance. *She didn't admit it.*

For everyday people, or those who don't show regret. There's no forgiveness among Americans... just ask Megan's Law. Or people who, even after serving long jail terms, lose the right to vote forever.

Even celebrities: if they don't apologize, they'll be destroyed. Just ask Michael Jackson who, once accused, is accused again every 15 minutes. The American public always believes the accuser—even after he's proved a liar.

"If you mean that Americans have no forgiveness," I tell her, "you're right. Americans are vicious, vengeful people who have no feelings of forgiveness, or even respect for human life. For revenge they'll invade a county, hurt thousands of innocent people, and feel good about it. That's all except Republicans. They respect human life, as long as it's been declared brain dead, or hasn't been born yet."

She doesn't get it, but is happy I agree with her.

Besides baseball there's Las Terrenas—pronounced "La Serena" by the locals—a tiny town in the Northern Peninsula of Samana. It used to be a little fishing village until the 1980s when some French hippies discovered it. They were looking for a quiet, inaccessible place to make art and listen to *Le Mort Reconnaissant*.

The town didn't stay quiet for long. Other Frenchies, then Germans moved in. The tourist biz caught on. Hotels sprang up, though, because it was so hard to get to, it never attracted the resort mills that plague the rest of the island.

My *Rough Guide* says there's tension between the natives and the new European residents. They resent prices being driven up and discos full of prostitutes from Santo Domingo. Sounds like my kind of place... except for the high prices.

What passes for highway in the DR goes nowhere near Las Terrenas. You have to take a bus to Sanchez city, and then hop on a pick-up truck and travel uphill, up some dirt roads, until you reach the town. The trip from Santo Domingo to Sanchez costs about 400 pesos. The pick-up truck should cost 500. If you share it, the price goes down. At least, that's what the local tourist board tells me. The reality is different. It always is.

On the bus to Las Terrenas, I watch the shlumpy woman in the seat next to the window. She looks like a late-middle-age housewife, maybe a young grandma. She wears a simple cotton dress, white with some kind of small red design I can't see clearly. On her head is a kerchief made from the same material as her dress. Her skin is pock-marked and worn, like someone who's had to use sand instead of soap.

In her left hand, she carries what look like peeled sticks of birch. Each is about the width of my wrist. In her right hand is a clear plastic bag. The woman takes one of the sticks and bites into it. She chews for several seconds then spits the residue out into the plastic bag. Then she takes another bite and does the same. So that's the "pubescent girls" who masticate for our imbibing pleasure. I'm glad to get the factory tour.

After a brief nap and five hours on the bus, we arrive in Sanchez. It's dark—and drizzling. I can barely feel my way around the parking lot that doubles as a bus station. Fortunately, there are enough headlights (from motorcycles and pick-up trucks) to keep me from wandering off the edge of a cliff.

"Las Terrenas! Las Terrenas!" I hear a voice behind me.

Actually, it's several voices.

"Yeah," I say, "I'm going to Las Terrenas. How much?"

"1500," says a truck driver.

A motorconcho pulls up next to me.

"You want to go to Las Terrenas?" I ask him.

"Sure," he says, "300 pesos."

"You're on," I say, climbing on the back.

The truck driver grabs my shirt collar.

"Señor, Señor," he pleads, "this must be your first time here."

I nod, wondering how he knows.

"The trip to Las Terrenas is very dangerous," he says. "It's dark. There are only mountains. Steep up mountains. Steep down mountains. Only dirt roads. Wet dirt roads."

"How much?" I ask again.

"500 pesos," he says. "At least you'll stay alive." I agree to go with him.

And waddaya know? The trek to the town *is* treacherous. A half hour of hairpin

turns, mud holes larger than a suburban basement, and mountains steep enough to discourage the Spanish Conquistadores. I have a reservation in a cheap hotel, and the truck lets me off right in front. I pay the guy and check in. By now, the drizzle is a downpour. I decide to call it a night and wake up early to get in some swimming.

Ah, "the beaches" of the baseball, beaches and beetches reason I'm here in the first place. There's not much to say about 'em. Sand, saltwater, waves. A nice place to get a sunburn until the clouds arrive to make an early evening.

Now I'm exploring the town in the twilight. Under the eves of a shack I stop to look at an illuminated ad. It offers whale watching for $40. A bit expensive, but one of the reasons I'm here.

Suddenly, there's a fierce *WHOOOOSH*. Torrential rain, like God taking a beer piss. I'm trapped under the overhang, on the thatched porch of this closed hut. Okay, I can wait. It's got to lighten up sometime, doesn't it?

Suddenly, I'm not alone. She's about 45, with big pointed breasts and a belly to match. She's built like a snowlady. She looks at me, both of us dripping wet. We feel a kinship for each other. Two strangers taking refuge from the storm.

"Ai que rain," she says in Spanglish.

"Yeah," I answer, "quite a storm."

That's all it takes. One sentence. A few words. And our relationship changes.

"You like women?" she asks. "You like me?"

"Ummm," I answer.

"You like my tits?" she asks.

Before I can answer she's right against me, rubbing those body parts across my chest.

"Don't they feel nice?" she asks. "You come with me. I'll give you a nice massage. I'll give you more... see?"

She fishes around in her pocketbook and pulls out a set of keys.

"I live close. You come with me."

I've met THE WHORE WITH THE TITS. But we're not alone for long. As the rain pours even harder, we're joined by another woman, almost a clone of TWWTT. This other hefty woman comes in with a bang!

"Aha! I've found you!" she shouts to the other woman in Spanish. The rest of the shouting is too fast and too slangy for me to understand. Something about not paying rent and you'll be out on the street if you don't do something or other.

The two go at it awhile, vocal chords straining. Somewhere in the middle of the shouting match TWWTT glances my way and jerks her head.

"Thees eeez my friend," she says to me in bad English. "Her name Maritza."

Maritza shakes my hand. "You should go with her," she tells me. "You have good time."

I'm sitting precariously on a low narrow window ledge, pressed as far away from the rain as I can. I stretch my legs out against the porch to brace myself. It turns out that I'll need the bracing. TWWTT straddles me. With one of her legs on either side of my helplessly outstretched lower torso, she sits herself down over my middle and lap dances. She rubs her groin back and forth over my little pocket friend who's not responding at all. I feel like I'm going to collapse under the weight.

"Don't you like this?" she asks. "You can have more, better. Just come with me."

Over her shoulder I can see the other woman, arms akimbo. (*Aside:* I love that phrase *arms akimbo*. I wonder if anything else can be akimbo. Can you have eyes akimbo, or legs akimbo? How about turtles or stuffed peppers—can they be akimbo? Maybe it's like "nape," a monogamous word, built for one partner, unfunctionable with any other. *End of aside*)

"I'm sorry," I lie. "I have a girlfriend. She won't let me." "For now, I can be your girlfriend," she says.

"Oh look," I say pointing over her shoulder, past her friend. "It's stopped raining."

She dismounts to turn around. I quickly stand, wave good-bye and make my escape.

I return to the hotel, change into dry clothes and head out to one of the discos that cause so much native discontent. It's across the street from a local bar. I have a drink at that bar and walk into the disco. Being in the DR means there is a mass of incredible-looking girls. It also means that most of them are working... and the beer is expensive.

I order one of those expensive beers from a bartendress who could incite prostate trouble. I take the beer and post myself by a post at the end of the dance floor. As I lean against the wooden structure behind me, I watch the girls pass by. I watch the locals and the gringos as the girls come up to them and smile. I watch as they make their moves, taking on customers or friends, and treating them accordingly. I watch as a beautiful trio of girls stands a few feet away from me. One is a short sassy girl, with frizzy hair and a pencil thin body. Another is a typical Dominican beauty, five and a half muscular feet tall, wearing a short white skirt with a white top and sandals.

The third member of the group is like nothing I've seen before. She looks like I imagine Nefertiti did. Two perky breasts, poke out a spread-hand away from her chest. An austere body with a narrow waist slips smoothly into perfectly rounded hindquarters. Her skimpy dress, a glittering silver affair, reveals long legs, without stubble or defect, like they've been carved by an artist. Perfect curves from ankle to knee, and another set of curves, like a textbook illustration of *ideal human proportions*, curving lazily from the knee up under the dress.

And her face. My god that face! I'd sell out my country for that face. I'd crazy glue my anus shut for that face. I'd let a baboon fist fuck me for that face. Her eyes have a slightly oval cast, as if somewhere before that ancestral slave voyage to the New World, a visitor from the Orient stopped to plant a seed in Africa. Her mouth is small, with lips more occidental than those of her compatriots. And her nose, my *Mein Gott*, not a wide nose, not a long or hooked nose, not an upward pointing pig nose. It is a perfect nose. An inch-long nose curved from between her eyes as perfectly as her legs curve down from between her buttocks.

I can't take my eyes off her. Every shake, every laugh, every wipe of that perfect nose. Nose wiping? You guessed it she's THE SNIFFLING EGYPTIAN.

But she's not watching me. No one is. Here I stand, in the midst of endless beauties. Watching beauty after beauty. Watching one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen blow snot into a tissue. But only watching. No one comes up to me. No one says "buy me a drink." I can't believe it. I'm going to be the only person in the history of the world who can't get laid at a whorehouse.

I feel a tap on my shoulder. A voice from behind me asks, "Hey there, buy me a drink." I turn around. It's THE WHORE WITH THE TITS.

"Where's your girlfriend?" she asks.

"Wiseguy," I say.

She looks at me quizzically. I buy her a drink, excuse myself, go to the men's room and hide in a stall. I stay there long enough for her to find someone more desperate—or at least with different tastes—than me.

By the end of the night I'm in bed with the SNIFFLING EGYPTIAN. She's beautiful. Skin like a Hershey bar. Hips like two half bowling balls. Breasts, natural, full, vocal. Calling out to me. "Caress me! Take

me in your mouth! Make me dance!"

So she stops every three minutes to blow her nose. Sniffling the snot back into her head in between times. I don't care.

Unlike the first whore, this one likes it when I nestle between her legs. She presses her thighs against my ears and raises her pelvis, pushing herself against my lips. I can taste the juices flow as a small moan escapes from her mouth. Then she sneezes. The actual fucking is anti-climactic, though it does result in a condom-filling climax. Yeah!

BREAK: FLASH AHEAD

After my last column, I got an email from Kesha, telling me how great it must be to be able to have so many adventures, to live such a wild life.

My life isn't wild enough for me, but it is an adventure. And I do my best to keep it one. But is adventure enough?

I get an email from Janis asking if I feel guilty about running around exploiting people while the world crumbles. Shouldn't I be doing something political? Is the personal *really* political?

Okay, I tell her, I'm happy to see riots in the street. I love those little Battles of Seattles. When a bomb in a train wakes up the Spanish electorate. When a freed hostage, machine-gunned by American soldiers tells the Italians, maybe we oughtta get away from those nuts. Yeah, that puts me in a good mood. That kind of news is rare, and buried under Alaskan oil drilling and faith-based potty training. Mostly things are going to hell and there's not a lot we can do about it. Americans want it that way. No matter what you hear on *Air America*, "The People" are getting what they want.

So what's to do? Voting isn't the answer. Look what happened last time we had an election. Voting with your feet might help. If I didn't have old parents to take care of, I'd be outta here. Even Canada is looking good compared to what we've got. But how 'bout those who stay? What else can we do? What can we do in our lives to stave off the overwhelming sadness and boredom of everyday life? How can we prevent everything we love from turning illegal, or worse, into a commodity: packaged, advertised, mass-marketed? I'm glad you asked me that.

Their method of control is sadness, fear, sexual repression, and isolation. It is no accident that the most totalitarian governments: Germany, Russia, Japan, the US, have been in religious countries with a work ethic.

Arbeit Macht Frei were the words over the gate to Auschwitz: "Work Makes You Free."

So the first part of the solution is *slack off*. Waste at least an hour of every working day. Read a zine, jerk off, do a crossword puzzle on the john, anything. Your value to *them* is production. The less you produce, the more of your own life you take back.

Next, get out! It's a big world. You don't have to be rich to travel. You just need to do it. Go someplace you haven't gone before. Hang out with the natives. Go to a punk rock show. Buy whores. Talk to them before you fuck 'em. Treat 'em well. Drink a local beer. Talk the person sitting next to you at the bar.

Get raging drunk. Go to orgies. Insert strange objects into your cunt. Become their nightmare. When they've taken it all away; when they've made sex, guns, and fucking in the street illegal; when the TV camera on every block says "Be afraid" and the TV screen in every home says "Buy! Buy! Buy!" (the revolution is not only televised, it is the commercials); when they can turn Che Guevara into Starbucks, what do you have that isn't illegal or iPod? You have your body. Rent it out. Abuse it. Use it, but keep control of it. That's the only way to beat 'em.

ENDNOTES: (*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers [email to: god@mykelboard.com] will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*)

Kinda late dept: *Church and State* magazine reports that officials at the Crossroads United Methodist Church in Alabama have apologized to the local Democratic Party for instructing youngsters to collect Kerry-For President signs, which they later destroyed.

Not even late dept: Lt. General William G. Bykin told an Oregon church that Islamic extremists hate the US "because we're a Christian nation." When asked to apologize, the general refused. Donald Rumsfeld has since named him deputy under-secretary of defense for intelligence.

Unintentional ironies dept: A pal of mine who was in an accident sent me an ad from the local (California) newspaper for medical marijuana. The ad offers High Grade medical marijuana and has a headline: "NO PAIN." Either the pal didn't notice, or did notice and gets 10 punk points: on the back of the ad is another one for "San Francisco's Longest running Goth-Industrial Club Night." The name of the club? Death Guild. Talk about *no pain*!

Toilet paper in reverse dept: Kesha sent me this from MSNBC:

Inspired by a similar program in Thailand, an Australian company plans to use kangaroo shit to make stationery and other paper products. The Thai product uses elephant shit. It's a great step forward in recycling. But the US should go further. I suggest American paper makers go to Washington DC and see how far they can get with bullshit. It's certainly as plentiful as the elephant stuff—and in far greater need of being turned into something useful.

They thought they were safe dept: Wired News reports that police in New Hampshire have arrested more than 60 people from Scandinavia. The police rove the web posing as 14 year old children and then lure the victims to the US with promises of sex. When they arrive, they're arrested for soliciting sex from a minor.

Can you imagine what would happen if a US CIA agent was lured to Syria with promises of information useful to the US government. Then the agent was arrested and charged with trying to spy on Syria? We'd invade! Whoops, we're gonna invade anyway. So forget that one.

The Mongols have the right idea dept.: Meanwhile, in Ulaanbaatar, The Mongolians are planning a "Women's Park" for prostitutes. The benefits, according to one paper, are: "Street girls would not have to comb the street hunting for customers. The park would have a medical center to keep control of the health of its women."

More name sentences dept: I got some more sentence names from Adam…

Q: What happens if you touch a match to George?

A: George Burns

Q: What does Barry do with other baseball players in times of trouble?

A: Barry Bonds

Q: Is anybody home?

A: Howard Zinn.

The further it goes, the funnier the sickness dept: Associated Press reports that Texas State Rep. Al Edwards of Houston is proposing a law to ban dirty dancing by cheerleaders. Edwards wants to put an end to "sexually suggestive" performances by cheerleaders at athletic events and other extracurricular competitions. He said it's hypocritical for educators to teach sexual abstinence while condoning all sorts of bumping and grinding on the sidelines. Under the Houston Democrat's bill, the state education commissioner could reduce a school district's state funding if it knowingly permits sexy cheerleading.

Nice mail dept: Yes Dean and Diane—though I don't believe those are your real

names—I got the DVD. Wow! Great trick with the squash!

On the CD front, I got some fine stuff from Blake at Empty Records. My favorite is Saint Bushmill's Choir, an Irish music-influenced punk band from Seattle. They're more fun that a bottle of Bushmill's... well almost. Try www.SaintBushmillsChoir.com for more info.

Then I got a load of Bulgarian stuff from Ivailo, but I couldn't find the titles. I know I got one from my pal Jivko's band, Indignity. You'll have to find out the rest for yourself. Write to Ivailo at aon@mail.bg.

Keep sending me stuff! My snail mail address is POB 137, Prince St. Station, New York NY 10012.

This month, I'm tired.

First up is the new full-length from KYLESA, *To Walk a Middle Course*, which finds them newly making the questionable jump to quasi-major-label status on the Metal Blade imprint Prosthetic, basically their milk-the-kids metalcore sub-label featuring such abominable flashes in the metal pan as ALL THAT REMAINS, HIMSA, and SPITE. Why KYLESA would want to join their ranks is beyond me, especially given the rather dubious cross-over appeal of their doomy/crusty approach to the legions of Hot Topic graduates expecting triggered double bass mosh and sleek, over-produced guitar cleanliness. Nonetheless, *Middle Course* is still a fine, if not completely fucking excellent new release from these Georgian malcontents. I'd be more effusive with the praise, but I just haven't had the chance to listen to it too many times yet. At first, the songs took some getting used to, but by half way through the second listen the heaviness of it all had pretty well beaten me into submission. Maybe nothing will top *Rise and Fall* for me personally (perhaps because of my shared love of "Swimming with Sharks"), but still, it's been a consistently powerful and inventive progression from the early DAMAD days for Philip Cope & Co, and this won't let anybody down — 'cept maybe some ATREYU fans. The copy I reviewed was the LP version that Havoc put out so you can get that and still feel punk (www.havocrex.com).

Next, we come to a record that perhaps not many but certainly a devout few have literally been waiting years for: the complete recorded discography of Northern California's most misunderstood and underrated hardcore band, NO LESS. *Le$$on$ 93-98* is, besides a few random comp appearances, the band's first appearance on CD, almost seven years after their demise, which is at least part of why they've found proper recognition so fleeting. Sure, they've been accused of being thuggish, violent, and offensive, and they were certainly the furthest thing from the PC zeitgeist of the time, but NO LESS was the real deal, walking their talk and being completely uninterested in others' opinions. Culled from the ashes of seminal Bay Area bands PLUTOCRACY, 976, and IMMORTAL FATE, NO LESS produced some of the most atypical, left-field, noise-drenched hardcore ever, as ugly and brutal as the smell coming out of the carpets the morning after one of their shows. Feedback, samples, a half-dozen different vocalists, and hip-hop beats faded in and out of the mix like smoke dissolving off a speed pipe, while tempos went from blazing to lurching in a second. Sadly, the band came to a sudden end with the tragic suicide of bassist Dan Hogan in 1998. The other members carried on in later bands, but these tracks remain a frozen time capsule of a volatile, ground-breaking band caught in their prime. Included here are five separate tape sessions, some of which appeared on split EPs with ETO, AGENTS OF SATAN, POTATO JUSTICE, and LAUGHING DOG. With 35 songs total, old photos and artwork, and some reverently detailed liner notes from Dan Lactose, this is a crucial piece of Bay Area hardcore history. On Push Down and Turn Records, PO Box 170276, SF, CA 94117, http://www.push-downandturnrecords.com.

OK, now for less serious fare, we have the return of the mighty HATEBEAK, whose last 7" *Beak of Putrefaction* I positively raved about. This latest outing, *Bird Seeds of Vengeance* (Reptillian Records again, reptillianrecords.com) is a split with the similarly inspired CANINUS, who—if you didn't gather from the name—are a metal band with a pair of pit bulls "singing." HATEBEAK is still miles better in my opinion, *Vengeance* seeing, dare I say, a broadening of Waldo the parrot's vocal, um, "range." Really it is quite amazing both the sounds they coax from this bird and how they integrate them into the songs. Musically, HATEBEAK is actually pretty damn impressive, with a fairly technical death metal orientation to their sound. Plus, the insert has a picture of Waldo perched upon the actual Spear of Longinus, the spear that a Roman grunt stabbed some old guy named Jesus with—talk about avian victory…

CANINUS meanwhile — and I feel kinda dumb discussing the compositional merits of bands with animals as singers, but what the hell — is a bit less compelling musically and the dog barks aren't exactly mixed all that well into the tunes, not that I'm sure that's even possible. They do get points, however, for their send up of DISASSOCIATE's "Mexicans in Suffocation T-Shirts" with their song "Ecuadorians in Disassociate T-Shirts," and for the mere fact that they print lyrics, which is pretty funny if you think about it. CANINUS also have an EP out on War Torn Records which predates the split (http://www.wartorn-records.com). They also supposedly have an upcoming split with CATTLE DECAPITATION, so ya know — that ought to be good.

A couple selections from the sludgier/doomier side of the spectrum got optioned out of the regular *MRR* reviews section, so I thought I'd dust 'em off and present 'em to those who like this sort of thing, like me. Both bands are kinda similar, in their packaging, in song structure, in their complete obscurity and newness to me, and in their mutual appropriateness to a massive session with you and your new bong. First up is TIDES and their six-song, 49-minute instrumental CD, *Resurface* on Teenage Disco Bloodbath (tdbrecords.com). From upstate New York, TIDES is by far the mellower of the pair, each song stretching out before you like a prolonged, comfortable yawn, and that's actually not meant in a bad way. The songwriting's good enough to hold your attention the whole while, the sound is great and heavy and spaced-out and echoey, and the riffs transition seamlessly from one to another. Definitely one for fans of CONIFER, ISIS, and even mellower fare like BARDO POND or DEAD MEADOW.

Meanwhile, THE BODY (though that name makes me fucking cringe) spews forth some insanely heavy head-nodding sludge with a great sound and hoarse screams buried back in the yonder reaches of the mix. I know this is super lazy, but I'm gonna go with the two aforementioned bands as points of comparison here as well — CONIFER & ISIS, though THE BODY keeps their songs shorter, simpler and a bit meaner sounding. You know the score. If you like it slow, de-tuned, vaguely minor-key melodic, and heavy as Tad, you'll be all over this New England band. The full-length CD

is on Moganono Records: www.equivalents.org/moganono.

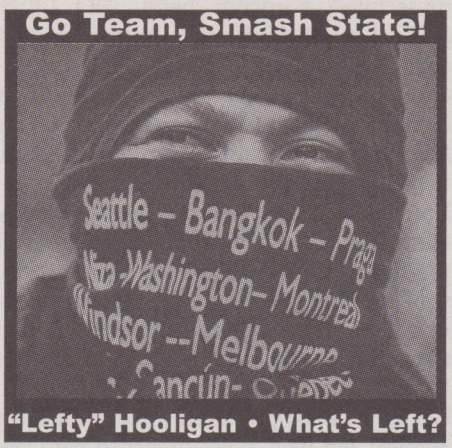
I also just got an advance CD-R of the new San Francisco band BURIAL YEAR, a spanking newborn of a band — just a month or two old as of the time of this writing — having risen from the recent demise of one of the few, if not only, decent metalcore bands in this city, TAKARU. By the time this issue sees print, these guys'll be hitting the road on their first tour, wasting no time and regaling the masses with riff after riff of metal-fueled political outrage from their newly released one-sided LP on Waving Wheat Records. Not surprisingly, BURIAL YEAR is a pretty logical extension of TAKARU, since TAKARU wasn't exactly around long enough for their guitarists to run out of ideas, both of who reappear here in BURIAL YEAR. As for the tunes, BURIAL YEAR has a pretty refreshingly non-traditional approach to riff-writing, with plenty of tempo changes and different guitar tones, stretching from full-on metal heaviness to more intricate tech-y passages, open-E mosh parts, and catchy melodic bits as well. I'm quite happy these guys are still going at it. I was a big fan of TAKARU's full-length *There Can Be Only None* on Alone Records (www.alonerecords.com) last year, and I'd been meaning to write about them for a while, but now it looks like I'll have to get with the times and just focus on the new project. So get in touch and don't miss 'em on the road soon: burialyear@ hotmail.com.

A couple other quick mentions: there's a new Dave Witte project out now entitled HOPE COLLAPSE, which he did with his former band mates (guitar & bass) in BLACK ARMY JACKET. Doesn't really sound much like BLACK ARMY JACKET though, opting instead for a more black metal-oriented approach. The six-song EP on Ink Blot Records is called *Year of the Leper*, and I should have a few more things to say about it in this month's reviews section too. While on the topic of Witte, MELT BANANA should be back in the States again in May when this issue sees print and he'll be behind the kit again, where he will also supposedly be for some upcoming East Coast AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED shows. But I guess we'll have to wait to hear more about that…

Plus, my favorite Iowan thrashers, BLACK MARKET FETUS released their Mary Poppins-esque full-length *Midwest Meltdown* on LP on First Blood Family Records (www.firstbloodfamily .com).

And that, really, is all that I have the energy to write. Send records, stimulants, or stimulating records to: Elliott Lange, 701 Broderick St, SF CA 94117. cromlaughs @hotmail.com.

"Mongoloid, he was a mongoloid, happier than you and me, mongoloid, he was a mongoloid, and it determined what he could see" — DEVO, "Mongoloid"



All I know is that I am not a Marxist.

—Karl Marx
quoted by Friedrich Engels, 1890

Je suis Marxiste—tendance Groucho. (I am a Marxist—of the Groucho tendency.)

—graffito from Nanterre, Paris 1968

The brilliance of punk rock was in returning rock'n'roll to its basics. Two, three chord high-energy songs. Guitar, drums, bass, vocals; all fucking primal. Faster, louder, shorter was punk's signature on a fundamental revival of raw, primitive rock music.

It's time we returned to basics with respect to revolutionary politics as well. You might be surprised to know that what I mean by the basics is not socialism, or the working class, or class struggle. I am a child of the 60s after all, and of 1968 in particular. I can reduce it all down to one simple axiom. You make the revolution for yourself. Not a fail-safe principle by any means, but one that I consider fundamental. For instance, I make the revolution because I'm a worker, a member of the exploited proletariat fighting to abolish capitalism.

Well, that was short and sweet. A remarkably succinct column this month, thank you very much. Time to flip to Mykel Board.

Did you really think you'd get off so easily? For while the notion that you make the revolution for yourself tells the why, it doesn't even touch on the how. Up until the mid-1980s I was a revolutionary left anarchist, which encompasses the working class, communalist, and insurrectionary anarchist traditions. I staunchly defended the left anarchist concept of social revolution; that decentralized organizing based on federations of small autonomous groups, workers and community control, mass direct action, voluntary association and cooperation, mutual aid, self-determination were how I was to make the revolution for myself. In turn, I thoroughly disparaged the two main Marxist orthodoxies of social democracy and Leninism. Both claimed to represent the interests of working people, as well as the way workers could affect democratic, if not revolutionary social change. And both had working class adherents who proclaimed they were making the revolution for themselves by following their respective party lines. I had a sense of history though, even as an anarchist.

Social democratic parties and trade unions mobilized workers for patriotic slaughter during the first World War, and did their best to save capitalism against proletarian insurrection afterwards. Workers opposed social democratic betrayals with mass political strikes combining political and economic action, and by setting up alternative class organizations—factory struggle committees, breakaway parties, wildcatting and ad hoc strike organizations. The Bolsheviks turned the Soviet Union from a vision of hope for workers around the world into a vast blood-drenched workhouse based upon modernizing a national economy at any cost, proletarianizing the peasantry at the point of a gun, building monstrous factories, subjecting the working class to military labor discipline and demanding increased productivity. As the global model for Third World modernization, Communism in turn slaughtered one hundred million people in a century and a half of red terror. Working class opposition to Leninism has often been an inspiration to workers around the world—from the Petrograd workers during the early years of Bolshevik rule, through Hungary in 1956, to the Shanghai workers during the Cultural Revolution and the early days of Solidarity in Poland. Certainly as a revolutionary left anarchist, I saw these various workers' insurrections as explicitly anti-authoritarian if not implicitly anarchistic.

Then, as so often happens to anarchists who are more historically minded, I started reading history about my own political tradition in greater depth. I learned that the anarchist leaders of the Spanish revolution joined the government, helped dismantle working class power in the factories and fields, and actually demobilized workers' resistance to Stalinist repression. I also

learned that large numbers of Spanish workers actively resisted the Confederacion Nacional de Trabajadores' attempts to organize economic production upon sacrifice for the war, then openly resisted the CNT leadership's capitulation to the Spanish republican state by force of arms during the 1937 May Days. I felt a growing discomfort with anarchism's own inadequacies in regard to liberating the working class, and I became more and more reticent about calling myself an anarchist.

What I was left with was a string of workers uprisings and a collection of working class movements from the 1871 Paris Commune to the present that were brilliant and revolutionary, but that were not explicitly part of any political current on the left. Indeed, this spirit of working class revolt against capitalism also challenged the compromises, sellouts, and crimes of whatever type of leftism that held sway at the time, whether social democratic, Leninist, or anarchist. That many of these uprisings and movements turned to workers' councils as a form of proletarian governance did not escape my notice.

Council communism, the political approach that both championed these uprisings and attempted to encompass them within a revolutionary Marxist theory, was actually one of two main components of what comprised left communism, the historic ultraleft. The ultraleft has existed since 1917, as different Marxist groups broke with Bolshevik domination of the Russian Revolution and the Third International over the next decade. Indeed, another term for the ultraleft has been anti-Bolshevik communism. I read more Marx and began to associate making the revolution for myself with the need for workers to emancipate themselves as a class by abolishing wage labor and commodity production. It was a matter of my self-interest, which nicely coincided with my class interest. Making the revolution for myself as a worker was bound up with the working class becoming a class for itself.

The historic ultraleft began with the Dutch/German Left of Pannekoek, Gorter and Ruhle, prominent in Lenin's critique "Left Wing Communism: An Infantile Disorder," which exited the Third International in 1920 around questions of the nature of the communist party, participation in parliament, and work in trade unions, and constitutes the beginnings of council communism proper. Bordiga and the Italian Left sided with Lenin at the time, breaking with the Third International after 1926 over issues like the United Front, and Stalin's policy of "socialism in one country." If social revolution is considered in terms of the dialectic between mass, often spontaneous, working class organization and action, and the organizing and interventionist activities of a revolutionary organization, council communism sided with the former by emphasizing workers' councils and Bordigism with the latter by focusing on the political party. These two currents have co-existed uneasily on the ultraleft, brimming with critiques of each other.

Bordigists fault councilism's emphasis upon self-management as factoryist and economist, councilists consider Bordigism's insistence that revolution is first and foremost a political act as crypto-Leninist, and each criticizes the other for making a fetish out of certain organizational forms—the party for Bordigists and workers' councils for councilists, respectively—over the content of communism. Yet despite these differences, both branches of the historic ultraleft share a number of common positions. Both regard China, Cuba, Vietnam and the former Soviet Union, not as socialist or even as particularly progressive, but as out-and-out capitalist. Both are hostile toward any form of nationalism and consider national liberation struggles to be local *bourgeois* power grabs in disguise. Both reject any kind of involvement with reformist parliamentary or electoral politics as delusional in the extreme. Both oppose trade unions and unionist strategies as ways of incorporating the working class into capitalism, insisting instead on workers breaking from unions to act and organize independently. Both reject any unity with other social classes through "popular fronts" or "united fronts" with social democrats and liberals, seeing these as diluting revolutionary politics with *bourgeois* politics. And both reject taking sides during capitalist wars, instead demanding a true internationalism that opposes all sides in favor of international proletarian solidarity.

The somewhat dogmatic and rigid historic ultraleft in turn is overlaid by the French gauchist experience after the second World War. From Socialism or Barbarism to the Situationists, from Castoriadis to Dauvé, the French ultraleft has stimulated a non-dogmatic and flexible reappraisal of classic Bordigism and council communism. In particular, the events of May/June 1968 in France lead to renewed interest in the ultraleft and to the critical revitalization of ultraleft politics, so much so that even the foundation of the above set of common positions has been called into question. It was asserted by the historic ultraleft that their revolutionary politics was necessary because capitalism was in decadent decline after 1917, no longer able to offer anything to the working class in the way of amelioration or reform. Yet capitalist reform continued haltingly after the first World War in rising standards of living and the spread of *bourgeois* democratic institutions, grinding to a halt again only recently. The debate about what this means for the ultraleft is lively and ongoing.

I considered the ultraleft my home for the past fifteen years. I developed the *nom de guerre* of "Lefty" Hooligan to present a rather eclectic left communist perspective to this magazine's punk rock readership. I've worked in small ultraleft groups and larger ad hoc efforts around public transportation fare hikes, neighborhood gentrification and solidarity with striking workers. In those fifteen years I've also realized left communism's quite profound limitations. And I've come to recognize and accept my own political inconsistencies. In sum, while I still consider myself within the general orbit of the ultraleft, I find it difficult these days to actually call myself an ultraleftist.

I vote, I carry a union card, I feel very much an American when I travel abroad; hardly proper conduct for a respectable ultraleftist. I can still talk a decent left communist line as "Lefty" Hooligan, yet my own political behavior is far from what "Lefty" Hooligan preaches. Nor do I have a defense for my blatant inconsistencies other than to quote Leszek Kolakowski that "[i]nconsistency is simply a secret awareness of the contradictions of this world." Some of these contradictions even come out of the ultraleft.

When I started reading Marx, I considered him an excellent antidote to the simplemindedness of anarchism and the dogmatic vulgarities of Leninism. I've become weary, and leery, of the ultraleft's single source attitude toward Marx that frequently amounts to fitting all of reality into the Procrustean bed of its rarified Marxism. Left communism does have a track record of critiquing what is problematic in Marx, such as notions of transitional stages and of historical progress, yet whole chunks of what is most dubious about Marx remain unchallenged. For one, the utopianism of the global human community that is the outcome of communism as "the real movement that destroys the present state of things," and for another the apocalyptic

millenarianism imbedded in Marx's prediction of capitalism's cycle of crises.

The ultraleft's belief in unproblematic class-wide unity, international working class solidarity and world proletarian revolution is naïve to the point of idealism. Which is another way of saying left communism has seriously underestimated race and nationalism as social forces that keep the working class divided and that move historical events in a broader reality. Which is yet another way of saying that the ultraleft's communist theory is critically deficient in analyzing non-class social contradictions and global imperialist dynamics.

The most glaring problem with the ultraleft for me though is the relationship between its theory and social revolution. "Theory itself becomes a material force once it takes a hold on the masses," Marx once said. "Theory is capable of taking a hold on the masses ... once it becomes radical." To date, the ultraleft's communist theory has not taken hold of the masses, and there hasn't been a revolution made in the name of left communism. The Paris 1968 uprising expressed prominent ultraleft currents at work, but it did not embrace them. The series of revolutionary moments mentioned above often spontaneously developed common organizational forms—workers' democracy, self-management, workers' councils—but this radical class activity never translated into radical class consciousness. Nor is it quite clear how the ultraleft's communist theory is to take hold of the working class to become a material force and produce a left communist revolution.

Some ultraleftists see no need to have a social revolution to their credit, either because they see their communist theory as the common red thread running through all these historical moments, knitting them into a revolutionary totality, or because theirs is a theory of everything that critically embraces these revolutionary events but does not represent any of them. Ultraleftism then becomes the string theory of Marxism—perhaps a correct understanding of social reality and how to revolutionize it, but one that's not provable, not demonstrable, not observable, not testable. And if left communism proves wrong, we are again left with a historical succession of revolutionary incidents that, although inspiring, remain fragmented.

That's what I'm left with since I can't fully embrace ultraleftism any longer. I've learned a great deal from reading Marx, but I can't in good conscience call myself a Marxist. That and making the revolution for myself as a worker is all I really have.

The problem with insisting you make the revolution for yourself is that a lot of middle class types want to muscle in on the territory. To be fair, most middle class reformers and radicals are perfectly content to make the revolution for others. Bleeding heart, do-gooder liberals altruistically help "those less fortunate." Those of a social democratic persuasion use the rhetoric of socialism and democracy to disguise the capitalist largesse of the bureaucratic welfare state erected to ameliorate the suffering of "the poor" and stave off social rebellion. Petty bourgeois Leninist types call themselves revolutionaries as their vanguard party sends them into the factories to bring socialist consciousness and needed leadership to the working class. My favorites are the anarchist and ultraleft professors who wax ecstatic about their respective social revolutions while giving their students A's and F's.

It's hard to say whether I disdain these folks more than the middle class charlatans who actually claim to make the revolution for themselves. These days there seems to be a great abundance of middle class anarchists who are rebelling against bourgeois society and all its conventions by not bathing or brushing their teeth regularly, using drugs indiscriminately, having sex as much as possible and listening to obnoxious music really really loud. Revolting yes, but hardly revolutionary. Those middle class individuals who see their oppression as based in race, ethnicity, sex or gender and who practice the multicultural-pc-identity politics I criticized last column have a greater claim to making the revolution for themselves. I argued then that the working class is the most inclusive social base from which to organize for revolutionary change, and that class politics can serve as the context within which struggles based upon forms of racial and sexual oppression can be advanced. I also insisted that the working class retains a totalizing potential from its social relation with capital's totalizing dynamic. That's at least the official "Lefty" Hooligan stand on things, which I did my best to undermine in this column.

I no longer feel entirely at home on the ultraleft even though I continue to have one foot—the "Lefty" Hooligan foot—in that camp. Skeptically adrift on the left of the Left, I nevertheless come to the defense of my left communist comrades against the rest of the Left, what I still sometimes contend is the left wing of capital. Such was the case recently with the flying picket.

The flying picket was organized by a couple of folks in the ultaleft milieu as an ad hoc show of community working class support for striking and locked out hotel workers in San Francisco. It ranged from 35 to 70 people on any Sunday evening, a boisterous, raucous, ever changing mix of folks who joined the hotel workers picket lines and attempted to do a few things that the picketing workers couldn't do because of restrictions placed on them by their own union. We extended the picket line to block the hotel's front entrance and set up secondary pickets at side and back entrances; we confronted scabs and harassed hotel patrons; we made as much noise as possible so that hotel guests and the customers of surrounding businesses could not ignore there was a labor action going on. We did all this, not as some vanguard bringing our superior tactics and analysis to the picketing workers, but as fellow workers hoping to inspire our comrades to join us. And they often did.

As the strike/lockout dragged on without resolution, the flying picket regulars decided to escalate matters by planning a direct action. A call went out to the local direct action community, and people involved in various organizations, including Anti-War Action and Direct Action to Stop the War, became involved in the planning. The intended direct action never came off because on the day it was to go down, the hotels agreed to end their lockout and the union agreed to end the strike. There was the impetus in this extended flying picket group to continue meeting to see if the momentum generated by the flying picket could be turned into something a little better organized.

Subsequent meetings quickly revealed a division between two main groups. There were the ultraleft types, in their 30s and older who worked for a living, primarily white and male, who wanted something better organized and more permanent, but who wanted things to emerge much more organically from the solidarity work we were already doing. This group tended to emphasize class politics, sympathized above all with workers issues and struggles, and wanted to develop a class organization based on working class power. The other group was made up of the kind of leftover Leftists I criticized last column, primarily white, malem middle class and in their twenties, who wanted an organization with a mission statement, points of unity, ongoing outreach to women, gays and people of color, and the ability to intervene in any and every local political

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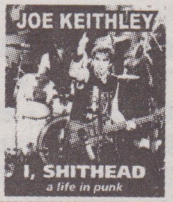

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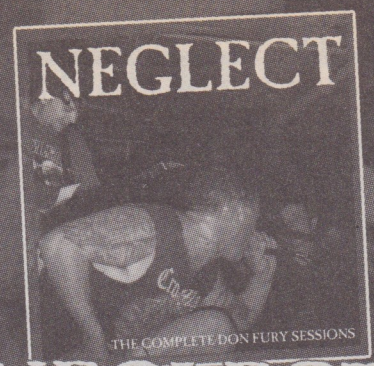

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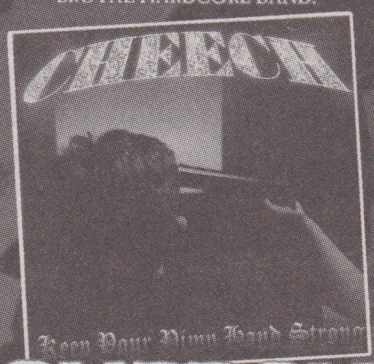

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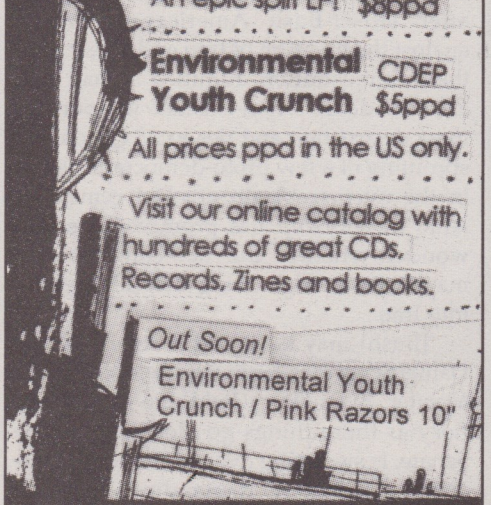

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struggle at the drop of a hat. This group pushed the multicultural-pc-identity politics I despise, were keen on action for action's sake, and wanted to create a mass organization that stressed "workers rights" as part of a broader liberal program.

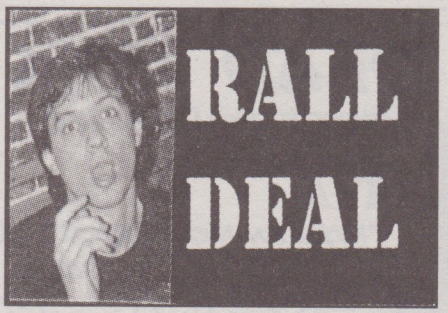
I must admit I had little respect for this latter group of full-time students who hadn't done an honest day's work in their lives, perpetual graduate students who flitted from one "cool" action to the next, trust fund brats and dilettantes whose mommy and daddy footed the bill for their hip lifestyles, and upper middle class snots who drove around in red sports cars. To be fair, not all in that camp were petty bourgeois student types. Not everybody in our camp was a hardcore worker either, but I attended meetings principally to support my working class comrades. One of the last meetings of this extended flying picket group was chaired by two women from the middle class group who whipped through the meeting in a frenzy of correct process and praised its accomplishments highly when they were done. Only later, on the flying picket's email listserve, did they criticize the meeting as a male-dominated space full of oppressive male energy with men constantly interrupting, not raising their hands and not following the stack. What the flying picket group needed, in their opinion, was for all the white males to check themselves, step back and shut up; for the group to get sensitivity training in how to include more women, gays and people of color; and to make outreach to those constituencies its primary task.

The only problem with this was, nobody else in the broader group had experienced anything like what the two meeting chairs described. Women in the class war faction (and by then it had become a faction) never felt particularly oppressed by the meeting dynamics. Even the boyfriend of one of the women chairs, also part of the multicultural-pc-identity politics faction, was not aware of the meeting's supposed male-dominated oppressive dynamics until he heard the two women complaining to each other about it. People in the class war faction willing to give the two chairwomen the benefit of the doubt said they might have exaggerated a little, or inadvertently conflated incidents from various meetings into one. I prefer to think that they out-and-out lied. They wanted to put the class war folks on the defensive in order to manipulate the flying picket and advance their agenda. Let me repeat, they fucking lied!

The listserve quickly degenerated into an email shouting match, with each side accusing the other of scurrilous behavior. The class war faction mobilized outside of the meetings, preparing for a showdown to keep the flying picket from being taken over by the multicultural-pc-identity politics faction. At the last formal flying picket meeting, our faction packed the place. Only one person showed from the other side. The class war folks won, but at a cost of bad feelings all around and a loss of valuable momentum. The flying picket continues to this day as an occasional ad hoc group doing working class solidarity, but any movement toward building a class organization was squandered by this faction fight. How sad.

Next column, my long awaited critique of socialism in general and Marxism in particular.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.



Lefties have their faults, but no one can accuse them of being pigheaded. Two years after left-of-Bush Americans marched against the invasion of Iraq and a year after the Administration admitted it had lied about Saddam's non-existent weapons of mass destruction and ties to Al Qaeda, the sprouting of a few proto-democratic weeds in the microscopically-cracked cement of Arab dictatorship has prompted them to wonder whether the neo-conservatives maybe did the right thing after all by going into Iraq.

"[Bush] may have had it right," NPR's Daniel Schorr writes in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Even Harry Reid, the Democrats' fiery-as-these-things-go leader in the Senate, is swooning over the image of flag-waving Lebanese demanding a Syrian withdrawal: "Any breakthrough we get there, whether it is in Lebanon or Egypt, is a step in the right direction and I support the president in that regard."

As far as I'm concerned, Bush deserves to be impeached for lying to his employers—us—about Iraq's WMDs. He should face prosecution at a war crimes tribunal for the murder of the 100,000-plus Iraqis he ordered killed by US troops. He deserves life in prison for ordering the torture, and allowing the murder under torture, of countless innocent Afghans and Iraqis. Nothing, not the transformation of the entire Muslim world into peaceful and prosperous Athenian-style democracies, could retroactively justify such murderous perfidy. I'm not convinced a Riyadh spring is about to bloom. It will take a lot more than male-only Saudi municipal elections held in half the country, in which six of the seven winners were illegally promoted by the kingdom's extremist Wahabbi religious establishment.

Take courage, wobbly self-doubters! Even taking recent events into account, your "No Blood For Oil" signs will come in handy during the America-hating years ahead.

Never mind the dead, the lies, or the cash, say the connies. As Britain's John Maples, originally a Bush supporter of the Iraq war, wrote: "The real reason for the war, at least in the US, was to create a reasonably democratic, free market Iraq to act as both a beacon and a rebuke to other countries in the region." The Project for a New American Century, the neocon think tank that started Cheney, Rumsfeld, & Co. along the charred road to American Empire, stated in 1997 that US foreign policy leaders should strive "to shape a new century favorable to American principles and interests [around the world]." Iraq was the first big test of their approach.

It may be premature to judge Bush's frat pack by their own standards, but it's also fair. They've already declared victory. Ross Terrill, whose editor at *The Weekly Standard* signed the 1997 PNAC statement of purpose, writes: "Success in Iraq, Bush's victory on November 2, Arafat's demise, and the ongoing appeal of economic and political freedom to ordinary folk, all triggered political changes across the globe that lessen the need for massive US military intervention again soon."

Bush's current foreign policy report card is a mixed bag: a B in Phys Ed and a string of Ds and Fs in more important, heavily weighted subjects.

The Israeli-Palestinian conflict has eased somewhat, largely thanks to an event that had nothing to do with Bush, Arafat's

death and replacement with Mahmoud Abbas. But even the Palestinian Authority's own polls show that fewer than half of Palestinians accept recent elections as legitimate, while 84 percent of the population say they live without safety or security in their daily lives. Basic issues, such as Israeli colonies on Arab land, remain unresolved. Peace with Israel? Not in the near future.

Egyptian dictator Hosni Mubarek, 76, has finally agreed to allow candidates to run against him for the presidency, but his most formidable challenger, Ayman Nour, was rotting in prison until January. He's now under virtual house arrest, which makes campaigning a tad inconvenient. Even the deployment of government goons against pro-Nour demonstrators hasn't reduced the flow of US foreign aid (Egypt comes in second after Israel) or Egyptian anti-Americanism. "[Egyptian-American] relations are going through a seriously bad patch," a diplomat tells the *UK Telegraph*.

Libya has agreed to suspend its nuclear program and Syria is being pressured to pull its troops out of Lebanon, but neither move—both in strategic backwaters—significantly affects the economic or security prospects of American interests.

On to the big subjects:

Iran has long sought improved relations with the US It is a rare opportunity to form a friendship with an oil-rich, politically influential regional player. North Korea, on the other hand, poses our biggest challenge: a nuclear capable state, led by a paranoid and isolated autocrat who has threatened to incinerate the West Coast. Bush's charm offensive has been so badly botched that he has been reduced to promising that he has no immediate plans to invade Iran. "I hear all these rumors about military attacks, and it's just not the truth," he says. But the US is better poised to invade Iran than North Korea (and oil adds to the motivation). Bush has also failed to reassure North Korea. "We have taken a serious measure by increasing nuclear arms in preparation for any invasions by enemies," the North Korean regime said March 22. So long, Seattle.

Even the stirrings of electioneering in Iraq and Afghanistan have left the Muslim world cold. Both contests, held amid pervasive fraud, violence, and corruption in active war zones where millions are too afraid to venture outdoors, are interpreted as ersatz democracy imposed upon puppet regimes created by a hostile occupation force. And the stooges are disorganized. Iraq's fractious parties haven't been able to form a government; Afghanistan's elections have been delayed until the fall owing to the continuing war with the Taliban. A BBC poll taken in Turkey, a staunch American ally and the model secular state in the Islamic world, finds that 82 percent of Turks consider the United States under George W. Bush to be the greatest threat to world peace.

Is this a world "favorable to American principles and interests?" Clapping your hands is fun, but it doesn't change shit.

MAILING ADDRESS: Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York NY 10027. E-mail is: chet@rall.com. Website: www.rall.com

NEW BOOKS: *Wake Up, You're Liberal!: How We Can Take America Back From The Right* (Soft Skull Press, 336 pp., price $14.95), is out now, available everywhere. *Generalissimo El Busho: Essays And Cartoons On The Bush Years* (NBM Publishing, 208 pp., $19.95 hardback/$15.95 paperback) is also out. The speaking tour is over but if you're at a high school or college with a budget for bringing in speakers, I'd be happy to come to your city.

Although four suited my girl well, five is proving to be amazing. She had learned how to ride her bike without training wheels a few weeks before her birthday, but on the very day marking her fifth turn around the sun, she could all of a sudden blow up a balloon by herself, stated that she now likes rock 'n' roll and doesn't think it's stupid anymore, stopped drinking boobies to get to sleep at night, and the biggie—wipe her own ass!

Yes! A true big girl now!

But, wait. Where'd my baby go? Oh, there she is, still wanting to snuggle and be kept company and pretend that she's Wendy and I'm Peter Pan saving her from the Lost Boy's arrow; to her kiss and building her own little hut nestled in the woods made of pillows and blankets. And still wanting to play "pretend I was just born and I'm your newborn."

Always my baby, but growing up so fast.

Damn, that sounds so parental and old. Double damn that it's all true.

Her spurt into five wasn't as convincing to her as it was to me. For the first two weeks following her birthday, she kept telling me that she didn't feel five and asking, "When am I going to feel different? Everything still feels like I'm four!" I told her that I could tell that she's five now and to be patient, that she had to grow into feeling five just like she'd grown into feeling four. I added, "Like getting a pair of hand-me-down pants from an older friend or cousin that are too big but one day they fit, and before you know it they'll be too small." (I used that analogy because I knew she'd get it if I explained it in terms of the obsession she did not grow out of—*clothes*. It's still the only thing she wants more of constantly. Triple damn!)

Only a month into it, I think she's feeling like five now. Tonight marks her third night in her own kid-bed after only a week of "being brave enough now about monsters next to the edge of the bed" and not sleeping sandwiched between her daddy and me in the king sized family bed. She further explained her self-initiated move to the side that landed me now in the middle with, "I'm letting you snuggle daddy *and* me now, and not just me. You can be in the middle and snuggle both of us." Uh, gee, thanks Emma. How nice of you to let me know what I can do. Is this kid really only five?

Yeah, she is. A crazy tall and oddly mature five, but still five nonetheless.

When I look real close, I can still see that barely mature, turned-up newborn nose and her ultra-soft, bright pink, milky mouth. Her perfect, incomprehensibly miniature everything. And when I close my eyes to remember her unique baby smell that all newborns are wrapped in, I can still smell those moments. They were too short and seemed like sleep-deprived torture long at the time.

It's not that time goes so fast, it's just that kids grow so damn fast. Codgery mid- thirties punks like myself have been steadily depleting our brain cell supply that stopped growing some fifteen years ago. New little beings' brains are exponentially bursting by leaps and bounds daily.

Her questions this past week alone have given me no other option than several trips to the library. (Something this library nerd doesn't mind one bit.) She wants to know how daddy's fertilizer got to my tiny egg in my body and how the baby knew to come. She wants to know about pirates and mummies and Vikings, and for me to show her on the map where in the world they were and which happened first, next, and

last. She wants to know what all the different humans and monkeys that came before today's humans were called. She seems to want to put it all in place along some timeline defined by her knowing that dinosaurs lived before humans. She asked, "If dinosaurs came before humans, and birds are from dinosaurs and humans are from monkeys, what came before dinosaurs, and is there any still alive and not extinct like dinosaurs?"

Geez, I'm sweating. I feel like I can't keep up. Well, the truth is, I can't.

As fast as I can give quick, matter-of-fact, without cutting too many crucial corners explanations that I hope she'll understand, she'll respond with a follow-up question. Or twelve. This will continue until I'm stumped without a visual aid or book with more information. I tell her that I need to find out how to explain it more, so we'll get to the library as soon as we can—hopefully in the next two days. She's fine with this; she loves the library, a place she's grown up.

But of course before we get there, another further inquiry has been added to the library list.

And so it goes. I just do my best to keep up with her and relearn a lot myself along the way.

When we do get to the library, she seeks out Angel the librarian and also our neighbor to make sure she knows she's five now. Angel playfully reminds her, "Yes, I know. I remember you're five. You've told me you're five now every time I've seen you since you turned five a little while ago."

She's a damn proud five. She owns it now. Forget telling friends over and over again her belated birthday news, she marches right up to people, most of them complete strangers on the street, arms akimbo and proclaims, "I'm five!" while thrusting a wide open, full, five-fingered hand up in front of herself.

Not waiting for a reply, she quickly follows up with, "And my mom's 35!" (Apparently, she's proud of my recent birthday, too.) Eyebrows raise and giggles are muffled because of my girl's apparently innocent unawareness of the "revealing her mom's age" taboo.

These strangers don't know though that I couldn't care less about silly supposed social taboos. And they have no idea how proud of my girl I am, and proud to be her mother. Even more than she is of herself.

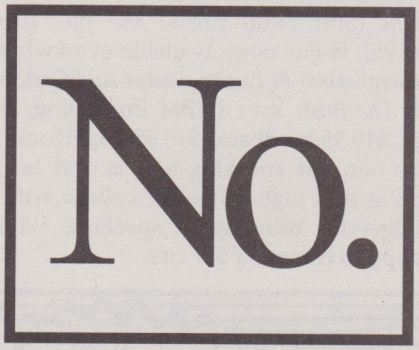
I wouldn't trade these last five years for anything and I look forward to growing older with my girl and being amazed over and over again. OK, so the cliché proud mom cheese factor is pretty high right about now, but like I said before, it's all true.

*

This column is dedicated to Tapioca, my dear friend Caroline's dog, who was hit by a car right in front of us last Friday. It was terrible, but Tapi's making progress, thanks to the loving healing of the punks around her. Tapioca is sweet Caroline's baby who I've known since she was a pup, about five years old just like my girl.

*

Punkparents, get in touch. yardwideyarns@hotmail.com or P.O. Box 220331 / Hollywood, FL 33022



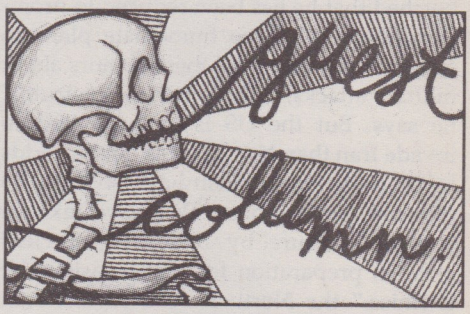
Snorkeling completely rules. Really. For real. No joke. I am a goddamned snorkeling enthusiast, and I don't care who knows it. Snorkeling is cheap. Snorkeling is accessible. Snorkeling is theoretically possible in nearly any body of water. When I don the mask and flippers, the swim trunks, the old t-shirt (to protect my honky-ass skin from too severe a burn), and the snorkel itself, I feel the spirit of adventure — the same spirit of adventure that has driven humans to scale great peaks, traverse continents, jettison themselves into space, and exploit countless indigenous cultures and natural resources along the way. Except that I exploit fish, and…sea cucumbers. Plus the occasional hermit crab or crawdad. Though only if you define "exploit" as "to momentarily disturb with my thoroughly ungraceful, alien presence and/or a poke of my finger (bite response optional)" as opposed to "to make use of selfishly or unethically."

Anyway, snorkeling is great. Total immersion in a Darth Vader-breath aquatic wonderland where even an algae-covered sneaker holds boundless promise. Unlike skin diving, you can get a full snorkeling outfit for under 20 bucks and it's much less complicated, not to mention that those uppity skin divers take themselves way too seriously. Snorkeling goes well with beer and many other drugs (as long as the water is not too deep or choppy, and everyone can swim—discretion is advised) but is also a fine activity for the straight edge among us to escape the doldrums of the day-to-day. Once you are under water, you don't give a fuck about the world outside and everything around you is really weird so you just thrash around. Snorkeling looks ridiculous and everyone thinks it's a joke, but the snorkelers know the joke's really on all of *them*. Snorkeling is punk.

With that, it's time to announce the official founding of Snorkelpunx. Summer is almost here, and that means that the time is ripe to head for the nearest semi-clear body of water (AKA "good visibility," as they say in the snorkel biz) and snorkel the fuck out of that mutha. Creeks, rivers, reservoirs, ponds, oceans, bays, seas, quarries, abandoned hot tubs, large puddles, whatever. From the jellyfish-clogged beaches of Pensacola to the cool blue waters of Chattanooga's Suck Creek to the stinking shores of Lake Michigan, as long there's something to look at and a need to get in the water, nothing should stop us. For all you people who live in the greater San Francisco Bay Area (and beyond) and think you have what it takes to be part of the elite founding squad of Snorkelpunx, send an email to snorkelpunx@gmail.com for updates. Monterey? The Merced River? Strawberry Creek? Briones Reservoir? Crown Beach in Alameda? NO LIMIT!!! The briny deep is calling…

What? You never get sick of politics?!?

—Johnny Aquatic, PO Box 3026, Oakland CA. 94609 johngeek@hotmail.com, snorkelpunx@gmail.com



by Ethan Clarke

Fragility

Down by the Mississippi, between the French Quarter and Fauborg Marigny, Elysian Fields Avenue is like a six-lane pressure valve, spewing out all of downtown New Orleans' excess beer trucks, cop cars, taxis, wasted tourists and Mack trucks. As I was crossing this Frogger-esque landscape one day, a Budweiser truck, whose driver was apparently a little

overzealous to bring watery draught to the people of the Crescent City, came within a pony-keg-width of mowing me down. Mowing *us* down, rather. With me, riding atop a pile of still-warm laundry in the basket of my old red Scwhinn, was my loyal Chihuahua mutt, Pixote. And since riding with an over-stuffed basket and balancing a small, nervous dog hadn't seemed challenging enough, I'd stopped for a coffee on the way, which was trying its damnedest to escape from my travel mug. Remarkably, as the truck's horn blared, I made it safely past. Once on the sleepier streets of the Marigny (which, aside from the steady stream greed-blinded, S.U.V. driving realtors, is pretty bike-friendly) I pulled over. My coffee was still in the cup; Pixote was still in the basket; and, looking at my reflection in his bulbous, trusting eyeballs, I realized just how lucky we were. Not only could I easily have been, you know, killed by four tons of Bud (which probably would've still been delivered to Bourbon street strip clubs), but I would've been damned to suffer the posthumous judgments typically reserved for those who kick it from things like falling asleep on train tracks or from auto-erotic asphyxiation. "Well," obituary-browsing Louisianans would say as they read the circumstances of me and Pixote's demise, "duh." Feeling confirmed in their own relative intelligence, these hypothetical headshakers would then probably flip back to the "Living" section to try their hand at the Jumble. Had I been a little slower, a little less coffee-fueled in my pedaling, then that could've been my legacy to the world: One day's increased interest in "Jumble." Yikes.

The thing is that the situation leading to my near-undoing was as old hat as doing the laundry or buying the coffee had been. Not only that, but that wasn't even so bad. Shimmying along a twelve-foot cinderblock wall behind Whole Foods to get to the produce in the dumpster, riding a brakeless track bike down battered New Orleans streets with Motörhead blaring on my headphones, drinking whiskey atop an antiquated abandoned water-tower, hopping freight trains on the fly while carrying a bike, kicking sports cars driven by angry men much, much larger than myself—these are all things that might, with one poor decision, one slip, end up with even the auto-erotic asphyxiator guffawing at my obit on his way down to the basement for some noose-dangling self-gratification.

Lately life around me seems pretty tame, compared to the old days. In the late nineties I, like many misdirected colleagues, was neck-deep in the revival of Circus and Sideshow performance. With a slew of raggedy troupes, my friends and I would take to stages in any smoky hole-in-the-wall that would have us, then beat the living shit out of ourselves for the mild amusement of the crowd—every night. While my peers from high school were smoking weed and trying to pick the sorority or fraternity that was right for them, I was eating glass, having cinderblocks smashed on my skull, jumping on broken bottles, getting wine glasses knocked out of my mouth with golf clubs and pulling mini-vans around by hooks in my back. My cohorts sprinted through crowded bars on fire, stuck power drills up their urethras, built pneumatic cannons and exploding Jell-o molds, walked on coals and juggled knives. Any stunt we thought we might survive, we tried.

And did we get hurt? Fuck no! Well… yeah, I mean, I set my face on fire that one time. And then Doug got blisters on his feet so bad that he couldn't walk for a couple of days… And I had to pick shards of glass out of my feet with a syringe needle and once got all these pockets of air under my skin that prevented me from lying down and made my back feel like it was made of bubble wrap, but we never got, like, hurt-hurt. We always came up laughing, shaking it off, planning the next stunt.

"Holy shit, Doug! I shot you in the crotch with the air cannon! Are you OK?"

From the floor: "Oof… I think so."

"Whew, thank god. Hey, suppose we could ride a barrel over that dam underneath the Burlington Bridge?"

"Yeah… erf… maybe."

And so it went. We weren't suicidal, or masochistic, we were celebrating life by pushing it to its boundaries, and no injury, it seemed, ever lasted more than three days. Same with illnesses: Flu, strep, *trench mouth*, none of these took me out of the chain-smoking, hard-drinking, drug-taking, body-abusing game called life for more than three days.

Suddenly, though, it seemed like the invincibility star wore off. My body's recupe time slowed down. The aches stuck around a little longer, and it seemed like every time I left the house I was inviting injury. On a trip to Ireland, a tiny cut on my foot became a throbbing, mind-wrenching infection that sent me riding around on the DART in search of an emergency room open past eight. A unicycling mishap left me with a broken ankle, lying around on Shelley's living room floor for a week waiting for her to come from work and put food where I could reach it. One of my teeth half-disintegrated in my mouth.

As I told a co-worker about the tooth problem, he asked me how old I am.

"Twenty-four. Why?"

"Man," he said, shaking his head, "You're not gonna make it."

Make it? None of us are going to "make it." I feel like I've been lucky in comparison to the maelstrom of mortality that has sucked up so many of my friends over the past couple of years. Hope was the first. She got her leg and clavicle smashed by a driver who dumped her, semi-conscious, at the hospital then fled. After it happened, Jamie and I were having coffee and talking about what had happened, and how upbeat she had remained through it all. I was saying something like, "Man… general malaise keeps me from getting out of bed in the morning. She can hardly get out of bed, *period*, but she's, like, baking cookies and totally chipper. Her spirit is really…" I faltered, looking for the right word, "indominuh-bu-bluh… uh, indefatigububuh…"

"I understand what word your looking for," Jamie said, "but I don't know it exactly either. That's because you and I have never had to use it to describe anyone around us before."

Hope's accident was just the beginning. Practicing wheelies outside of the café one night, my tattooist friend, PJ, joked: "Shit, I'm gonna break my tattooing arm!" Later that night, trying to get in one last wheely, he broke his fucking tattooing arm! Then, riding up to the punk show, Alec tried to cut across a parking lot and hit a chain stretched across the entrance. He landed on his face and smashed his jaw so badly that the doctors were surprised he didn't have brain damage. A drunk doctor hit Don, who ended up with a titanium rod in his arm and another in his leg. A woman in a minivan got Moose, who left his front teeth in the intersection.

Then, one day, as I locked my bike up outside the café, a friend rode up and told me to brace myself. "Greg's been shot," he told me. He'd just gotten off of work, delivering pizzas in the quarter. Moose and I had run into him and I'd tried to convince him to hang out. "We're gonna drink whiskey on top of the water tower, come on, come on come on come on." He said he had to go home. Fifteen minutes later in mid-city he got knocked off of his bike by two kids who held a gun to his face and took his money. The gun went off, Greg thinks by accident, and a bullet went through his cheek and into his neck. The

kids fled, leaving Greg screaming in the street. In New Orleans, though, it's weird if there's *not* someone screaming in the street, and of course no one came. He banged on a door and no one answered, so with blood pouring out of a marble sized hole in his face, he got on his bike and rode, like eight blocks, to his girlfriend Sarah's house. And he's okay, more or less. He had to get his sinuses rebuilt, and he's scarred, but for being shot in the head, that's pretty fucking lucky.

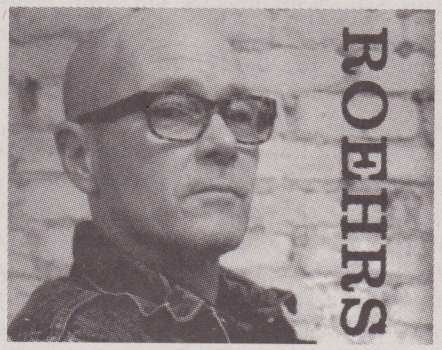
It was like everything got pulled into sharp focus after that. Different priorities arose, old ones seemed less important. Not only did we have to learn these new words of survival that Jamie and I had talked about at the coffee shop, but we had to combine words into new, terrible, impossible seeming phrases like "Greg got shot." And we had to come to terms with the reality that these words carried, a reality that has, at least for me, been buzzing around my head like a gnat, just far enough away to ignore, until now: "Punk," as in "Being Punk," as in that old war cry of doing whatever you want "because we're the Punks," is not going to protect us from everything. I always thought, looking at older punk rock friends, that just living like a kid would keep you young. It seemed to me that just not worrying about health problems will just magically stave them off, like punks who feel they have some "freak ticket" that keeps them from getting messed with in bad neighborhoods.

Until I was three I didn't know who my mother was because she was constantly hospitalized for breast cancer. The illness went away, finally, but the psychological scars, and the scars in her heart, next to where the cancer was, stayed. Her life through my teenage years seemed like a string of irrational phobias, health scares, and appointments with impossibly long-titled specialists that I think only she has ever heard of. Our house was littered with pill bottles, with back braces and ergonomic cushions and weird devices for exercising the various parts of her supposedly malfunctioning body. She couldn't go anywhere due to a barrage of allergies and during arguments with me would scream things like, "The stress that you're causing me is making my retinas detach from my eyes!" "Whatever," thought teenage me.

Now, though, as I see that punk isn't going to stave off adulthood's pitfalls quite as much as I'd always hoped, I give mom a little more credit. The fear of falling is stronger in the fallen. And we deal, and we cope, one incident at a time. Don made a radio show of interviews by cyclists who've been hit. The coffee shop that Hope baked pastries for collected donations for her. PJ drew left-handed cartoons (and later did left-handed tattoos!) and sold them at a benefit art show Shelley set up to pay his rent. There were benefit shows for Greg across the country. All of these things helped—helped with the financial burden, or helped make folks smile and wince and work through the suffering, but the threat is still there, buzzing around. Moose's broken smile, the popping noise Hope's clavicle makes, Alec's half-paralyzed smile, the rod in Don's leg that you can see when he drums, the crutches that loom in the corners of so many living rooms. These things are reminders.Nagging reminders that something needs to be done.

Our community has done so much... created so many show venues, non-profit bike shops, needle exchanges, newspapers, cafés, so many alternatives to capitalist society. We've done so much to fill each other's heads with inspiration and hearts with hope, but how do we fix our teeth when the time comes, or are collarbones and legs and jaws? Shelley's idea was a "Social Aid and Pleasure Club" for cyclists, a group that would collect dues, have fundraising events, and put the money aside to go towards members' hospital bills in case of a cycling accident. It needs to happen. Something needs to happen, because here, in the US, the poor are shit out of luck as far as health care, and the time is going to come when each of us will have to learn just how indefatigable our bodies are, and how indomitable are our spirits.

If anyone has any ideas or experience in alternative health solutions, please let me know. Ethan Clark, PO Box 531583, New Orleans, LA 70117, frenchfry@riseup.net.



Busted Wide Open

Fucking "A"!!! Ohio's secret weapon, BRODY'S MILITIA, is back with a bang! The raw punk sounds that originate in Mount Orab come blistering out of your speakers on the new split EP with NO VALUE. The new *Rescued From Life* EP features seven mind-shattering blasts of primal punk bile from BRODY. Read through these brutal song titles and scathing lyrics:

"The Devil Rides Shotgun": " ... fuck you".

"Useless": "Utopian pipedreams are no match for the bulldozer of reality / Your luddite rage can't hold a candle to the digital glory of my TV / Take your stoner politics back to campus / Take your 'right on' fairytales and fuck off / Technology is stronger than radical babble / If you wanna gawk at nature go play another round of golf / Don't waste your Walden jive on me / I've got Dolemite on DVD and a satellite dish with ten channels of porn / The stone age is over / Where the fuck were you."

"Busted Wide Open": "All signs of hope thrown out the window / Come to grips with the fact that it all turns to shit / Crumbling foundation and corruption sense of reality / The bubble has burst / Busted wide open."

"Pull the Plug": "Ain't a god-damn point to any of this / All the same shit over and over again / Broken promises and empty threats / Put that gun in your mouth now / Were you too fucking stupid to realize that you have been doomed from the start? / It's way too late for you to make any changes / I've got no regrets, so fuck you all / There's no life left in you so pull the plug and see it through."

"Aim for the Head": "His beliefs are cut and dried / He sees the world in black and white / Same old bullshit / Long past stale / He's the 21st century new age male / As open-minded as he claims to be / Shit hits the fan if you disagree with any of his shallow rhetoric or far-fetched pamphlet politics."

"The Shitlist Goes Ever On": "I don't wanna get to know you / I'm not here to make any friends / I don't wanna be a part of the circle because I have nothing in common with any of you / Open mindedness is overrated / Anonymity is golden / The population swells and the shitlist grows / More nails to pound the coffin lid closed."

Fuck yes!

NO VALUE from Tokyo, Japan turns in four journeymen punk tunes on side B of this split. For your copy write to Rescued from Life Records, PO Box 14821, Halton City, Texas 76117, USA.

For a further retrospective on great BRODY'S MILITIA songs go to the *Violence Solves Some Things* EP put out by Get the Axe Records.

Read these pearls of wisdom:

"Summon Nyarlathotep": "Embarrassed to be human / Is this the best that we

can do? / Pray for nuclear war and return to the ice age / Excessive population / True proponents of human rights / Kill yourselves en masse / The only meaningful contribution / Hail Satan and pass the ammunition / earth spirals into regression / De-evolution / No one escapes / Welcome to the Planet of the Apes / A negative outlook / A realistic attitude / Expectations so low I am never disappointed / Don't look back – don't look back / Just regroup / I fucked up and so did you / No time now to lick my wounds / Can't go back / Can't undo / A total waste to dwell upon my mistakes / Just move beyond / Won't keep the past inside my brain / The lesson learned / No more to gain / Obsess over loss and failure and get dragged down by regret / Put it behind and start again / Don't waste time with useless shit."

"Idiot Parade": "Tired of the bullshit political prattle / You discredit any cause you support / You think I don't give a shit because I don't give a shit about you / Every angle has been examined / All possibilities have been exhausted / At age nineteen your insight is boundless / The idiot's wisdom knows no end / Mindless stance and redundant tirades / I'll steer clear of the idiot parade / Leave me alone, grow up and fuck off / Tired of hearing your annoying voice / Ornamental activists memorizing slogans / Falling for everything laid in front of you."

"No Unity": "Deliver us from evil / Lead us not into temptation / Swallow all the bullshit without any contemplation / Militant sensitivity shoved down my throat / Holier than the masses / You overbearing fuck / Soapbox boy scouts preaching to the converted / Self-righteous and conservative / No unity with you / Goddamn you – goddamn you motherfuckers make me sick / Rolling your eyes and talking shit / Think you're above everyone else in the place but you lose your smirk if we're face to face / Talk down to me and think it's over my head / Behind my back when you're with your friends / I bet your parents were fuckheads too / To breed a spineless shit like you / Get the fuck out / No one wants you here / Crawl back under your rock and disappear / You have to know that you're full of shit / Maximum volume and minimal wit / I'm sure you're a charm to all your pals / Fratboy apes and crust punk clowns / Whatever your clique happens to be / You make no fucking sense to me."

"Violence Solves Some Things": "Quick to run your fucking mouth / You've gone unchecked for way too long / Condescending babble and knee jerk naysaying / Unless you said it first, it's all wrong / Violence solves some things / Like pricks like you / Violence solves some things / Like a punch in the mouth / Your friends are all just ego fluffers / Your head is too far up your ass for you to see / For your own good somebody should make you choke on your own teeth."

"Salt in the Wound": "It's bad enough that I fuck myself up without having you to see things fall through / I don't need your condescending smile / I don't need you to tell me you told me so / Insult to injury / Salt in the wound."

"Thanks for Shit": "A comment for every occasion / Nothing you say means shit to me / I didn't ask for your bullshit input but you think I owe you something / You think that I don't understand / You think that I might learn someday / Save your guidance and keep your advice / If you really want my gratitude lead by example and kill yourself / I promise I'll be thankful."

Brilliant! Write to get the Axe Records to PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126; gettheaxerecord@aol.com.

The third installment in the BRODY'S MILITIA bludgeon treatment is the split EP with the CRUNKY KIDS called *Ohio Skullcrushers Union* on Distort Ohio Records. Here are more BRODY'S MILITIA lyrics for you.

"Bastard Sons of Bickle": "Breeding no future / Moral fiber torn / Inseminate incompetence with the lost seed of war / Terminally useless / Shit out of luck / Icon for the hopeless / Eternally fucked / Hate-crimes for hard times / The real rain has to come to wipe the slate clean and wash away the scum."

"Punk Rock Porn Shop": "Punk rock Don had a monopoly / Cincinnati's only punk rock record store / He went out of business and now it's a porn shop / And to be honest, way more hardcore."

"One More Whiskey Hymn": "American hero / Kentucky King / Amber destroyer Of the I see / Never changing / Always the truth / Ten and a quarter / Eighty-six proof / Never quite sure if I'll sink or swim when I spend the night with my man Jim."

"Better Luck Next Time": "Depression is your style and image / Pathetic bait for sympathy / Stupid game you play for attention / Spit in the face of those who had the guts / Razor blade scratches on your wrists / Accessories for self-pity / Shallow cuts and hollow intentions / I wish you weren't so full of shit / I'll only have respect for you when you're really dead / Misanthropy is melodrama / No one buys the miserable act / Redundant suicidal bullshit / Get it done or shut up / The only way you'll show the world is when you're really dead."

"Who's the Nazi Now?": "Assuming you have a clue to what I'm about / Thinking your opinions are always fucking fact / I'm not the one with the self-imposed censor / Are you really that stupid and impressionable? / The true profanity is your tight assed attitude / My existence goes beyond the range of your soap box / Your arrogant evaluation of my life is why I'd rather punch you than try and prove you wrong / Call me what you want / Why do you care? / You really think you're 'Calling me on my shit?' / Keep on trying to second guess me / I'll never give a fuck what you think."

Write to Distort Ohio Records, 818 N. Metcalf St., Lima, Ohio 45801; www.thrashyourface.com.

The other BRODY'S MILITIA record that you need is the BRODY'S MILITIA / WIDESPREAD BLOODSHED split LP. This violent fucker showcases BRODY'S MILITIA clobbering you with two G.G. ALLIN covers – "Hard Candy Cock" and "Commit Suicide" plus nine excellent originals. WIDESPREAD BLOODSHED offer twenty-five short blasts of venom including "Campaigning for the Destruction of Emo". Contact Sound Pollution Records for your copy of the BRODY'S MILITIA / WIDESPREAD BLOODSHED split LP. P.O. Box 17742, Covington, Kentucky. 41017. www.sound-pollution.com

BRODY'S MILITIA is clearly one of the best hardcore punk bands in the world! Yssou must obtain all the BRODY'S MILITIA product as soon as possible!!!

Till next month, see you fucks at the bar!

One of the things I've been doing, instead of writing this column, is contributing to a book

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

about exonerated prisoners – due out in the fall. It will be the first in a series of first-person narratives of the victims of human rights abuses. I've taken a couple of little trips recently, collecting material for the book. The first was to Madison, where I interviewed, for about eight hours over the course of two days, a person who had been wrongfully convicted of rape and murder and spent thirteen years in prison. As you can imagine, we went to some difficult places in our conversation.

After we had exhausted the subject, and ourselves, I left his place and went to go walk around by the university. State Street, or whatever. Spring Break. I walked way out on the lake, which was frozen and dusted with snow. Prints from people's

feet, dogs' feet, and sled runners stretched way out. I wondered if people crossed right over to the other side. It looked to be about four miles away. Something, I thought, I would surely do, given a little more time and maybe some company.

A good clean feeling, out on the lake, just me and one other guy, a hundred yards away. Plenty of room. We looked at each other, me and this other guy, standing on top of the water an hour before sunset. No trains, traffic, sirens, or cell phones. No students, no babies, no dogs or anything.

I LOVE YOU, FROZEN LAKE, I wrote with my finger on the frozen lake. Then I walked back to shore and went to hang out on the strip.

I know there's something depressing about college strips, in their predictability and total poserism and exploitation of social rebellion and youth culture, but there's also something comforting about them. Well, not comforting—just familiar, I guess from teenage years hanging around Telegraph Avenue and occasionally Haight Street. I can still stomach those strips (have to, to check the mail), but only at a brisk, business-like pace. I know that as ridiculous as the tie-dye vendors and ethnic stores and brewpubs are, it's also where young people who are unsophisticated and searching can come find each other, and that carries a good amount of potential energy. It could be argued that it's a waste of that energy, too, or even a deliberate, Marxist alienation from it, rendered more obscene by the blatant marketing of revolutionary history. Still, you can usually find a decent cup of coffee.

I stayed with my good friends Robert and Karoline in Milwaukee, where they bought a house for the price of a used Volvo in Berkeley. It was still freezing at night, in March, but the three of us bundled up and took out bikes in the clear sharp night air – we visited an old reservoir where the Milwaukee punks used to go to make out and hang out and drink beer under the stars. And of course we looked at all the cool old houses – houses you could even buy, with a little time and ingenuity. Not like here in the Bay Area, where plans of this kind have to be made between three or four people and all their relatives.

I know most punks are far away from thinking about buying a house. But the basic concept is sort of universal—it's about space you can count on and to some degree, control. I don't think it's only a question of privacy or ownership. It could be a place you rent, a place you share for a long time. It's the difference between a punk house where a dead rat might decompose in the couch for weeks before it's detected, and then you find out your roommate has been breeding Persian cats in her closet (ah, the memories) and a punk house with tomatoes in the garden and practice space in the basement. Occasionally these houses might be the same house, but generally, they're not. You know what I mean.

After Wisconsin I flew to DC to meet some more folks who had been wrongfully imprisoned. They talked quite a bit about space. As you can imagine, living in a cell—living in prison with all that means—leads people to think a lot about space, privacy, and a sense of having things to yourself. One of the exonerees, a jazz singer, a 56-year-old Baltimore native who spent 27 years in prison, was one of the few who received a financial settlement from the state (after filing a lawsuit—most states have no automatic compensation). He just closed on a new house a week before the conference. He told me that he just shut himself up in his new bedroom there, and yelled and cried a little, and fell asleep on the floor—the furniture hadn't arrived yet.

Our need for space is as real as our need for companionship, I think, although those needs aren't mutually exclusive, and they ebb and flow at different times in our lives. And it depends on the person, of course. Since I was a young teenager I've been ready to live anywhere or do anything to be around people who carried themselves right, who could nurture me with their energy and ideas. Now at thirty, I still need that, but I feel the tugging of my mother's self-exiling quality as well. The impulse to withdraw scares me. It feels indulgent, to give in to that desire for privacy, even for isolation. But at the same time, it's not as easy to live with people as it used to be.

I think it was Jimmy who said that San Franciscans were obsessed with space, and lucky for him, since he makes his living reselling the perfectly good things they throw away to make more of it in their Victorians. But living in the city, it's part of the deal you make. The relaxing, reading hours you don't spend on your own porch, in your nonexistent yard, pass in public space—in the parks and streets. I cringe when people say, yeah, but they wouldn't raise a *family* in the city. As if it would somehow be abusive. The shutting-away standards of white youth and old age. Young children and old people, driven to and from school, driven out of the cities into places where they can rest, out of the public and into private space. As if the busses, the city parks, were too strenuous, or too dangerous or dirty. How sad, to be shut away from the conversations on busses, the chess tables in parks.

I'm on my roof right now, which the landlord painted with some reflective silver so that it gleams in the bright sun like hot sand. The parking garage of the hospital a few blocks ahead is at eye level, the billboards and wires and the cars on Highway 24. The tops of a few trees. It's quiet. But wait…

The BART groans by to my right, at eye level. I'm one of the houses you watch from the tracks. The Rezillos from downstairs, and the Nasty Facts from the floor below that. Summer music; smoking and driving, city summer music. Sirens, dogs barking, roars of traffic, lawn mowers and leaf blowers, a car peeling out, the whine of an electric saw where they're working on the house a few doors down, and the men on its raw unfinished back porch, smoking and shooting the shit. A deep breath of air on the roof. A little peace and quiet.

This one is for Aaron, who lost his house.

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PO Box 170291, San Francisco, CA 94117
arwen@maximumrocknroll.com

It's been spring in San Francisco since just about mid-February. Certainly, this is quite a change from a long life of cold, cold winters for me, and while on the record I'd tell you that I think it's weird not to have to fight through the winter to get to the spring, off the record I can admit that it is, more than anything, a very pleasant relief. But would you look at this, I am breaking the first rule of how to make interesting conversation, as taught to me by a dear friend: Never Talk About The Weather. Honestly, though, sometimes it just can't be helped. Warm spring days bring clichés out of all of us—daydreams of lazy, luxurious walks through the park, imagining the perfect mix tape (Young Wasteners, Leatherface, and the Ramones all probably have their place on it), imagining the perfect someone, lounging in the sun. As far as I'm concerned, the first throes of spring are only second to their natural culmination in the dog days of summer, a phenomenon in my old haunts of New York City that leads to cursing at your sheets for sticking to you so thoroughly, sweaty bike rides to Coney Island for fireworks and funnel cake, and afternoon baseball matinees watching your favorite buncha bums (the Mets, natch). As of this writing, the jury is still out as to whether the temperate summer of this coastal town will live up to the high expectations set by years of New York conditioning, where summers are all illegally gushing fire hydrants cooling off hot concrete and hot skin, punx on bikes with their jeans rolled up to reveal all of the definition in their calves, and lots of Uncle Louie G's ice cream. Maybe I'll tell you how I fare once September rolls around.

My friend Jill wrote me a letter from New York, "Hope all is well. Brooklyn is awesome, obviously." Other letters, from other friends in distant places—Texas, Arizona, Spain—all with that blustery sense of hope that warm weather brings. From Brooklyn, again: "We rode bikes down to the water and climbed past the rocks to where the Polish skinheads always used to hang out. Surprise! They're still there." Then through the letters again, I notice something the haze of nostalgia had me miss the first time through. That is, all the boredom, the I-gotta-get-out-of-this-fuckin-town, the wish you were here or wish I was there, the same antsy anticipation that had me up and leave in the first place, I guess. Our own tendencies in life are not so different, really, from how we tend to roman-

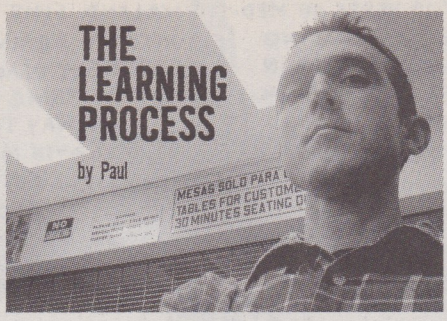
ticize the past in the punk scene at large. The wasn't-it-so-great-in-'82 sentiment that overwhelms some people's desire to check out what's new, or tendency for people to willfully forget the mediocre bands, the bad shows, or worse, the sexism, the homophobia, the violence (or in the case of life, the fucked relationships, the depression, the boredom). In life as in punk, it's probably best to keep our gaze firmly forward, not necessarily letting ourselves forget (and thus correct) past mistakes, but not getting so bogged down as to never move forward.

Tonight the inimitable Gorilla Angreb is playing Gilman along with local favorites Giant Haystacks, a show I have been looking forward to all month. I've imagined being at this show through the late nights of editing and layout in order to give myself a point just past the due date for this issue to focus on. I am writing this column at the 11th hour, characteristically wishing that I had given myself just a bit more time, but still somehow enjoying the last bit of pressure from this last deadline of the issue. Letting go of each issue when the time comes has been a hard thing to learn how to do. I prefer to negotiate and renegotiate terms, to write and then to rewrite, to never admit that anything is really, totally and invariably done. But really, it's one thing to want to tweak at things and make them better, and another totally to want never to really be out on the line, in a place where people can be as nice or as nasty as they want to be without any chance for you to retreat. The idea of retreat, while comforting, is certainly not as satisfying as doing something you care about, and hopefully doing it well.

*

It would be a mistake for me not to mention some of the great stuff that has come out of the punk scene this month. Flip a few pages over and you'll read reviews of what are already some of the great records of the year, some neo-classics that will surely last as long as the classics of yore. There are the records we all could've guessed are excellent—the Inepsy LP, the Observers EP, the Hard Skin LP, everything from Denmark—along with some unexpected or lesser known gems (Gasmask Terror, Human Bastard, etc). Punk seems more alive during the summer too, I think, what with all the tours and traveling. With that in mind, now seems like as good a time as any to write to me and tell me what's up, tell me I'm full of shit, or just say hello. In the meanwhile, since a bunch of people asked after my column a couple of months ago, I'll leave you with a book recommendation about the Iranian Revolution of 1979: *Theology of Discontent* by Hamid Dabashi. It's long, but worth the time spent. It's probably about time you read something that didn't leave its ink all over your hands, anyway.

P.S. We're still working on a major label issue. Please send in anything you think is pertinent from a letter to a guest column to something larger or more ambitious. Above all, get in touch.



I grew up in a time when violence plagued the punk scene. You could be happily circle-dancing to Special Forces and then the SF Skins would show up with baseball bats and bash your head in. I never saw this happen, but my friend Dylan did. He said the skins came to a show with wigs on, and big jackets with baseball bats hidden in them. When they got inside they just started wailing on people. And I remember friends getting jumped on Haight Street by skinheads, mugged for their Doc Marten's. One reason I always wore Van's.

They would always say that the violence was destroying the punk scene. That it was making it so people wouldn't rent out their halls for shows, and police, not knowing the difference between skinheads and punks, would come down hard on the punk scene. Especially after one of us (Jello Biafra) did surprisingly well running for mayor on the platform that he would make the cops run for election in the neighborhoods they patrolled. They were not amused.

But it was all about amusement when Gilman Street started, and we weren't going to let any bullies ruin our fun. And we were empowered. We knew that at the slightest threat, everyone would see to it that violent thugs would be ejected from the club, never to return again. It felt good to know that everyone had each other's back. I can't even count the times that I, or someone else, had to physically remove some asshole from the club. It was just what you did. It was accepted without question that violence wouldn't be tolerated. So to this day I still have the instinct to jump in when I see thuggish behavior at shows. I will not hesitate to grab someone twice my size and just hold on for dear life, knowing (or thinking, rather) that others will come help out.

But now, more often that not I'll just find myself being hurled across the room in this kind of situation. Since violence in the scene is not the huge issue it once was, people aren't really worried about it anymore. Which is a good thing, of course. But the skinheads, like Reagan, like a society that was scared to death of punk rockers, really helped bring us all together. The more we worked and helped eliminate these fucked up things, the less unified punk became. And that's how I got punched by the guy in the swastika t-shirt.

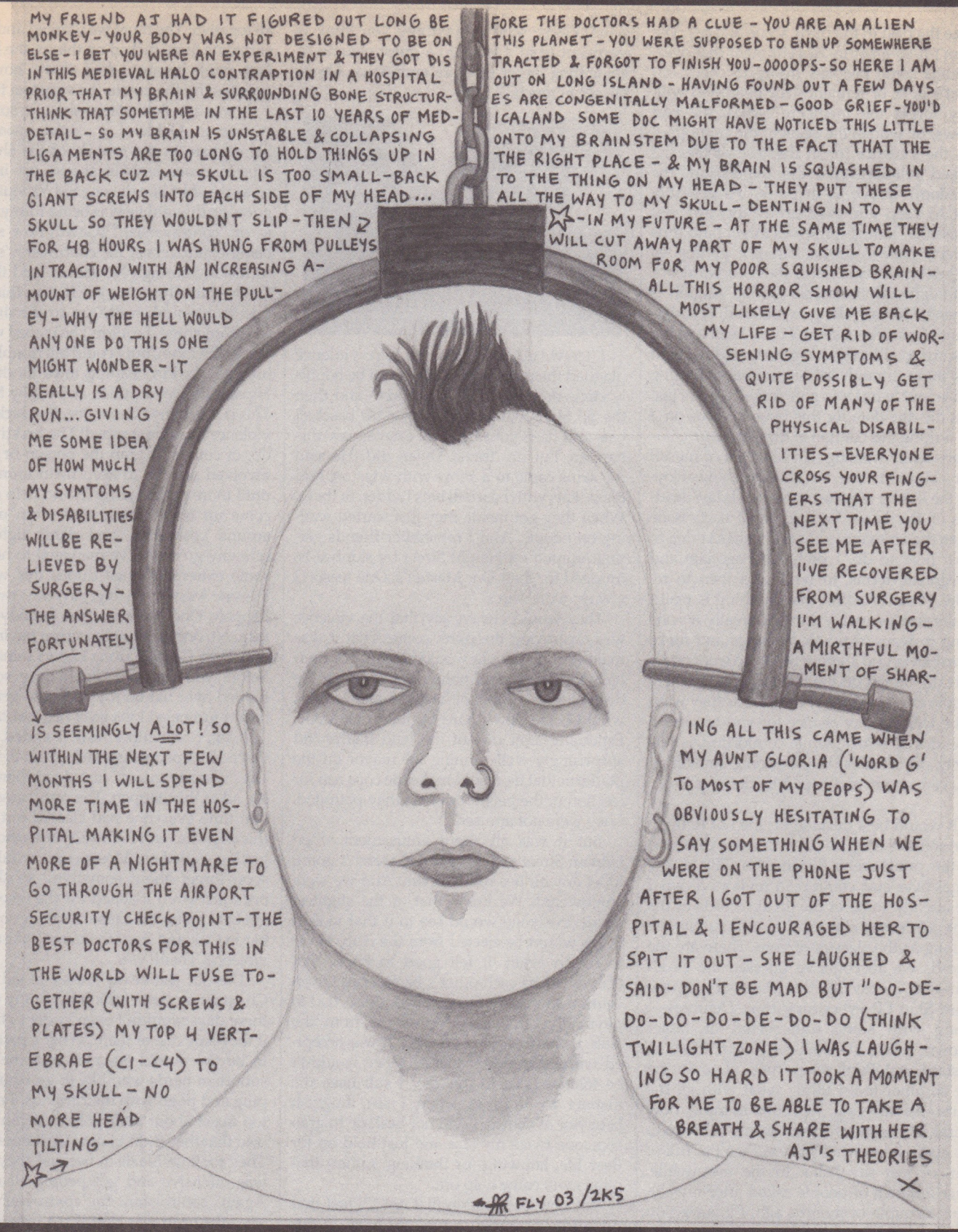
It was at a Bobbyteens show in some shitty bar in Oakland a couple years ago. Somewhere in the middle of the show this hipster poser asshole shows up in a red swastika shirt like the one Sid Vicious wore. I guess he thought he was being funny, or ironic, or "controversial." (Gawd, how stupid—being controversial for controversy's sake is so fucking boring.) No sooner am I thinking, "Holy shit, who *is* this jerk?" than this notorious drunk-punk walks up to the dude and says something. I couldn't hear cuz I was way across the room, but I could tell trouble was a-brewin'. As I'm heading towards them, Sid Hipster throws a punch at Drunky McPuke. This is when my Gilman reaction kicks in: the violence must be stopped! The first thing you do, of course, is grab the person or persons involved and try to keep them immobilized until more people jump in and help out. So I come up from behind and wrap my arms around poser-nazi and clamp tight. I'm a scrawny guy, but I've managed to hold onto some extremely huge dudes this way, and this one wasn't very big. Anyway, two things happen: One, I realize that nobody gives a fuck. No one in the club is even paying attention. Two, Captain Irony knows some moves. Before you can say "I'm a lazy sod," I'm flipped over flat on my back and getting my head pummeled by a *poser in a swastika shirt*!

I don't remember how it ended. I know that a lot of people got kicked out of the club. The "security guard" just stood there watching all of this happen. The cops came, but by that time everyone had cleared out. And to this day, I haven't found anyone who saw me getting wailed on. Most people would just as soon forget about something so shameful, but I just want it stated for the record that I got beat up for the cause of saving some lame bar in Oakland from the plague of punk rock violence. Thank you.

The old skinheads are all in jail now, or Christian, or both. I think it's funny that kids these days wouldn't even know to be scared if they saw one of them. What a pathetic life, to be the mortal enemies of some teenage suburban nerds who like to go record shopping and pogo with their friends. I never got too upset about their politics because I realized that they didn't know shit about politics. They took on Naziism because they knew it was offensive and got people all riled up. Again, controversy for controversy's sake. My take on it was that if we ignored them, they'd go away. (Seriously—I mean they just loved being scary, it was their *raison d'etre*.) Of course, it's hard to ignore that baseball bat in your face.

See ya in the pit... just be cool, okay?

paul@maximumrocknroll.com



Kriss De Jong – 03/2K5 – Manhasset (North Shore Hospital) NY

Kriss is an amazing artist & musician who also has been afflicted with the symtoms of MS for over a decade – As a result of rigorous tests (one pictured above) Kriss' head will be fused to her neck on May 5, and the surgeons will remove some bone from her skull at the same time – She will then be recovering & starting on a year of physical therapy at the Killer Banshee Compound in West Oakland – If she's progressing well enough, the Killer Banshees will hopefully be part of the Bayannale (Bay Area International Biennial Arts Festival July 22–August 7, 2005) – Visits to the compound are highly encouraged as she will be a captive audience. You could help in the garden too! Find them at killerbanshee.com

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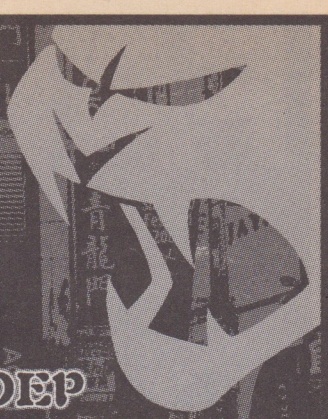

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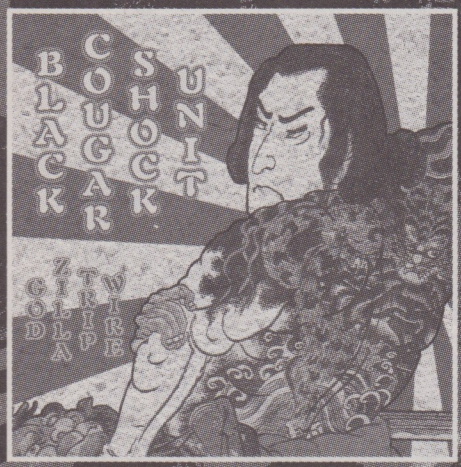

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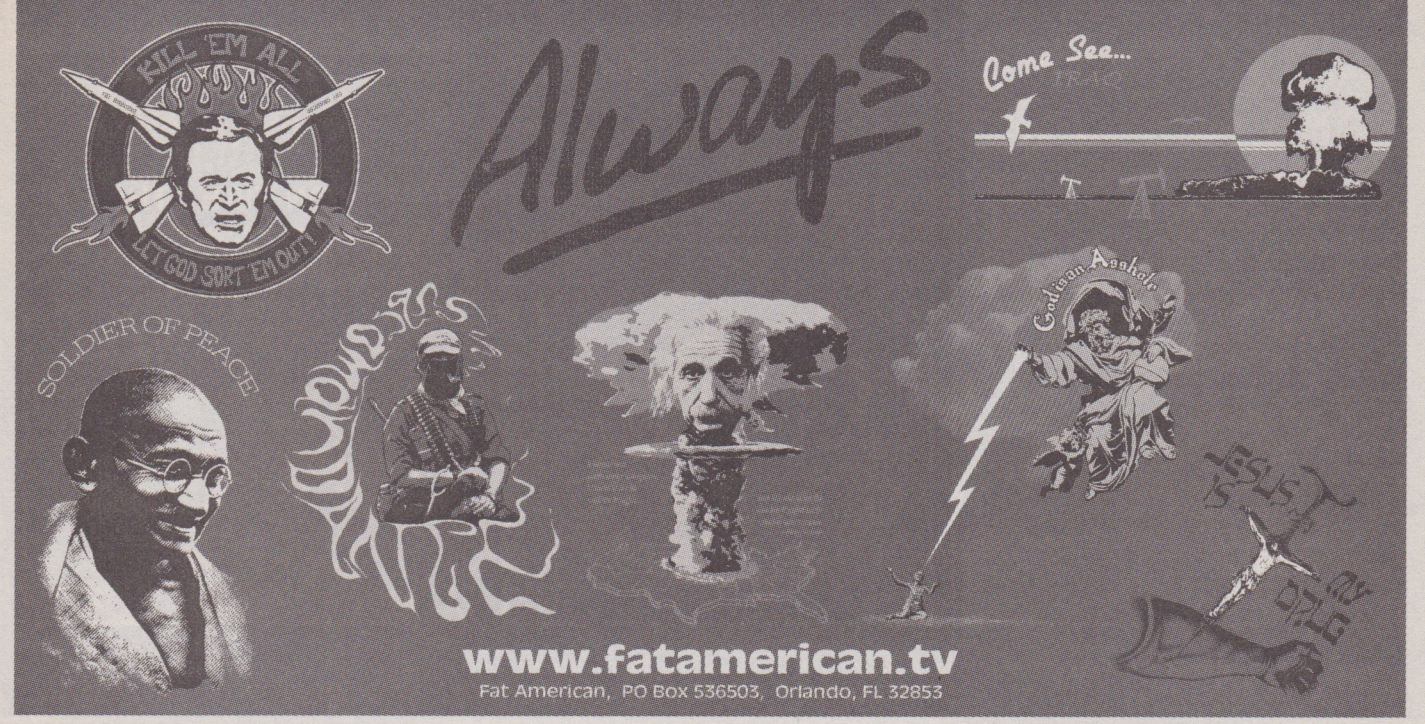

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MRR NEWS

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BLOODY REVOLT IN A TINY VILLAGE CHALLENGES THE RULERS OF CHINA

Jonathan Watts reports from Huankantou, where protesters angry at corruption and poverty repelled 1,000 riot police. But now in that city, fear is replacing euphoria.
Jonathan Watts in Huankantou
April 15, 2005

From an article in The Guardian, UK

There is a strange new sightseeing attraction in this normally sleepy corner of the Chinese countryside: smashed police cars, rows of trashed buses and dented riot helmets.
They are the trophies of a battle in which peasants scored a rare and bloody victory against the communist authorities, who face one of the most serious popular challenges to their rule in recent years.

In driving off more than 1,000 riot police at the start of the week, Huankantou village in Zhejiang province is at the crest of a wave of anarchy that has seen millions of impoverished farmers block roads and launch protests against official corruption, environmental destruction and the growing gap between urban wealth and rural poverty.

China's media have been forbidden to report on the government's loss of control, but word is spreading quickly to nearby towns and cities. Tens of thousands of sightseers and well-wishers are flocking every day to see the village that beat the police.

But the consequences for Huankantou are far from clear.

Having put more than 30 police in hospital, five critically, the 10,000 residents should be bracing for a backlash. Instead, the mood is euphoric. Children have not been to school since Sunday's clash. There are roadblocks outside the chemical factory that was the origin of the dispute. Late at night the streets are full of gawping tourists, marshaled around the battleground by proud locals who bellow chaotic instructions through loudspeakers.

"Aren't these villagers brave? They are so tough it's unbelievable," said a taxi driver from Yiwu, the nearest city. "Everybody wants to come and see this place. We really admire them."

"We came to take a look because many people have heard of the riot," said a fashionably dressed young woman who had come from Yiwu with friends. "This is really big news."
Although the aftermath is evident in a school car park full of smashed police buses, burned out cars and streets full of broken bricks and discarded sticks, the origin of the riot is hazy.

Initial reports suggested that it started after the death of two elderly women, who were run over when police attempted to clear their protest against a chemical factory in a nearby industrial park.

Witnesses confirmed that the local old people's association had kept a 24-hour vigil for two weeks outside the plant. Many said they had heard of the deaths, but no one could name the victims. The local government of Dongyang insists there were no fatalities.

Like many of the other disputes that have racked China in the past year, frustration had been simmering for some time. Locals accused officials of seizing the land for the industrial park - built in 2002 - without their consent. Some blamed toxins from the chemical plant for ruined crops, malformed babies and contamination of the local Huashui river.

The village chief reportedly refused to hold a public meeting to hear these grievances. Attempts to petition the central government also proved fruitless. Locals said they had lost faith in the authorities.

"The communists are even worse than the Japanese," said one man.

Memories are still fresh of the fighting on Sunday. "It was about 4am and I was woken up by an unusual noise," said a Ms Wang, a shopkeeper who lives next to the school where the fiercest fighting took place. "When I looked out of the window, I saw lots of riot police running into the village. Many men rushed out of their houses to defend our village."

Accounts of the conflict differ. Residents say 3,000 police stormed the village, several people - including police - were killed, dozens wounded and 30 police buses destroyed. But the Dongyang government says about 1,000 police and local officials were attacked by a mob, which led to 36 injuries and no deaths.

The outcome is also unclear. Locals say the village chief has fled. In his place, they have established an organizing committee, though its members are a secret. This suggests a fear of recriminations, but the public mood is one of bravado.

"We don't feel regret about what we have done," said a middle-aged man. "The police have not come back since they withdrew on Monday. They dare not return."

Some, however, admitted to anxiety. Among them was an old woman—also a Mrs Wang—who reluctantly opened her doors to visitors who had come to see her collection of trophies from the battle.

"I am scared," she said, as she showed two dented riot police helmets, several empty gas canisters, a policeman's jacket and several truncheons and machetes. "This is getting bigger and bigger."

But there have been no arrests and no communication from the authorities. The current leadership will be keen to avoid a Tiananmen Square-style confrontation, including prime minister Wen Jiabao, who pleaded with the Tiananmen protesters to leave before the tanks came. At the same time, the authorities are committed to social stability.

According to government statistics, protests increased by 15% last year to 58,000, with more than 3 million people taking part. In many provincial capitals, roadblocks occur more than once a week. Last weekend, anti-Japanese demonstrators rallied in three cities, including Beijing.
But in Huankantou, villagers do not seem to realise that although they have won the battle, they may be far from winning the war.

Amid a crowd of locals beside a wrecked bus, one middle-aged woman won a cheer of approval by calling for the government to make the first move towards reconciliation.

"It's up to them to start talking," she said. "I don't know what we would do if the police came back again, but our demand is to make the factory move out of the village. We will not compromise on that."

AND YOU THOUGHT THE JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES WERE BAD. HERE COME THE CLOWNS.

Sussex Post
DAGSBORO

For one unique group of Sussex County grandmothers, it's all about staying young at heart — and their "alter egos" give them the perfect opportunity to do just that.

Not to mention the number of children whose lives Clowns for Christ have touched.

"When I'm a clown, I get to be eight years old," said Dagsboro resident Anna Huffman, who transforms into "Annabell" when it's show time. "I just felt like I was doing nothing but getting old. Now, when I put on the clown face, I'm just a different person. You become the person that's deep inside of you."

Designed with a message in mind, the six members who make up Clowns for Christ say they just enjoy putting smiles on people's faces.

Of the six members of the group, four are grandmothers while the remaining two members affectionately refer to "Annabell" as "mom" and "grandma."

"My daughter and grandson could see the fun that we had and how I changed when I became a clown," Mrs. Huffman said. "And there is a big change. All of the seriousness in your life is gone.

"Yes, it's a unique family activity but we just want to make people smile and be happy."

Mrs. Huffman's daughter, Shannon Minner, and grandson, Todd Griffin, become "Minnie" and "Sir Glenski" for performances.

Or at least they will this Saturday.

That's when the two youngest members of the ensemble will make their debut performances in front of Delaware Gov. Ruth Ann Minner at Springfest in Dover.

"I went out with my mom a few times just to see what she did and I just thought it would be neat to get into it myself," Mrs. Minner said. "Yes, I'm nervous about this weekend but we have a message to get out. And, besides that, it's a lot of fun."

"Sir Glenski," a freshman at Indian River School, wears two completely different uniforms now that he's started his clown career. He's also a member of the Marine Corps Junior ROTC at Indian River.

"This is different but I'm used to being in front of a group," Todd said. "I'm interested in seeing what they're going to say at school about my being a clown because I haven't told anybody about this yet. I guess they'll read about it in the newspaper."

"They all seemed like they were having a good time so I thought I'd like to give it a try."

Formed by Georgetown resident Connie "Suzzie Q" Duman in 2002, Clowns for Christ have performed at churches, birthday parties, bible schools, nursing homes, community events and even weddings.

"We're game for anything," "Annabell" said matter-of-factly.

Their skits are developed for laughter and to teach Bible lessons.

"I try to get down to the children's level because they love it when you talk to them and you're a part of their lives when you're there," Mrs. Huffman said. "And, when we go to the nursing home, it's wonderful to see their faces light up because a clown took the time to come and visit them."

The two remaining members of the group are Frankford resident Donna "Twixie"" Dorman and Georgetown resident Pat "Cookie" Short.

"I just thought it would be really neat and interesting to be a clown," said Mrs. Dorman. "I change when I put on this clown face. "Twixie" likes to play around and do the gigs with the girls. Your whole personality changes when you put on that clown costume."

"Annabell," "Twixie" and the group are members of the Clowns of Delaware and take part in three conventions a year, two in Pennsylvania and one in Wilmington.

They also make their own outfits and specialize in balloon animals and face painting.

JOURNALISTS KILLED IN IRAQ

Five journalists killed in past four days
from a report by the IFJ

The ordeal of journalists caught in the Iraq conflict has intensified in the past weeks with reports of five killings of journalists, says the International Federation of Journalists. The IFJ says that safety and security for media staff and civil society must be a "top priority" for the new government.

Two al-Hurriya television journalists were killed in suicide bombings while on their way to an assignment in Baghdad on April 14th. Producer Fadhil Hazim and cameraman Ali Ibrahim Isa were killed en route to an event honoring the new president, Jalal Talabani. They were in a car when the bombs exploded outside the Interior Ministry. Two other al-Hurriya employees in the car, Shakir Awad and Mohammed Ibrahim, were injured.

Al-Hurriya, a station financed by the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan, has now lost three journalists in the war. Fadhil and Isa are both Iráqi; their deaths continue a 16-month trend in which the vast majority of journalist fatalities in Iraq have involved local people.

The day after this attack, the IFJ affiliate in the region, the Kurdistan Journalists Syndicate, reported the killing of another two television journalists, Shadman Abdulla, working for Kirkuk TV, and Laiq Abdulla, from Kurdistan Satellite TV (KTV).

The Syndicate also reported that at the weekend another journalist, Ahmed al-U'badi, working for al-Sabah newspaper, was beheaded in Baghdad, apparently by a group known as al-Jihad and al-Tawhit.

"The death toll among Iraqi journalists continues to rise," said Aidan White, IFJ General Secretary. "Some 75 journalists and media staff have been killed since the US invasion in March 2003—and around 55 of them have been local Iraqis. It is an appalling level of loss. The new government must give top priority to the protection of media staff."

The IFJ backs a statement from the Kurdistan Syndicate protesting over the killings and terrorist acts and calling on the Iraqi authorities to ensure safety for journalists. The Syndicate is working with the IFJ and other Iraqi groups in a program to assist and protect media staff in the country.

The IFJ represents over 500,000 journalists in more than 110 countries.

AACHEN FOUR TRIAL BEGINS IN GERMANY

sources: www.socialwar.net
www.againstprisonslavery.org
www.escapeintorebellion.info
www.anti-politics.org

On June 28 2004, four people were arrested in Aachen, Germany, after a shooting with the police and hostage-taking, while attempting to escape a police control. These four persons were Bart De Geeter, José Fernandez Delgado, Gabriel Pombo da Silva and Begoña Pombo da Silva.

Bart De Geeter is a Belgian anarchist, 26 years old, active within the movement for several years, particularly within the solidarity work with prisoners (as a member of the Anarchist Black Cross - Gent, Belgium) and people without papers.

Gabriel Pombo da Silva is a well-known Spanish anarchist, 36 years old, who spent twenty years in prison, fourteen of them under the notorious FIES segregation regime. In October last year he escaped from prison and fled Spain. Gabriel is one of the social rebels/anarchists who struggled for years against the brutal conditions, the isolation, torture and mistreatment within the Spanish prisons. José Fernandez Delgado, 44 is another Spanish anarchist who escaped from prison recently after serving twenty-four years.

Begoña is 34 years old and is Gabriel's sister. She lives in Germany and has a 7-year-old daughter. Except for being the sister of Gabriel, she has no relation to the anarchist movement.

The four were stopped by the German police just beyond the German border, at a petrol station on the way to Aachen. The reason for the police intervention seems to have been a drug control. When the police wanted to search the car, one of the 4 pulled a gun and shot in the air. In the next moments, the three men took a couple as hostages and fled with a car; the woman though was jumped upon and arrested by the police. The three men were chased by the police, a shooting took place, and when their car broke down they let the hostages go and fled with another car. Finally the three hid in a garage, where they were surrounded by the police, and after some time the three gave in.

The three men were charged by the public prosecutor of Aachen with attempted murder (9 counts), hostage taking (two counts), armed robbery, planning of a robbery, conspiracy, violently resisting arrest and serious traffic violations. Begoña was held with less serious charges and later released on bail.

Trial for the four began in March of 2005, in Aachen, Germany. The first few days of proceedings began with more than fifty supporters breaking into song and holding a banner reading "Solidarity with all Prisoners in resistance." Even one of the defendants spoke up when José Fernandez Delgado, shouted at the prosecuting attorneys, "Nunca mas tortura! Libertad para todos! Por l´anarquia!" —No more torture! Freedom for all! For anarchy! The prisoners have been subjected to strip searches before and after proceedings and having their hands and feet constantly chained together. In protest Gabriel Pombo da Silva has come to court more than once in his underwear.

How long the trial will take or if its conclusion will mean the end of the defendants' troubles is unknown. As of yet, there have been no requests made but under EU law they could be extradited to their nation countries and tried there as well for the crimes.

The trial is part of what's fueling the fire of an ongoing international investigation. Anarchists in all three countries, Germany, Spain and Belgium are under investigation as an "international network." While they are clearly being labeled a threat by the state, police and media in all three countries, it seems they have yet to be labeled terrorists. Unfortunately, many feel that moniker is inevitable.

MONKEY MAKES ESCAPE AND HATES DENTAL CARE

From China Daily News
[for Clara Jeffers]

A monkey with a predisposition against dental care fled from a lab and hurt at least three people in Chengdu, Sichuan Province, the China West Metropolis News reports.

Raised at the Chengdu Zoo, the monkey was recently moved to a medical school for lab experiments on oral cavities.

Dissatisfied with the dental work and known for his hot temper, the monkey escaped from the lab around 1 pm on Saturday. After arriving at a nearby community, he bit an old woman in an attempt to take away some biscuits. He also stopped for some tea.

Police officers rushed to the scene, but the creature made a monkey out of them and escaped. It was not until 2 pm when a zoo staffer arrived and shot the monkey full of anesthetic that he was finally caught.

He said he preferred to go back to the zoo and did not care for dental work.

ELVISES SHAKE UP WORLD RECORD

itv.com

Elvis impersonators of every shape and size have congregated in London department store Selfridges to set a new world record.

One 'Elvis' explained: "Well, we are going to try and make the world record of number of Elvises singing 'Viva Las Vegas' at the same time. We are going to aim for 100 Elvises."

"To have it done in London I think it's great because these things are always kept to the States, you know they set the records themselves, but we are doing it here in London and it will be a great honour to take part in it."

Guinness World Record adjudicator Laura Hughes witnessed the event and confirmed that it was a new record.

She said: "Well today they've set a Guinness World Record for having the most Elvis impersonators singing in one location. They had 77 Elvises all fully dressed with their wigs and their glasses."

Elvis impersonator Gary Gibson was pleased with the Elvises achievements, adding: "Well, I think this is great for Elvis. I mean if it carries on, Elvis is never going to die."

PERFECT SPOT FOUND FOR MOON BASE

www.space.com
By Robert Roy Britt

Researchers have identified what may be the perfect place for a Moon base, a crater rim near the lunar north pole that's in near-constant sunlight yet not far from suspected stores of water ice.

Permanently sunlit areas would provide crucial solar energy for any future Moon settlement, a goal for NASA outlined last year by President George W. Bush. Such sites would also have resort-like temperatures compared with other lunar locations that fluctuate between blistering heat and unfathomable cold.

Equally important, in the permanently shadowed depths of craters around the lunar North Pole, water ice may lurk, according to previous but unconfirmed observations.

Melted, it would be vital for drinking. Broken into hydrogen and oxygen, the water could provide breathable air and be used to make rocket fuel for a trip to Mars.

That fits in neatly with the White House vision of using the Moon as a stepping-stone to Mars.

Hot real estate

The best spot to settle on the Moon may be on the northern rim of Peary crater, close to the North Pole, says Ben Bussey of Johns Hopkins University. The analysis, to be published in the April 14 issue of the journal Nature, is based on 53 images from the spacecraft Clementine, which orbited the Moon for 71 days in 1994.

Unlike Earth, whose extreme tilt causes seasons, the Moon's rotational axis is almost perfectly upright, deviating just 1.5 percent from the main plane of the solar system that extends outward from the Sun's belly. On Earth, summer means constant sunlight at the North Pole, and winter plunges the Arctic into permanent darkness. But on the Moon, theorists have long suspected there might be high points from which the Sun is always visible.

Because the Moon has virtually no atmosphere, temperatures fluctuate wildly from day to night, from about 212 degrees Fahrenheit (100 Celsius) to minus 292 Fahrenheit (-180 Celsius) near the equator.

Other scientists have estimated that temperatures on any possible permanently lit spot would be comparatively balmy, though still a frigid minus 58 Fahrenheit (-50 Celsius), give or take a little.

"A region with this relatively benign temperature range represents an attractive site for building hardware designed for long-term use," Bussey and his colleagues write.

The researchers produced an illumination map of the polar region. The Peary crater, created long ago by the impact of an asteroid, is about 45 miles (73 kilometers) wide.

Questions remain

Craters near the south pole have also been previously discussed for a possible Moon base. Those are not highlighted by any constantly illuminated spots, the same research group concluded previously. Even so, the North Polar region needs further analysis before NASA can decide where to go first.

Clementine was in a position to see the lunar North Pole for only brief periods of the northern summer. So Bussey's team had had to make assumptions about the extent of winter sunlight.

"With the information available, it is not possible to state definitively that these areas are permanently sunlit because the data correspond to a summer rather than a winter day," the scientists report. "But we can be certain that they are the most illuminated regions around the north pole and that they are also the areas on the Moon most likely to be permanently sunlit, given that there are no constantly illuminated areas in the south polar region."

The south polar sites are not ruled out, however, since sunlight is no more important than water.

"It's a combination of those two things that determines which pole you'll visit first," Bussey said in a telephone interview.

The European Space Agency's SMART-1 craft, currently orbiting the Moon, is expected to shed additional light on lunar topography. NASA plans a robotic reconnaissance effort in 2008 that would provide more information on polar illumination. Meanwhile, India's first mission to the Moon, planned for 2007, would pack a U.S.-made radar instrument designed to pin down the locations of water ice.

Bussey said water ice might be found to be equally distributed at both poles, or it may exist only in select craters.

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ANARCHIST AND CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR MEHMET TARHAN ARRESTED

Compiled from sources:
www.wri-irg.org/news
www.infoshsop.org
www.bianet.org
www.a-infos.org

Turkish conscientious objector and gay activist Mehmet Tarhan was arrested in a hotel in Basmane, a district of Izmir, where he was working at a book fair. He was taken to a police station and held there until the military recruitment office opened. He was then brought to the recruitment office, and asked to sign papers to be sent to a military unit. Mehmet Tarhan replied: "You brought me here by force. I am a conscientious objector and won't sign anything." He was subsequently asked to write a statement that he is a conscientious objector. He replied: "I will not write or sign anything. You brought me here by force and you should solve the problem you created yourself." As a result, the former protocol was extended with a supplementary protocol, stating that he refused to sign both of them. In addition, the recruitment officers called for their superiors. Three higher officers appeared on the scene. Tarhan was then "attached" to a recruit, who was told that his service would be nullified if Mehmet Tarhan escaped. The recruitment office also called the police, and requested a squad to guard Mehmet Tarhan. Three police were assigned to that task. Later gendarmes (military police) were summoned to take over Mehmet Tarhan and to bring him to a military training unit in Tokat, to which he was hurriedly reassigned (he had originally been assigned to a military unit in Samsun). Mehmet Tarhan refused to cooperate, and was handcuffed and pushed into a car. From that point on Mehmet Tarhan declared that he was on a hunger strike.

He was taken to Tokat via Sivas the following day, to be tried by for refusing to serve his mandatory military service. Tarhan's attorney has stated that the European Convention for the Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms deems conscientious rejection possible. Recent amendments made as part of the adaptation of the European Union legal norms into the Turkish Constitution have established the supremacy of these international legal documents over the Turkish legal code. When the 10th Article of the Turkish Constitution (which states that everybody is equal before the law regardless of their political thoughts and philosophical beliefs) is viewed under the light of these international legal documents, conscientious objection should be recognized as legal. Enforcing military service in spite of the will of individuals is a violation of human rights norms. Nonetheless, the 72nd Article of the Turkish Constitution, adopted after the military coup of 1980 rules that military service is a part of the mandatory civil duties of all male citizens of Turkey above twenty-years-old for no less than fifteen months.

Mehmet was met in Sivas by dozens of anarchists and anti-militarists. After searching buses in the station one by one, supporters found him and cheered him on chanting detourned military slogans. A few of the supporters got to speak with him briefly before the doors to the bus were closed and the police were called.

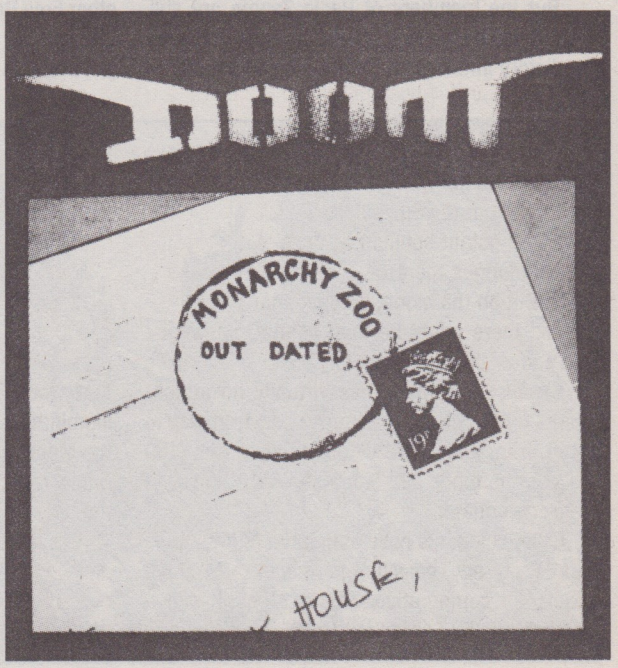
Mehmet Tarhan's press release in which he declares his total objector beliefs and condemns the state, military and all violence is well known. He publicly refused to do any military service and encouraged all citizens to refuse to join the army. These statements alone were enough for him to be brought in front of a military tribunal and punished by military courts.

REST IN PEACE: WAYNE SOUTHWORTH

Another Voice Silenced

On Friday March 18th UK punk Wayne Southworth, lead singer of Doom, was found dead in his home, having suffered an epileptic seizure. He was 28. Wayne also sang with Bloodsucking Freaks, The Devils, The Pheremones, and State of Filth. Services were held for him in Atherton on April 6. A long time punk, vegan and good friend he will be missed by many. Here's a little about Wayne in his own words from his blog at MySpace.com.

"OK, so I'm from Leigh Lancs—got into metal when I was 11, punk when I was 13—and moved to Bradford in 1996 because it was the punk place to be. They were good days, eh? I still think Bradford could have a great scene if it tried. I don't know what to say about me—you're better off asking someone else. I reckon I'm politically conscious as one might say but also have a pretty sick sense of humour (although most people don't seem to be able to tell whether I'm joking or not). A lot of people would claim I'm negative, miserable, etc, but I don't think so. After more than ten years as a vegan, I am proud to say that I'm just one of the few people I know who never degenerated to mere vegetarianism. I would say that I'm pretty unpopular, although the few friends I do have are the best mates you could have. I live on my own in one of Bradford's few rural areas. I don't have many friends here because my redneck neighbours think I'm weird, which is more than fine by me. I was diagnosed with epilepsy when I was seventeen. Because I was a hardcore vegan I opted to take Epilim as it was the only pill that didn't contain lactose. Bad move. Epilim fucked with my head for years causing, amongst other things, severe depression, which is why so many people dislike me."



FIGHTING FOR FREE RADIO IN MEXICO CITY

San Diego Indymedia

Radio Zapote, a free radio transmitting from the National School of Anthropology and History (ENAH) in Mexico City, received word from a school official that they were to be evicted in two weeks.

The news came as a surprise to members of the radio's collective, who, in constant dialogue with the school, were only incidentally informed of the intention of eviction. Without notice, Thomas Stanford, a professor at the ENAH who has been harassing Radio Zapote for years, arrived in the radio's space with an engineer to take measurements for his furniture, as if the radio was on the way out.

Confused and insulted, a member of the radio approached Federico Martinez, Secretary of Academics and charged with the responsibility of the communicating between Radio Zapote and the school by the director of the ENAH. Martinez them that, according to previous agreement between the Radio and the ENAH, Zapote was to be out of the space in two weeks.

Radio Zapote not only had never come to any such agreement, they had never received a request asking them to leave nor were previously aware of any desire on the part of the school that they should leave.

Last Wednesday, in a meeting called by Radio Zapote with the director of the ENAH to discuss the possible eviction, the director told them that the school has no plan to evict, that Thomas Stanford had acted inappropriately and Federico Martinez' comment that the radio was being evicted did not reflect the official position of the school.

But the members of Radio Zapote are still concerned by the ambiguous promises and contradictory information from the distinct authorities of the school. Why would the very school official responsible with overseeing the relationship between the ENAH and Radio Zapote tell them they are being evicted if there was no such plan?

In an interview the Director told us, "There is no indication of eviction. There is the indication to analyze the situation, and if there is a better space to offer [Radio Zapote], we will give them this better space and offer the space [of Radio Zapote] to other groups. No decision has been taken. We are seeking better alternatives."

Two days after their meeting with the Director of the ENAH, Radio Zapote feels the situation has relaxed, but their remains an environment of unease due to contradictory indications from the school.

The news of their possible eviction came just a few weeks after what members of Radio Zapote call a *coup d'etat* within the National Institute of Anthropology and History (INAH), the federal institution, within which the ENAH is incorporated, that governs anthropological questions within the Republic. Following the surprising resignation of the democratically elected Sergio Raúl Arroyo García two weeks ago, Luciano Cedilla, referred to by national paper *La Jornada* as "the Trojan Horse of neoliberalism working against national interests and the essential tasks of the institution," was unilaterally named director of the INAH.
Members of Zapote consider the possibility that any intention on the part of the ENAH to evict them, could be due to pressure from Cedillo.

Radio Zapote calls for solidarity from the students, professors and workers of the ENAH, other Free Radios and media activists in Mexico City and the world, not only in their own struggle, but with that of the free radio movement in general, which faces an increasingly difficult political climate in Mexico.

Six months ago, the Secretary of Communication and Transportation (SCT), the Federal organization responsible for the execution of communication laws, released 13 licenses, mostly to community radio in indigenous regions.

Many in the free radio movement feel that, by legitimizing a few radios, the release of these permissions represents a public de-legitimization of unlicensed radios in general, and, in the concrete, an inevitable show of force on the part of the SCT.

Radio Zapote began transmitting in 2001, when the caravan of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) made its home in the ENAH while in Mexico City. It continues in its communitarian goals, providing the resource of radio to professors, students and workers in the school, and whoever else decides to participate, transmitting music, news, and cultural information on 94.1 FM and on the Internet.

Zapote is the only anthropology based radio station transmitting on the internet from Latin America. It has for years transmitted forums, discussions and events of the school. It has even helped resolve the difficulty of the school's lack of technological infrastructure, digitalizing audio and books of anthropological relevance for professors and students. The department of media and communication now contains almost 1,000 digitalized books, thanks to Radio Zapote and the work of its members. The radio is an integral part of the life of the university and the independent media movement in Mexico City.

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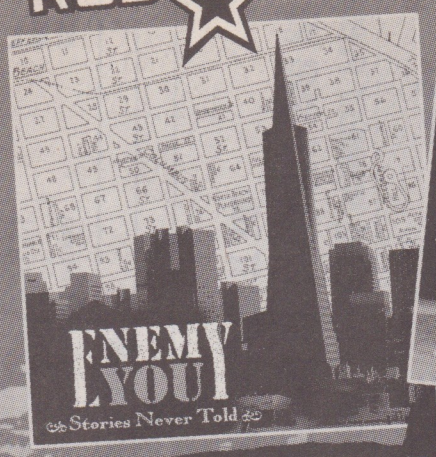

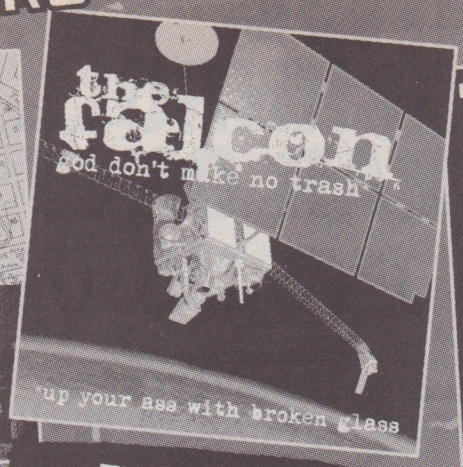

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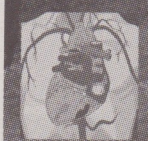

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Southern California Scene Report Spring 2005
By Renae Bryant

The first writing I ever did for *MRR* was a scene report back in 1995. Slowly I started contributing interviews. Then Tim convinced me I should write a monthly column. Well, as times would have it, I'm back to doing occasional scene reports and interviews. The last scene report was published in 2003. Things change rapidly, so this is an updated version of that scene report. Once again, I am covering the whole Southern California Scene (minus San Diego, because I do not feel that I know enough about that scene and the bands involved). We're (ALL OR NOTHING HC) leaving on tour Friday and it always reminds me of how lucky I am to live in an area where I could go to an awesome show any night of the week. As a result of this, this scene report once again will serve as a resource. It will be short on ornate descriptions but full of useful information such as venues, press, bands, radio shows, and record stores. I will include phone numbers and some internet addresses. It is up to you to do internet searches to learn more about the information presented, especially the bands. It is quite probable that I will inadvertently leave someone or something important to the Southern California scene out. For that, I apologize ahead of time. This is quite a task because the IE, LA, and OC scenes could easily have their own reports specific to their areas. If you are from any of these areas I encourage you to do your own scene report.

The Inland Empire: This area includes Corona, Norco, Riverside, San Bernardino, Redlands, Fontana, Moreno Valley, Lake Elsinore and Hemet. Venues: The Showcase Theatre (951)340-0988, Shooters Skate Park/Venue (951) 766-6789, Schooners (Colton) (951) 422-0199, Redlands: www.notpopular.com, Babylon 18+ (951)784-3033 Riverside, Incahoots (951)359-4800, C&C Booking 18+ shows (951) 640-5280, Johnny's [21+] (951) 227-6602, rspevents@yahoo.com, Angel's Sports Bar [21+] (951) 371-9738, and UC Riverside Campus Events (951) 827-1012. Press: www.ontherag.net, www.digressonline.com, www.submerge411.com , X 'EM UP (www.dorecords.com), *Skinnie Magazine, New Reform, One Chance Magazine, Press Enterprise* (daily) and *Sun Newspaper* (daily). Bands: (Mine first) ALL OR NOTHING HC , CONSPIRACY OF THOUGHT, MALICE OF FORETHOUGHT, BLOODS STANDS STILL, NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH , TERMINAL HOLOCAUST, ORDER OF THE FLY, LOS INFERNOS, THE IMPOSSIBLES, CASTRATION ANXIETY, THE HITCHHIKERS, LAST CALL, STEM CELL RESEARCH, SICK SENSE, LELAND'S CACTUS RANCH, THE BELL RAYS, HOBO JAZZ, CLONE HERO, PIANO DRAG, DOGS OF IRE, CIRCUIT SCARECROW, SLAVE TO FREEDOM, LEONARD, VOODOO GLOW SKULLS, THE PHUZZ, JOHNNY CHEAPO, CONSPIRACY OF THOUGHT, BEAUTIFUL MISTAKE, MANNTIS, RED SOUND, OBLIGED, SINAI BEACH, etc. Radio: www.kucr.org, thevynilhours@yahoo.com Record stores: Sounds Like (909)343-9333, Dr. Strange Records (909)944-1778 www.drstrange.com , Mad Platter

SUGARPUSS

NAKED AGGRESSION

(909)328-1600, and CD World in Riverside. Museum: Fender Museum (951)735-2440.

Los Angeles: This area includes Pomona, Claremont, Hollywood, South Gate, East LA, San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena, Downtown, Los Feliz, Echo Park, the LA Beaches, etc. Venues: The Glasshouse (909) 629-0377, Back to the Grind (951)784-0800, The Press (909) 625-4808, The Allen Theatre (323) 249-9775, Cobalt Café (818) 348-3789, Fais Do Do (323) 954-8080, Knitting Factory (323) 463-0204, Club Cuernavacas (Pasadena) all ages, Spaceland [21+] (323) 661-4380, CIA Club (818) 506-6353, Henry Fonda Theatre (323) 464-0808, Mr. T's Bowl [21+] (323) 256-7561, Sacred Grounds (310) 514-0800, Trash City Records (323) 268-6102, Troubadour (310) 276-6168, UCLA Events (310) 825-1958, and The Smell (I left out what I consider to be the "pay to play" venues on the Sunset strip). Press: *It's All Gravy 'Zine* (gravyzine@hotmail.com or 312 W. 8th St. Los Angeles, CA 90014)www.destroyall.net, www.razorcake.com, www.highwiredaze.com (punk, hardcore, metal), www.citizinemag.com, www.varla.com www.meanstreet.com, www.chordmagazine.com, www.laweekly.com, and www.latimes.com. Bands: THE VOIDS, F-MINUS, 46 SHORT, ALL OUT ATTACK, BAD SAMARITANS, PRETTY IN STEREO, SECOND CHANCE, HOLY HYDRAULICS, THE LAST GANG, MIDWAY, JERRA, LIA- FAIL, SWITCHBLADE KITTENS, DEEP EYNDE, FATAL RIOT, BRUISE VIOLET, HAND GRENADE HART, THE SKULLS, WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES, ILL REPUTE, TEXAS TERRI AND THE STIFF ONES, ZEN VOUDOOUNION 13, WESTERN WASTE, NAKED AGGRESSION, CIRIL, RESIST AND EXIST, TOTAL CHAOS, THE START, THE WEIRDOS, MY RUIN, MISS DERRINGER, THE WILLOWZ, SCARLING, THE START, STAY AT HOME BOMB, SUGARPUSS, THE HITCH HIKERS, TERROR, BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL, ANGEL CITY OUTCASTS, ADHD, CLIT 45, THE FIXTURES, ARMISTICE, DESTRUCTION MADE SIMPLE, THE GOD AWFULS, MISGUIDED, TOYS THAT KILL, THE HUNNS, 400 BLOWS, LEOPOLD, GO BETTY GO, PENIS FLY TRAP, PISS ANt, etc. Record Stores: Headline Records (323) 655-2125, Trash City Records, Amoeba (323) 245-6400 (they do in-stores also), Aron's Records (323) 469-4700, Benway (310)396-8898, Rhino (909)626-7774.

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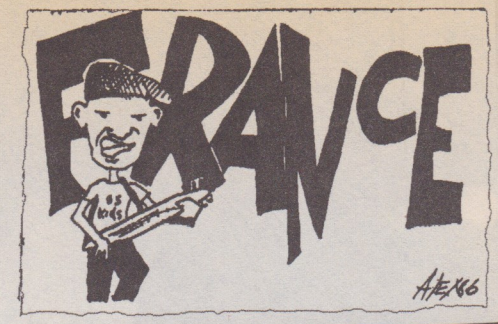
RESIST AND EXIST

Radio: KXLU 88.9 (310) 338-5958, www.kscradio.com, KPFK (818) 985-2711, KSPC 88.7 (909) 984-3838. Museums: www.laluzdejesus.com, www.theeroticmuseum.com, Museum of Tolerance (310) 553-9036, www.clairobscurgallery.com, www.kantorgallery.com, www.copronason.com .

Orange County: This area includes Costa Mesa, the city of Orange, Yorba Linda, Irvine, OC Beaches, etc. Venues: Chain Reaction (www.allages.com), House of Blues (714) 778-BLUE, The Grove of Anaheim (714)712-2700, Galaxy Theatre (www.galaxytheatre.com), Mexican Cultural Center of Santa Ana, The Anarchy Library (562)434-8292, Di Piazza Restaurant and Lounge (562)498-2461, Taco Beach (Tues. shows-all ages) (562)983-1337, AAA Electra 99Co-op Museum & Gallery (714)666-1805, Gypsy Lounge (949)206-9990, Koo's Café (562)491-7584, Que Sera (562)599-6170, Doll Hut (714)533-1286, Hard Rock Café (949)640-8844, Alex's Bar (562)434-8292, and Fitzgerald's Sports Pub (714)968-4523. Press: www.ocweekly.com and www.skratchmagazine.com . Radio: KUCI 88.9 (714)979-5044. Record Stores: Radiation Records (714)400-0019, Greene Records (714)505-6626, Bionic (714)562-1912 [Fullerton], Bionic (714)828-4225 [Cypress], Bionic (714)846-2585 [Huntington Beach]. Bands: AMERIKAN MADE, THE SCARRED, NEON MANIACS, EL NADA, BLOOD STAINED HANDS, NEGATIVE TRUST, RISING DISSENT, TSOL, IGNITE, ETC.

Okay, once again, I know this was short on band updates and scene gossip. I just wanted to put something together that could be useful for anyone wanting to visit and/or touring bands. I am going to post this on my website as well so if I left out your band, radio show, zine, record store, or venue please send an email to webmistress@ontherag.net and I will add your information. If you need specific information on non-profit organizations or activists feel free email me with your requests. There is some amazing work being done here in Southern California, contrary to popular belief.

FRANCE



Bands:

In case you're not aware yet, here is a list of bands that split up in the last two years: DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT (punk/HC (despite a one-time reunion show)), P 38 (Oi), WHAT'S WRONG (old school HC, then emo; their discography CD just came out), WEDA (up-tempo HC with an emo touch), HATE PM (metalcore), HIPPIES OF TODAY (thrashcore, one discography CD out), ANANDA (emo metal, three albums out), BURN HOLLYWOOD BURN (metal emo), STEROIDS (raw punk—one album, two EPs, one demo), SHORTCUT (old school HC), AFFLICTION (punk/HC), BOLCHOI (Oi with one EP and one LP out), AMIANTE (HC-demo), RETCH (grind/thrash), TO LEARN (ex-SLAMFACE, HC/emo/metal, one CD out), URBAN STRUGGLE (crust). Many of the individuals involved in these bands have started new bands:

It's a bit silly, but to make things easier to read, I've separated bands according to music styles:

Punk / Oi stuff:

Some ex-members of PITFALL, SECRETOS DEL CORAZON and BRIDWELL HOSPITAL have started a glam / punk / rock'n'roll band called SPARKLING BOMBS (two CDs out). KOCHISE are splitting up! After about fifteen years, intensive tours and five records. KOCHISE's bass player teamed up with two AHORCADOS members to start CRIA CUERVOS (melodic punk-HC, one CD & one demo CD-R out). She also plays in TURTLE RAMBLERS, a country-punk band. ATTENTAT SONORE are the oldest-running French punk band, they have lots of EP's/ tapes/ comps out (the latest being a 10"). They recently lost their female singer. LES PORTES-MENTAUX's singer passed away a few weeks ago. They were an old 80s punk band that became pretty commercial in the end. Same goes for METAL URBAIN ('77 punk), PARABELLUM and OBERKAMPF, who recently got back together, put out a couple albums and played a couple gigs. The WARRIOR KIDS (Oï) also play shows quite regularly and have put out a new album called *Les Vieux Cons*. KIDNAP even plays reunion shows once in a while, as well as BERURIER NOIR (for money, unlike KIDNAP). PROTEX BLUE (pop-core with ska influences) split up, but some members have already started a new band called THE MUCK-RACKERS (ska-reggae). LYSTERIA is a powerful female-fronted punk band with a saxophone, they put out one EP and one album on a label started by ex-STEROIDS members. TOXXIC TV (original & varied punk-HC) split up, but one of the ex-members plays in HAYMARKET (punk-HC reminiscent of the DEAD KENNEDYS, who put out their first album on Canard Musique). THE INFORMERS, starring ex-BRIGADES vocalist's Vlad, play melodic HC in the vein of MC4, with socio-political lyrics (one CD, one EP, and one mini-CD out). J'AURAIS VOULU plays typical French punk rock. They have one EP and

two LPs out. NEVROTIC EXPLOSION (tight rockin' punk rock from Brittany) has just put out their second album on a fairly big label. BACCHUS TEMPLE ADDICTS features ex-members of MASS MURDERERS and MELMOR, and plays metallic punk (one 10" still available). LA FRACTION is a famous melodic punk band from Paris with melodious female vocals (two albums and one EP are available). BRIGADA FLORES MAGON have three CDs out (They play Oï), ACTION DIRECTE (oï/ska) changed their name to MUNDO DI MIERDA and are more crust punk influenced now. YA BASTA (left-wing ska) has a split EP out as well as two CDs. CHARGE 69 is our own '82 type street-punk band, they feature some guy behind the famous punk rock label COMBAT ROCK. IRONIX (100% spiky punk) split up after their first CD but some members started a band called CIDER BREAKFAST (one CD out, they may have split up as well). SKUDS & PANIC PEOPLE play tight skacore with political lyrics (2 CDs out). CORE Y GANG sounds a lot like the almighty MELMOR. They play powerful Celtic punk (with a violin), and have one split EP and one split LP out with DOBERMANN (punk rock). ANTIBODY plays HC punk with female vocals, their second CD should soon see the light of day. BRIGITTE BOP (tight punk rock a la LES RATS or SHERIFF) has released three albums. One ex-LES PARTISANS member now plays in NO REASON VOICES (punk rock, two EPs out).

Emo / new school stuff :

Ex-ALCATRAZ, ex-PEU ETRE, ex-SEASON and ex-HIPPIES OF TODAY members have teamed up to play melodic emo under the name AMANDA WOODWARD (they have several albums out on various international labels). NOTHING TO PROVE have switched from positive HC to modern emo/metal/HC sounds and recently put out a second album. AGHAST is another French emo band (early Ebullition style), they put out three split CDs. GAMENESS started as a NYHC band, but now play emo, and have about three records out. MYRA LEE (Ebullition style emo) tours quite a lot and have released their first album in 2004. GANTZ have put out a CD and appeared on a four-way split album (typical emo sound).

Old School / Hardcore stuff :

RIGHT FOR LIFE (old school NYHC) has just released a new album. They've been around for about ten years. NO TIME TO LOSE is an old school HC band with social lyrics. They have several demos available as well as one CD. They were recording for a second album, but it seems like they're splitting up. UNLOGISTIC (melodic HC) changed their style to minimalist straight-forward/melodic HC with a drum machine. They have one album and one split EP available on ANGRR. VALUE DRIVEN and LAST QUIET TIME split up. One of the members plays in HARD TIMES (Oi-core from Paris). I haven't heard about FACE UP TO IT (ex ÖPSTAND and JEAN SEBERG—old style Hc) in a while, but I know they're still together, although some members have started side projects like DAYMARE (crust) or GASMASK TERROR. FTX is a new upcoming old school HC band with a strong Misconduct or Raised fist influence. They have several new records coming. BY MY FISTS features ex-members of HATE PM (one CDEP and one comp) and plays raging old style NYHC. They have a demo CD-R and one split CD out with IN PROGRESS (old school, who has disbanded).

Grind / crust stuff :

SUBMERGE (featuring ex-members of DISCORDE) is a strong noisy/grind/emo/metal band influenced by ANANDA, HIS HERO IS GONE, etc. Their discography CD was recently released by the Spanish label Throne records. DISBEER plays pure dis-core/Motörhead-style punk and has a couple EPs and CDs out. Ex-MURDER ONE and DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT folks re-started an old French Grind/thrash band from the 80s called THE MAD THRASHERS. They released a couple CD-Rs, as well as two split EPs. VÖMIT FOR BREAKFAST hails from Saint Etienne; they are France's most well known thrashcore/grind act. They share members with COCHE BOMBA, who is back together and still playing fastcore (a discography CD is out on BAD CARD). BLOCKHEADS are a long-running, powerful, not too metal, grindcore band who have one discography CD out and a bunch of split EPs. I believe 20" DE CHAOS (@punk-crust-metal) split up, although they got back together a couple times. TEKKEN still plays lo-fi, goofy

grindcore and have released hundreds of tapes and split records. SICKNESS (crust) appeared on various comps and put out one EP. GEORGE BITCH JUNIOR has one LP and one split EP available. If you dig SPAZZ, you'll like them.

Look out for those new bands : SONS DE LA LUCHA (Oi-ska), LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA NUIT (ska-punk), REVIVE (old school HC, first mini CD out on a German label), HHM (riot grrrls), BACKSIGHT (old school HC), SENS INTERDIT (punk), LUTECE BORGIA (Oi), VIKTIMS (crust punk), SOUP TOXIC (melodic HC), KTS (punk Oi), ASIDE FROM A DAY (metalcore), SLEAZY JOKE (punk, one EP and one LP out), LES FEMMES (pop punk), etc, etc. That's it for bands. Of course there are more, but these are the ones who have put out records. Read zines if you want info on more unknown ones, OK?

Zines:

There are basically no zines in English around here, but I'll drop a couple names: *Earquake*, France's biggest punk/Oï/HC zine (in French—over 80 issues out, although it comes out less regularly nowadays). *Exotic Underground (Exotica Subterranea)* is a zine dedicated to punk-HC-metal-underground scenes from countries that you didn't even know existed. I'm sure if there were a scene on Mars, Fred (who also runs Darbouka Records) would be the first to know about it. *We're Gonna Fight* (SxE/ Hc/ punk/ Oï) is also worth checking out (write me for addresses!). Maybe I should also mention two big zines that are kinda French equivalents to *MRR, Heart Attack, Punk Planet*, etc: *Kerozene* (noisy, emo, pop, rock, punk, hardcore) and *Sedition* (emo, metal, Hc, noisy…)

Labels:

Panx has slowed down a lot label wise, but he still runs one of the biggest French web-sites. There is a huge database there! Darbouka and Tien An Men regularly put out EPs by bands from far-off countries (Iran, Iraq, ex-USSR, etc). Sanjam puts out more and more poppy bands these days (SEROTONIN, SIX PACK, KIDS GO FREE...). Maloka released and distribute hundreds of international punk, hardcore, crust records, zines, pamphlets… (Lecsa punk, LES TRAVAILLEURS DE LA NUIT, etc)… Stonehenge has a pretty big online mailorder. Also check out Small Budget/ Shark Attack (melodic HC and ska/punk mainly , PROTEX BLUE…), Revolution (HC/ crust (HIPPIES OF TODAY), Skud Records: (international crust/ grind/ punk), Bad Card (now called Chimeres—HC/ crust/ emo/ etc, LES FEUX DE L'AMOUR [goofy grind], GEORGE BITCH JUNIOR [thrashcore], RAVI [melodic emo-HC]), Mass Prod (punk and garage ; NEVROTIC EXPLOSION, STEROIDS, THE DON'T CARES, ASIDE/ SHORTCUT, HAPPY KOLO, INNER TERRESTRIALS…), Murder: (thrashcore: DAHMER, MESRINE), Ratbone (crust/HC/grind ; HEIMATLOS, FACE UP TO IT, DAYMARE), Walked In Line (punk rock & HC: SOUP TOXIC), Rural (punk rock; PARIS VIOLENCE [Oi/punk-rock)] THE FILAMENTS), Fight 45 (punk: TRIKARDS), Exutoire (emo/metal/HC: ACRIMONIE, FACE DOWN IN SHIT), TRAUMA SOCIAL (punk rock : BRIGITTE BOP, GILBERT ET SES PROBLEMES, SENS INTERDIT).

Distros:

I'll just drop a few distro names (the biggest and most reliable). Panx, Boisleve, Murder, Sanjam, Overcome, Maloka, Stonehenge, Emergence, Walked In Line, New Wave, Mass Prod, Burn Out, Zoop, Kanivo Chaos, Guerilla Front, Punkahontas, El Trasgo, Ratbone, Exutoire, High Hopes, etc...(if you wanna deal with one that doesn't appear on this list, write and ask me first).

Web sites:

The biggest and most interesting ones are are follows; from these sites, you can follow the links and find out about our whole scene!
www.panx.net, members.aol.com/rafdiy, www.stonehengerecords.com, www.multimania.com/fourdu (on old French bands), www.massprod.com, www.chez.com/maloka, www.punk-hardcore.info

Politics:

People interested in politics, anti-sexism, anti-racism, anti-capitalism, whatever, should contact the hardest working organization in France: Maloka, BP 536, 21014 Dijon Cedex. People interested in animal rights can check out: www.vegetarisme.info. There are very few squats in France that are "socially active," you can find them in most major cities, but they usually don't last long: Alternation in Paris, Les Tanneries in Dijon (the longest-running French squat, where they organize shows regularly).

And now onto some personal plugs...(did ya really think I was doing this for free ?!?)...I run a fairly big webzine/HC resource at www.punk-hardcore.info (international scene reports, interviews, reviews, photos, MP3s, etc—send your stuff in !). Currently available on my label: *New*

days Rising (punk-HC compilation) AGENT 86 (USA punk-HC from 1985-1990), MDC (USHC re-release, their two first LPs), ASIDE/ SHORTCUT split CD (two fast hardcore bands from France), *Take No Heroes* (international old school HC comp), FEUD (Filipino old school HC, latest album), OI POLLOI *Six Of The Best* (six EPs on one CD). I also run a big non-profit punk/HC/sXe/crust distro with hundreds of records from around the globe, send a SAE or check the website.

For more info on French stuff and for contact addresses don't hesitate to write us. We also wish to help travellers. We can put you up, show you around, etc. But only punk/HC people please.

Boisleve, Lasciouve, 63640 Saint-Priest des champs, France.
coinxxxcoin@yahoo.fr
www.punk-hardcore.info

Addresses:

Earquake, Fred Leca, Le Menil, 88160 Le Thillot.

Panx, BP 5058, 31033 Toulouse Cedex. (http://www.panx.net)

Sanjam, Yann Dubois, 9 Rue Des Mésanges, 35650 Le rheu. (sanjam-rec@aol.com)

El Trasgo (eltrasgo@infonie.fr)

Darbouka c/o Fréderic Brahim, 17 Rue De La Forêt, 67340 Menchoffen. (darbouka@netcourrier.com)

Ratbone/*Scream* zine, BP 11, 33023 Bordeaux Cedex. (http://ratbone.free.fr)

Stonehenge, b.p. 46, 33031 Bordeaux Cedex. (http://www.stonehengerecords.com)

Burn out, 2, rue de la Colinette, 51110 Bourgogne (http://www.burnoutzine.net)

Addresses in Paris:

Sonic machine, 143 rue St Maur, 75011 Paris (record shop)

Le Kiosk, 21 Ter Rue Voltaire, 75011 Paris (anarcho punk infos-hop)

Librairie Parallèles, 47 rue Saint Honoré, 75001 Paris (alternative record, book and zine shop)

Le Silence de la rue, rue Faidherbe, 75011 Paris (record shop)

Born bad, rue Keller (record shop)

Monster Melodies, 9 Rue Des Déchargeurs, 75001 Paris (record shop)

Plus De Bruit, 35 rue de la Rochefoucault, 75009 Paris (record shop)

Librairie Publico, 145 Rue Amelot, 75011 Paris (anarchist library)

Violette and co, 102 Rue De Charonne, 75011 Paris (feminist library)

Quilombo, 23 Rue Voltaire, 75011 Paris (antifascist library)

Addresses in Lyon:

La Gryffe, 5 Rue S. Gryphe, 69007 Lyon (anarchist library)

Street 69, 4 Rue De La Fronde, 69005 Lyon (record shop)

Addresses in Dijon:

Maloka, 61 Rue Jeannin, 21000 Dijon (anarchopunk collective)

Les Tanneries, 17 Bd De Chicago, 21000 Dijon (squat)

Addresses in Besancon:

Le Salon De Musique, 15 r Claude Pouillet, 25000 Besancon (record shop)

Addresses in Rennes:

Rockin'Bones, 7 Rue Motte Fablet, 35000 Rennes (record shop)

Rennes Musique, 19 Rue Du Marechal Joffre, 35000 Rennes (record shop)

Addresses in the Basque area:

Patxoki, 23 Bis Rue Des Tonneliers, 64100 Bayonne (self managed place)

Addresses in Beauvais:

Le Rockstore, 29 rue Beauregard, 60000 Beauvais (www.wilrecords.com) (record shop)

BAY AREA SCENE PHOTOS

LEFT:

RETCHING RED

BELOW:

BORN/DEAD

BAY AREA SCENE PHOTOS BY: LARRY WOLFLEY

NORTHERN FINLAND

Northern Finland Scene Report
Summer 2005

Hello! I'm gonna tell you all about the current punk scene in Northern Finland.

Let's start in my hometown of Kemi. CLASH CITY ROCKERS put out a demo CD in 2004, and they have had some very active gigs. You can download their music on the web at: www.personal.inet.fi/cool/juhohuuska. Sorry, the website is in Finnish only.

As their name tells you, they play punk rock in the vein of the CLASH, but they are also influenced by RANCID.

CRETIN FAMILY, a RAMONES-styled band from Kemi, recently broke up, but one of their songs (called "Song For Heroes") is on the *Tribute to Dee Dee Ramone* CD, which also contains other Ramones styled bands from around the globe.

Some of members of Cretin Family started KRETIINIT, a Finnish-language Ramones styled band; they have put out a CD and a CDEP. They have also played with old and famous Ramones-styled bands from around Finland. I personally don't like their music, but they are nice guys and the singer-guitarist of Kretiinit has organized a number of gigs here in Kemi.

Hardcore punk bands in Kemi: Currently, there's only one noisecore-band here, They are called AIVOPESUKONE. Web: aivopesukone.cjb.net. All of their demos can be downloaded there. Email: aivopesukone@jippii.fi. Because they started about 1999, they have lots and lots of noisy songs. I am personally planning on starting a band at some point, maybe in the summer if possible. It might not be, because here in Kemi it's not easy to get a training place. I have never played an instrument, so I probably gonna sing/scream. And it's gonna be a hardcore/noise/grind band, I think. Those pals of my are not so in punk, they listen to metal, especially black metal, PANTERA, and SLAYER. But one of those guys is a very good guitarist. Let's see what happens.

By the way, Juki and Weke from KUOLEMA (original members) have not yet started their version of "Noise Not Music." Ile (original and current vocalist of Kuolema) has said that it would be nice if Juki and Weke were to play in Kuolema again. If that happens, it will almost be the same line-up as it was in 1982-1983. Let's see

REAL VACATION

what happens with that. CATHERER, from the USA, played some gigs here in the fall of 2003 and Weke (Kuolema) screamed to microphone when they were playing. After that, I heard members of Catherer say, "Wow, we played with legends!" Soon there will be a new collection of early Kuolema recordings on Power It Up records from Germany.

I almost forgot, REAL VACATION (punk rock vein in SOCIAL DISTORTION) has released their first official 7" EP. It came out on Roku Records.

About anarcho hip-hop: Here in Kemi, an old friend of mine makes hip-hop influenced by NWA and Public Enemy. Their project is called "Mike G." They are pretty smart and knows about politics, but I have said to him that they should write songs about our hometown Kemi, because there is quite a bit of violence, drug abuse, and sickness here, much like everywhere else. Download their songs here: www.mikseri.net/artistit/?id=25572.

Psychobilly: Here in Kemi, that kind of music is very popular, but unfortunately some of those psychobillies are rednecks. In a nearby peasant-town Tervola, there was a big rock 'n' roll festival a few years ago. QUAKES from USA played there. The vocalist of Quakes also did a gig with some local rockabilly musicians. I think this happened last year. I personally don't know much about "-billy" stuff, but I like "punky"-style psychos, for example, CENOBITES.

In nearby Tornio: ETULINJA (riot/anarchopunk/HC) released their 7" EP in early 2004. You can probably still order it from Roku Records.

Because TERVEET KÄDET's original bassist Piasky, drummer Tilli, and Piasky's brother Weega live all in Tornio, they started to play HC and metal just for fun in summer 2003. Weega told me that they played DKs songs as a beginning. They first practiced in Tornio, then they started to practice in Kemi in a basement of metalfirm called TK-metalli (!!!) No, that's not a joke; the true name of that firm is TK-metalli. This project band is named "HEALTHY HÄNDS!" I wrote lyrics for one of their songs. It is a song about World War II. I don't know if they are still playing, or how you can contact them. Sorry. Generally, nothing's new in Tornio.

Oulu-city: 100 kilometers from Kemi towards the south. There are now some new bands. HUMAN PICNIC is a bunch of 16 year old teenagers. They play traditional, noisy Finnish HC with some crust influences. Contact: kelmuperse@hotmail.com. Download their demo tracks: www.mikseri.net/artistit/?id=35851 DRIVEN DYNAMO: Punk/Action rock in the vein of the HELLACOPTERS. They put out a CDEP just a while ago on Roku Records. Soon, there will be a full length CD. Web: www.drivendynamo.com Mail: SUPO

YHTEISKUNNAN YSTÄVÄT

THROWBACK

Records, PO BOX 83, FIN-90101 Oulu, Finland. OUT Of TUNE: Skatecore, not originally from Oulu, but still from Northern Finland. Almost all of the members live in Oulu nowadays. Web: http://www.out-of-tune.net. They put out a split EP a while ago with DIVISIVE, another punk band from Finland. Mail Out of Tune: Lauri Manner, Paalikatu 13 B 24, FIN-90520 Oulu, Finland. Phone: +358-400-697260

About Terveet Kädet: I'm not sure are they still around, but they played some gigs in 2004.

And FAFF-BEY, thrash metal HC with one member of TK, has made a comeback. They were around 1986-1993. Bad Vugum from Finland released their best records.

BURN AGAIN started in Oulu 2004 with members from past bands KANSANDEMOKRATIA and RED CABARET. They also had a member from the USA who lived in Oulu, and another member from Slovakia. Their music is D-beat crust; I think it's very good. They have released one demo CD. Soon there will be a BURN AGAIN/LÄHDÖN AIKA (HC-band band from Finland) split LP. Contact SUPO-Records. zero@kide.org

YHDYSKUNTAJÄTE is a drunk punk band in the vein of Finnish greats MAHO NEITSYT. www.suomi.net/ykj/

3 HENKIÖÄ TAI 240 LIHAA is a very weird HC/punk band. They started in 2001. Find them on the web at: www.3henkiloa.ruotomieli.net. I think they might be the same kind of band as RADIOPUHELIMET from Finland. TOTUUS ('82 styled Finnish hardcore) started in 1995, and I have heard that they are gonna have a ten-year anniversary party this summer. They have released five 7" EPs; I think those EPs are fairly well distributed.

THROWBACK (HC punk) has not been very active, but I heard that they are gonna go into the studio this year. Mail: krusti@luukku.com . They put out a 7" EP in 2002, and there are still some copies left in distros around Finland.

That's almost all I am going to write about Oulu. There is just one more important thing: In *MRR*#246, I wrote about a nazi problem in Oulu. At the end of 2003, the group "Oulu Skinheads" brutally beat and tortured one of their members.

The reason was that he was mildly mentally disabled. Almost ten skins got prison sentences; some were sent to prison for a very long time. I have heard that even other nationalists and National Socialists from Finland believe that those skins are insane and assholes. So nowadays, thankfully, you don't see many nazi skins in the center of Oulu.

OK, now to Rovaniemi, 100 kilometers, from Kemi to the north, towards the Arctic circle.

Active bands there are LAYBACS (Oi/streetpunk) and YHTEISKUNNAN YSTÄVÄT ('82 styled Finncore)

Yhteiskunnan Ystävät toured last year in Europe, they played in the same festival in Denmark as MDC. Releases: 7" EP in 2002, split LP with TURUN TAUTI (that LP is sold out) in 2003.

You can ask about Roku Records releases at this email address: moguli@rokurecords.com

There's also SUR-RUR. They are not originally from Rovaniemi, but their members have moved from South Finland. They have released an LP, a split EP with MOTHER GOOSE, and a few CDEPs. They play punk rock, though their influences come from many kinds of music. They started in 1996. They are gonna tour in Europe with Burn Again in July. Contact: sur_rur@hotmail.com Snail mail: Ratakatu 6 as 10 FIN-96100 Rovaniemi

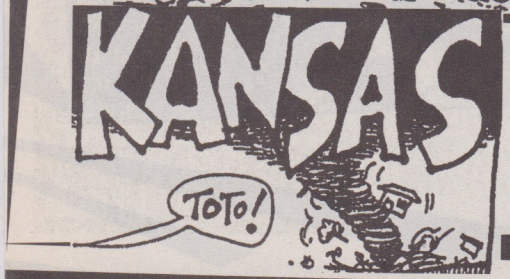
Post address of Roku Records: PO Box 148, FIN-96101 Rovaniemi, Finland.

Releases:
Roku001: Laybacks: Beer 7"ep 2002
Roku002: Stiggan Andresson: Päästä Irti 7"ep 2002
Roku003: Yhteiskunnan Ystävät-7"ep 2002
Roku004: Yhteiskunnan Ystävät/Turun Tauti-LP (SOLD OUT!) 2003
Roku005: Etulinja 7"ep 2004
Roku006: Laybacks/Driven Dynamo-split 7"ep 2004
Roku007: Real Vacation 7"ep 2005
Roku008: Driven Dynamo: *Living Extreme* CDEP 2005

Yep, so if you are interested in contacting me about anything in the future, or if you wanna send magazines, records, etc, you should. I can write reviews about what you send in Finland's biggest punk fanzine *Toinen Vaihtoehto.* I have contributed reviews to them a few times, and I also have written gig reports and interviews.
pekka.laurikkala@luukku.com
Snail mail: P.Laurikkala, Takajärventie 30 H 52, FIN-94700 Kemi, Finland

HEY PUNK!

MRR NEEDS SCENE REPORTS FROM ALL AROUND THE WORLD!



TAKE PHOTOS?
YOU SHOULD SEND THOSE IN TOO!

NO MATTER HOW NEAR OR FAR YOU ARE, OR HOW BIG OR SMALL THE SCENE, WE WANNA KNOW ABOUT IT!

CONTACT: MRR@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

A PUNK THRASH HARDCORE ROCKNROLL RIOT

CHAOS IN TEJAS

3★4★5 JUNE 2005

EMO'S
RED RIVER & 6TH
ALL AGES

AUSTIN

FRI 3 JUNE

- AVSKUM — sweden - 1st us tour in their 20+years
- TRAGEDY — only tx show
- THE STATE — michigan hc legends
- SIGNAL LOST
- CLOCKCLEANER — philly
- CHRONICLE A/D — ex- antischism, damad, initial state
- COMPLETE CONTROL • MANIKIN

SAT 4 JUNE

- DEATHREAT — back again after 4 years
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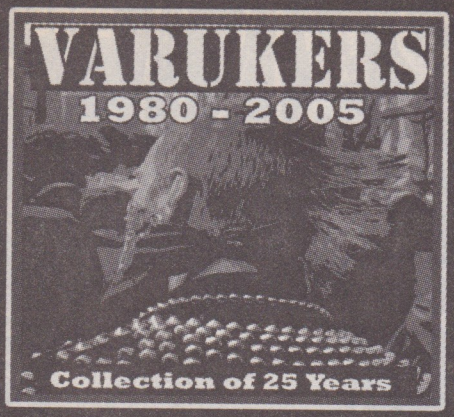

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A glimpse into the past from the MRR archives...

From MRR #1 July/August 1982

"Death for Profit"
War is a killing toy to human life. So leaders can add more profit to their realm of stupidity -Humans are nothing but armed puppets. Conquest for power -the scales are balanced -Life and Profit as War/Death laughs with his bloody tool.
-Pushead

where ARE you JOHN BRENNER?

Actually, he was "disappeared" by his parents -sent to a mental institution, then to a military "school" in Utah. He cannot be visited by friends, or receive mail. He's lucky. In Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile and Argentina the "disappeared" stay that way -dead.

This is just a sneaky way to get you to see the movie MISSING. It is about the U.S. cover-up of the CIA's role in the fascist military coup in 1974 against the democratically elected Socialist government, and how the "rules" only apply when they serve Capitalist interests.

The book MISSING, by Thomas Hauser is even better. After you read it, think about the Junta's announcement this Spring that, yes, MILITARY RULE WILL CONTINUE...as it does in so many nations friendly to the U.S..

MAGGIE THATCHER SAYS, "MEET ME IN THE BLEEDING MALVINAS!"

Santiago

A labor union president who last week criticized the military government's "disastrous" economic policies was found dead with his throat cut so deeply he was nearly decapitated, police said yesterday.

MEANWHILE...
...ON THE HOME FRONT...

Washington

The first federal indictments for evading draft registration are expected next week, with anti-draft protests planned as a response in more than 100 cities around the country.

WILL PUNKS PARTICIPATE?

Hi- my name is Fabio of the group OLHO SECO. My English is not so good. The "Bivar", a friend, is writing this article for you on our scene here in Sao Paolo Brazil. Allthe bands are poor. We have to fight alot to get anything. We've got troubles with the cops, and the studios are s-h-i-t. Another problem is the lyrics of songs-if the government knows what you're saying.(Editors note; the Brazilian military, with the help of the CIA, overthrew the democratically elected leftist government, and established a very repressive system, which now is in great economic and political difficulty, and is being pressured by many segments of the population to return to democratic elections). Punk records are rare here, because they are so high priced. But it's ok because our scene is growing every day. We like many foreign bands, like DISCHARGE(best), MINOR THREAT, KAAOS, DISORDER, DEAD KENNEDYS, EXPLOITED, TERVEET KÄDET, BLACK FLAG, RATTUS, VOID, CHAOS UK, LAMA, RIISTETYT, and many many others. That's all for now. Have a great hardcore '83.

Fabio of OLHO SECO

LIXO MANIA

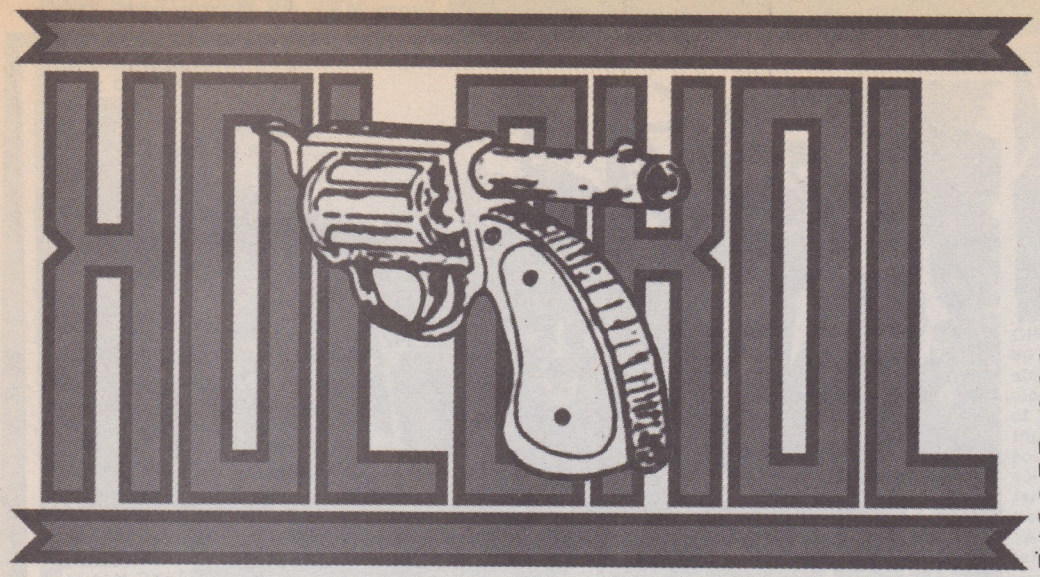
front, Moicane of OLHO SECO and COLERA

DESERTORES

Sao Paolo punks

PASSEATAS

Sao Paolo punks



KOLOKOL'S HISTORY...

Eirik: Kolokol was created in 1997, right after the band MI broke up. We were all politically active in a group centered around the radical bookstore Fribrygga Bokcafé in Porsgrunn (which is a town of about 30,000 inhabitants in Telemark), so we all knew each other from before. Since Kolokol first got together, we have managed to keep the same line-up, with Jostein Køhn (drums), Odin Brubakken (guitar), and Kjetil Simonsen (bass). Jostein, Odin, and I (Eirik Eiglad) all do vocals.

Odin: We haven t played together the whole time, though. We played for a couple of years, then we had a very long break, from 1998 until early 2003. We all lived far from each other, and we were just really busy. But we never intended to quit. After all, we had written some songs that we wanted to put out, so we got together to record all the old stuff. We had some intense practice sessions and recorded 11 songs in spring 2003.

Eirik: The first few years we called ourselves Nabat, and stuck with that name until we got together after the break. Then we decided we couldn t keep it, because of the renowned Italian band of the same name (we hadn t known about them at first). So we ended up calling ourselves Kolokol, which in the end has the same meaning and significance as Nabat: both words are Russian, and mean "bell" or "toxin."

Kjetil: Still, Kolokol is not quite the same band as Nabat. We now play both faster and harder. When we got together before the last studio session we also gave a serious facelift to the old songs.

Odin: The most rewarding thing about playing in a band like Kolokol is the chance to express our opinions and political views, which is both a privilege and a responsibility. And of course it is great to be playing together, and creating something in common, particularly playing gigs. I just love the feeling when all of the band members and the whole crowd make an effort to have a great gig together.

Kjetil: I totally agree. I find Kolokol to be a good medium for combining energetic music with social critique. We are trying to create a wholeness out of our collective forms of expression as a band. We hope to give people a good musical experience while sharing ideas and political consciousness. In the present, there are no frustrating aspects of being in this band, apart from the fact that the rest of the guys won t let me sing, he he.

Eirik: For me, the most frustrating thing about being in this band is, frankly, that there is not enough time to rehearse and produce new stuff. We are all pretty busy with work, children, studies, and so on, as well as various political obligations. This makes it hard for us to get together. We do meet and practice as often as possible, though. And it is always good to meet with the other guys. Besides, I must admit that making new songs is quite a rush! The process of making a new song that we are all content with is the most rewarding, I guess.

RECORDINGS...

Eirik: Right now we are recording a bunch of new songs. We are still in the process of mixing the recording, and the first results will be the release of a split 7" with the band TOAMOL (with former members of Kort Prosess and Alltid Jaget) this spring. I am looking forward to this release, as I think it will have quite decent contributions from both bands. The remaining songs are to be used for a coming full-length CD, which we hope to have finished and released sometime this fall. While all the songs we recorded last time were quite old, written in the late nineties (some actually date back to the MI-days, around 1994-95!) this recording consists only of new stuff. It will be more of the same energy and power, while blending in many elements from other genres. For our own taste, I guess, this recording is much more interesting.

Odin: But we were happy about the last recording (in 2003) as well! We then recorded 11 songs and they ended up as the first two releases, both of which we are quite content with.

Odin: And the EPs have been overwhelmingly well received as well. At least, that is the response we have gotten. Most reviews I have seen have been positive, too. After all, we make the music we love the most, and if other people like that as well, that s just wonderful!

SHOWS...

Kjetil: We also get positive feedback from our shows. It is quite important for us to give everything we have from the stage, and it is highly rewarding to talk to people after a good show. We do play gigs whenever we have the chance, but unfortunately that has not been very often. In fact, we have not done any real tours yet. We went with Summon The Crows for a couple of gigs in Copenhagen and Gothenburg last spring, but that is as close as we have gotten to a tour. So far, finding the time necessary to do more extensive touring has been the real problem.

Odin: We hope to do more touring this fall, though, particularly in Germany and Ireland. And we are working on some promising ideas for a tour in Norway.

Kjetil: And we are very much looking forward to tour Finland in April!

MUSICAL INFLUENCES...

Odin: Well, bands like Svart Framtid and Kafka Prosess were definitely before our time, but Eirik and I have seen most of the Norwegian hardcore bands that were still active in the early 90s. Bands like Angst, Bannlyst, and Life... But How to Live It? have clearly been very important for us. As a band-as Kolokol-there is no specific musical genre that influences us, although we definitely consider us a part of the Norwegian hardcore tradition. Personally, I am most influenced by folk music, new wave, jazz-related music, and classical music, as well as Klezmer and gypsy music.

Jostein: The band Kort Prosess was essential as an inspiration for me as a drummer. Their speed and intensity blew me away, and I just wanted to play like that! That being said, I am not really a hardcore fan as such. I like a lot of hardcore bands, but I have always been a metal fan, and metal is definitely the genre that has inspired my playing the most. Bands like Iron Maiden, Slayer, Cannibal Corpse, and At The Gates have been very important for me and my style of playing. I try to incorporate my metal influences into the music of Kolokol, and by that achieve a somewhat different approach to the genre.

Eirik: Although my exposure to bands like Crass, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys, and Minor Threat was highly formative, I have to admit that I rarely listen to punk and hardcore anymore. My main sources of inspiration musically are bands like The Pogues, The Aller Værste, Kina, De Press and The Clash, and I have also been very influenced by the work Black Francis did with The Pixies, and Ian Curtis Joy Division. The ultimate band in my view is-and I am a great fan-Einstürzende Neubauten, where the lyrics of Blixa Bargeld and the musical expression of the band blends together in a well of marvelously produced songs.

The lyrical aspects of a band are very important to me. Besides making great music, people like Shane McGowan and Joe Strummer had a distinct critical nerve that was carried on through their band (very much like Jello Biafra and Steve Ignorant in their own ways). I can find great pleasure in, say, the songs of Nina Simone, Georges Brassens or Cornelis Wreesvijk, and that is to a large degree because of the intelligent lyrics. By the same token, I frankly get irritated when I have to listen to music with stupid texts, whether it is called pop or punk. I also tend to favor socially conscious artists. Thus, I easily find a mainstream artist like Peter Gabriel much more interesting (and inspiring) than a subcultural icon like Henry Rollins. But I do listen to a broad range of music, and some of the music I love the most is made by hardcore bands: I love the intense channeling of energy that some hardcore punk bands manage to accomplish.

Kjetil: I have definitely found much inspiration in the Norwegian hardcore genre, not only in its intensity and energy, but also on the creative level, and I often express it when I am making riffs and melodies. I have found lots of inspiration from the aggressive energy in Angst and Kort Prosess, and in the more melodic elements from Life... But How to Live It?, and Econochrist. I can listen to many other musical genres and be creatively stimulated to make music for Kolokol.

ON POLITICS...

Eirik: We are all strongly critical of the capitalist system and culture. We all consider ourselves socially conscious and, more importantly, we consider Kolokol to be a political band. I do not think I am more politically engaged than the other members of Kolokol, but, as my part in the band is to write the lyrics, they certainly mirror subjects we all consider to be important, such as alienation, property relations, and exploitation-issues that are intrinsically connected to the current capitalist system-as well as nationalism, hierarchy, war, and oppression. In fact, if we did not write political lyrics, a band like Kolokol would be next to meaningless in my view. Furthermore, I would argue that everyone with a modicum of social conscience, self-proclaimed artists in particular, are obliged to deal with issues of social importance. After all, no form of art is socially neutral. Political songs, poems, and articles should rightly be considered as weapons in the social struggle. Remember how the famous American folk singer Woodie Guthrie painted "This Machine Kills Fascists" on his guitar around the time of the Second World War? He was well aware of his responsibility as an artist and a public figure. Still, that does not imply that we consider Kolokol a tool for propaganda-far from it, although we consistently seek to inspire people to make political commitments and engage in radical activism.

How did I reach my current opinions? Well, Odin and I got serious about politics when we got in touch with a group of social ecologists in Skien, and got involved in their anti-militarist, anti-fascist, and environmentalist activities. I was fascinated with their social analysis of the ecological crisis. One of the basic tenets of social ecology is that our grave ecological dislocations are socially produced, and that they stem from the way society is organized; therefore, social ecology calls for the total reorganization of society along rational, libertarian, and ecological lines. Both the critical and the reconstructive dimension appealed to me, and it still does. I guess exposure to these ideas has been the most important factor in my own political development.

Of course, I think it will be fair to say that I was also introduced to my political views partly through punk, or rather, that a lot of my radical attitudes were influenced by attitudes that prevail in the punk scene. I mean, in punk there are not many political ideas to speak of, although there are some sound attitudes. Similarly, it would be right to say that punk never was a real movement, only a "scene," and therefore my political engagement had to be channeled through organizations and movements outside the "scene." I must admit that there was a time in my early youth when I believed that punks represented some kind of radical vanguard, but nowadays nothing seems further from the truth, although there are plenty of great people in the scene.

By the way, when we are talking about lyrics, I think you can trace certain nuances in our new songs, as they often speak more about hope, struggle, and commitment, while the old songs were more purely critical. I think that is also an important political obligation for radicals today, to point out possibilities and to convey hope.

Your new record is called Grundrisse, which may arouse strong Marxist associations. Was that intentional?

Eirik: Haha. Nothing about this band is ever unintentional!! No, seriously, we have certainly considered the relation to Marx s work, but have not expected to be associated with Marxism. After all, in the foreword to the 7", we rather singled out the populist tendency, Marxism s greatest opponent on the radical left in Russia, as a source of inspiration. That said, we did hope to create associations to the very roots of modern European radicalism, by using the title of Marx s manuscript (that was later to become, in a rewritten form, his monumental Das Kapital). But the intention of this booklet was not to single out any particular ideology, but rather to place Marxism and other ideologies within a greater radical tradition.

Kjetil: No, none of us are Marxists. But all radicals should gather the best elements from the broad radical tradition. I think there are many lessons to be learned from Marxism, like its analysis of capitalism, precisely as there are important lessons to be learned from anarchism, especially its critique of hierarchical structures and the state. This does not mean that Marx or Bakunin was right about everything or that we should accept their ideas in toto. But in order to build a radical movement for the future, we need to single out the best elements in the revolutionary tradition and to integrate them into a new body of ideas.

Jostein: I think, when it comes to politics, all of us in the band are in agreement on a general level. Of course, there are some ideological differences among the members of Kolokol, but it does not cause any problems with the main thrust of the band, or of its lyrical expression. Concerning all the "main points"-like freedom, democracy, anti-capitalism, and humanism-there is a consensus within the band.

Odin: Yes, I do not think any of Eirik s lyrics ever sparked any serious debates about political differences, although several of his texts have been discussed more than once internally in the band. Mostly we discuss lyrical nuances in significance and clarity, and how they fit to the various melodies.

Kjetil: We have all been active politically in a range of movements. I work together with Odin in the Porsgrunn section of Demokratisk Alternativ, which is a Scandinavian organization working with issues of direct democracy and libertarian socialism.

Jostein: I am a member of several political organizations, and the keywords for my involvement have been socialism and anti-capitalism.

Eirik: I am also engaged politically, although I have not been connected directly with any active groups lately. Still, I am highly concerned with questions of direct democracy and social ecology. Among other things, I do edit the journal Communalism at hwww.communalism.org, and I hope to be more of a resource for my community in the future.

ON NORWAY...

Odin: What is the situation in Norway right now? Well, we have a lot in common with the other countries here in the Northern parts of Europe, so the situation is probably not that different from that in your own country. We do suffer from the same market liberalization as you do in Finland, and we are entangled in the same global economy. And even though Norway is a very rich country, the municipalities are forced to implement severe cutbacks on social services. Norwegian municipalities perform a large share of the public duties of the "welfare state," but there is great municipal poverty. At the same time, and this is the big paradox here, the Norwegian state has thousands of billions (!) placed in a gigantic Oil Fund, which is invested in the stock market. The thing I find worst about living in Norway is probably the rampant consumerism, which plagues most western countries today.

Kjetil: What I dislike the most about Norway is a self-content nationalism that too often surfaces unchallenged. I am also troubled by the increasing commodification of society. This is, as Odin pointed out, a general trend all over the world, not just in Norway.

Jostein: On the other hand, it s nice living in Norway because you really have a lot of possibilities here, at least when it comes to playing in a band. There is never a problem for a band to find a place to rehearse, there are concerts, et cetera.

Kjetil: Like Jostein, I appreciate these possibilities. And I like the fact that Norwegians enjoy many hard-won civil liberties that are lacking many other places in the world.

Odin: Oh yes, there are good aspects of living in Norway, too. Speaking in broad terms, the best thing about Norway is that we do have extensive traditions of local self-government, and the fact that most of the country is organized on a human scale. There is, I think, fertile ground for developing democratic politics here.

Eirik: I am not at all happy with the Norwegian political situation-I mean, "our" prime minister is a priest! And the fact that the Norwegian political spectrum is steadily moving further to the right. But I second Odin in valuing the prospects for real democracy. The only problem is that we lack any radical movements with the will and the strength to engage in this fight for democratisation and radicalisation of these promising structures and traditions. But I feel at home here. I do not think I could live in another country for a long time. In fact I am not sure if I would live in a foreign county. I feel at home in Telemark, not in Norway.

Odin: Oh, I could definitely live elsewhere, and feel at home wherever I live-our brothers and sisters are everywhere! But in the long term, I would probably miss the climate in Norway, with its four distinct seasons.

Jostein: I could definitely live in another country. Actually, I am considering a move to Sweden after I finish at the university.

Odin: When it comes to the Nazis, the situation is not the same as in the 90s. The Nazis are not that active in streets anymore, and many of their leaders have spent a lot of time in jail for different crimes. In addition to being continually confronted by antifascists, they have been torn apart by internal rivalries as well. Finally, the murder of a 15-year-old kid in 2001 roused public anger to a degree that has made it virtually impossible for the overt Nazis to organize for a while.

Kjetil: Still, they have not entirely disappeared, and it is well worth noting some new ideological and organisational tendencies among the extreme rightists. One good example is the bizarre sect Vigrid, which presents itself as a religious community. Vigrid s ideology is a strange mix of Asatru [an old Norse religion], National Socialism, and extreme anti-Semitism, and this sect recruits youth down to the age of twelve. While the Nazis have declined since the 90s, however, the right-wing populist Fremskrittspartiet [The Progress Party] has grown dramatically. This party is ensuring constant pressure on behalf of xenophobia, and its growth has made racist attitudes more accepted in the conventional political discourse.

ISOLATION...

Jostein: If the scene has been or is isolated or not, I really can t say, as I ve never really thought about it.

Eirik: Some Norwegian bands have obviously been quite renowned in the international hardcore community, although they have not "made it big" like some other bands have done.

Odin: At least Norway did not create any punk bands like Ebba Grön, or any hardcore bands like Refused, bands that have been really influential both in Sweden and far outside its borders. But in Sweden the punk scene has been more mainstream, too. Maybe it is an inevitable side effect of being big? Maybe not, since the Norwegian black metal scene is not really mainstream... I can t tell. Anyway, although Norway has had a fairly influential subcultural punk scene, it never broke out of its confines. It did produce some great bands, though.

Jostein: There are some great bands in the Norwegian scene nowadays that need attention. First of all, I d like to mention Summon the Crows, which is a great crust/hardcore band that we have played some shows with. As Eirik mentioned above, what was once Alltid Jaget and Kort Prosess has now merged into a great band called TOAMOL. Their style is hardcore with an extremely aggressive approach. They will release a double 7" through HeartFirst soon, and are worth checking out.

Eirik: There are a bunch of bands that come to mind, and people can check them out themselves. You probably find most of them if you search the web. You have some bands around Blitz like Juju Queens, Amok and La Casa Fantom, as well as other bands like 2:20, Drunk, Bøyen Beng, Going Under, Angora Static, Manhattan Skyline, Diediedie, Jet Set Njet, Betongbarn, Ingen Utvei, and Kaospilot. From other parts of Norway come The Spectacle, I.O.U., Catena Collapse, Insanity Prevails, and Victimized. I think Jin Rik Sha is still playing; they are definitely worth checking out! Not all these bands are playing that kind of hardcore usually associated with the Norwegian scene, but they are high quality.

Jostein: I think the Norwegian scene is on the rise again, after a few barren years. It s definitely a very positive vibe now, and I think that s very healthy. It seems like people really want to play in a hardcore band again.

ON DIY...

Jostein: I think the DIY notion is open for discussion. I consider Kolokol to be a DIY band, seeing as we have no promo agency, no mainstream distribution, and so on. And the fact that we have put out both our releases through small independent labels strengthens this point further.

Kjetil: But I also think there are problems with the DIY idea, at least if you take it literally. Well, if you take it too literally, I guess, so that not even the majority of the self-proclaimed DIY bands are truly DIY.

Eirik: He he, maybe. In that case, the only true DIY band in Norway that I can think of is probably La Casa Fantom: they are their own label, and even have their own record studio out in the woods. They do just about everything themselves. I definitely considered MI, my old band, to be a DIY band, too. In relation to this band, I was involved in running a label-that was a long time ago, he he-and I was organizing gigs and so on. Personally, I would not want to go back to doing all of that. Although I am still involved in just about all aspects of Kolokol, I like to focus my efforts as much as possible. And although Kolokol still "do everything ourselves," I would still insist that we are primarily a political band.

Jostein: I don t think that "Do It Yourself" is to be taken literally. It is more of a concept than a theorem. I see it as a notion of not letting go of heart and mind, and to never forget where one comes from, both as a band and as an individual. I think that staying true to the DIY concept can be achieved in many ways. It isn t impossible, for example, to get widespread distribution without losing one s mind and heart. I think that as long as you know your principles and are aware of them, you can pretty much control how other factors affect you.

Eirik: I think it is essential to evaluate the DIY concept in its proper context. Its roots in the autonomist tradition is fundamental. DIY is, above all, about creating an alternative, autonomous space; its primary idea and ambition is to carve out social pockets that are not dominated or even influenced by the nation-state and market society. The essence of this autonomist approach is to create a network of parallel institutions that challenge existing ones by virtue of their mere existence. The approach is based upon the belief that it is possible to carve out pockets within existing society that are both free and liberating. Everyone is certainly free to make up their own minds about this approach, but I can detect several severe weaknesses. I think the DIY approach has some value for the attitudes and initiative it inspires, but as a radical approach-if the point is to actually change anything in this world!-it falls short. And I think it should be judged by that criterion.

Kjetil: But that does not mean that we support the media circus surrounding a lot of hip bands that are based in the underground culture. Or all the bands that pretend to be; there are lots of pretenders out there. Furthermore, the

last few decades have shown how easily alternative lifestyles and trends are co-opted and absorbed by the market, and spewed out as commodities for a stupefied public. You can buy yourself any identity you want, even a punk identity or an ecological identity. There is nothing new about this phenomenon, but its sheer force and intensity is stunning. A lot of bands take part in these trends, surfing on waves that big record companies and media corporations create. The most recent "punk" bands that make a hit on MTV are actually just as integrated in the mainstream rock 'n roll circus as conventional rock 'n roll stars. But this is not a recent problem; even the earliest punk bands warned about this.

Erik: Yes, and this has always been a problem for subcultures, as the situationists also pointed out four decades ago. Anyway, it is quite obvious that the mainstream rock 'n roll circus is damaging for most bands. It is a problem when mediators standing outside of the band and the scene-acting primarily out of purely commercial concerns-can define the band and the scene. The strong insistence on DIY ideals has probably helped shield the hardcore punk scene against the total corruption that characterizes the rest of the music industry.

Kjetil: Still, one thing I find puzzling is that some people insisting on the DIY concept often have quite regular careers and lifestyles and a minimum of political involvement; they just want their favorite bands to be true to their ideals. They seem to primarily believe in maintaining the "purity" of a subculture, while I, well, while we believe in social change. That is a huge difference.

Erik: Agreed. And in this respect I greatly admire bands like Asian Dub Foundation, Chumbawamba, The Clash, Manu Chao, Disposable Heroes, Manic Street Preachers, and The Levellers, and even the politically confused Rage Against The Machine. Does anyone remember the "Your Freedom is at Risk!" campaign that The Levellers staged around 1995 or so? Well, it was directed against the introduction of The Criminal Justice Act, a new British law that was to severely restrict a range of important civil rights. And do you remember how Chumbawamba supported the dockers in their important strike? There plenty of examples how these bands have used their influence to spread social consciousness. I personally don t care if they "sold out." I think bands like these make a hell of a difference.

Odin: I agree. I have a much bigger problem with bands that only try to sell their subcultural expression. Steve Ignorant once warned us of believing that "guitars and microphones are just fucking toys," and that warning is still relevant. Unfortunately most "punk" bands going big these days would not even understand that warning, I m afraid. The most important thing for me is that we manage to retain or political and musical integrity as a band, regardless of what is commonly valued as "success."

Jostein: We are more of a political band than a DIY band, although I think the band s composition and values can be said to define it as a DIY band.

Would you consider doing something for a bigger label if the opportunity arose?

Kjetil: Of course we would consider doing something for a bigger label. To not even consider it would be alien to Kolokol, I guess.

Odin: Yeah, certainly. Just as we would consider doing something for a smaller label.

Jostein: I think it is very important for a band to be open-minded about any opportunity that comes around. Especially if the band in question is one that tries to get some ideas across in addition to the music. For our part, any offer will be considered, of course, as Odin points out, both from big and small labels. That being said, I think it is very often the case for a small, relatively unknown band, that the bigger bands on a "major" label get all their attention. By signing on a big label as a small band, one runs the risk of being left out of the priority loop. On the other hand, I think that the more people that hear the music and the ideas, the better. But not at any cost.

Erik: We must bear in mind that the size of the label is not in itself a criterion of quality. Personally, I do not find, say, messy design, poor printing, and limited pressings to be more genuine expressions of punk (or DIY) mentality. "Small is not necessarily beautiful," to twist E.F. Schumacher s phrase...

TOURING FINLAND...

Erik: On behalf of the band, I would like to thank you Jukka, for you immense help in organizing this tour. Without your help we would probably not have come over to Finland at this time. But we are definitely looking forward to it!

Odin: And to people elsewhere: just invite us to play and we will come if we have the chance!

Erik: Well, I would like to be asked if I could contribute with a relevant quote to finish the interview. In that case I would answer "Yes, of course," and then suggest we end with a quote from the Roman philosopher Seneca: "To be ignorant is to be dead."

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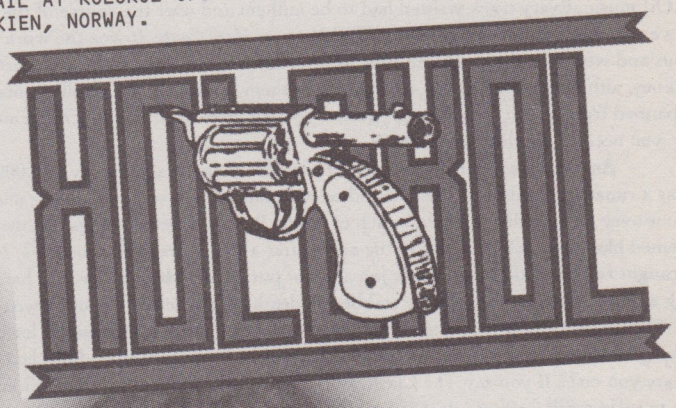


HARD SKIN

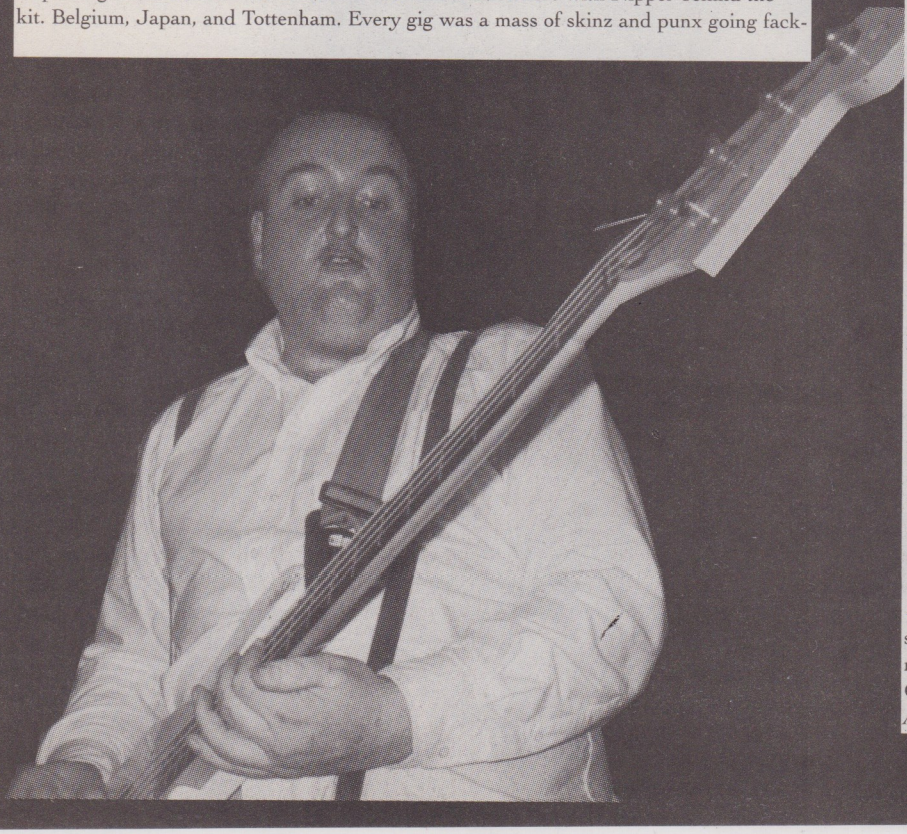
THE NEXT WAVE OF CLOSE SHAVE

Hard Skin are a facking Oi! Band and one of the best facking Oi! bands in the business. How do I know that?? Well I'm in it.

It all began years ago in Millwall, Sarf London by three geezers who all liked the beer, a game of darts and a bit of how's ya fatha with the birds. We wus all great at the first two but the birds were a bit of a problem so we decided to form a band because there woz some Student wankers who drank in the same pub and woz in a band and they always had quality totty on their arm. None of us had played before but it was simple. We woz on the dole except Takeaway who had the odd cash in hand job on the fruit and veg stall of his old man, so we practiced everyday until we woz as good as the Rejects. If truth be told we knicked the odd riff here and there but that's just facking nit picking. Me and Takeaway woz Skinz and Nosher was a punk and together we made Oi! Oi! music. Every track written had to be anthem and over the course of the early 90s we wrote the classic debut album *Hard Nuts and Hard Cunts*. It woz the work of genius and woz loved by everyone from skinheads to skunks, my muuva to crusties in Hackney, although we try not to sell records to them cause they are smelly cunts. They are banned from all our gigs though cause if you get more than two in a room at any one time, you need to get the fumigators in.

Anyway the album came out of Helen of Oi and it sold nearly 100,000 copies. It was a runaway facking juggernaut and we woz almost rich on the royalties and became very facking drunk and a bunch of cunts. We never got any gigs together 'cause it seemed like too much of a pain in the arse. After a few years of the good life, Nosher got caught red handed doing a bank job and got put inside. He got non-stop hassle for being a punk and ended up getting stabbed to death over whether Sham 69 woz better than The Clash. Course they are. Jimmy never sold out and is a spokesman for the working class and Strummer is a middle class preacher man for the middle class. Which side are you on?? If you say The Clash, stop reading this and give all Hard Skin records back to us to resell for more dosh.

So that was that, until a few years later we met Nipper (a homeless tramp juice drinker from Scotland) and he told us we should start facking playing again and stop being old and fat. So we toured the world and elsewhere with Nipper behind the kit. Belgium, Japan, and Tottenham. Every gig was a mass of skinz and punx going facking mental to the Oi! Oi! sounds of three pissed up cunts. It was top banana.



Next was to record a new album called *Same Meat, Different Gravy*. Basically it's the same meat but with different gravy, if you know what I mean? It was recorded down the road at Crystal Palace because it seemed like a facking pain to go all the way to London Bridge again.

All you cunts will say it ain't as good as the first album but we don't give a toss—it's the facking bee's knees or the elephant's bollox. Hard Skin is about having a laugh and having a say and that's what we are doing. Having a laugh and having a say. So stop thinking and start drinking...

—Fat Bob

MRR: Alright you cunts! Who's in the current first team squad?

Hard Skin: Alright Cuntchops. Hard Skin is and will always be from now onwards: JT: Vox and Guitar, Nipper: Drums and Vox, Fat Bob: Bass and Vox.

We used to have another drummer Nosher but he got Fucking Killed by the Pigs years ago. He drummed on the classic first album but never got to hit the stage as he got put away on the day of release. If you want to read more on this go to www.thepigskillednosher.cop.

MRR: Wot gear have you cunts released so far?

Fat Bob: Our discography is as follows:

—*Hard Nuts And Hard Cunts* LP/CD (Helen Of Oi) The first 300 were on green vinyl. *Hard Nuts And Hard Cunts* PIC DISC LP/CD (Broken) (with one extra track)

—*Hard Nuts And Hard Cunts* LP/CD (Helen of Oi) (repressed with different artwork after Helen Of Oi sold the label to some French geezer)

—"First Day Angry Song"– *New Wave Of The Close Shave* Double 7" (Damaged Goods)

—"Oi Not Jobs" – *This Ain't No Disco Mordam Sampler 98* CD (Mordam)

—"Ding Dong Merrily Oi Oi" – *The Christmas Fisting 7"* EP (Household Name)

—"Down The Pub" – *Punch Drunk* 3 CD (TKO)

—"Beer N Fags" – *Drinking About Songs* 2LP (Very Small Records)

—*Black And White Unite And Fight 7"* (Honey Bear)

—*Live Loud And Skinhead* LP/CD (Damaged Goods)

—"Beer N Fags" (Live) – *Damaged Goods The Cheap Sampler Volume 3* CD (Damaged Goods)

—*Same Meat Different Gravy* LP ('ermit)

—*Same Meat Different Gravy* Picture disc LP (Knock Out),

—*Same Meat Different Gravy* CD (Oi! Sold name)

—*Same Meat Different Gravy* CD (TKO)

—*Make My Tea 7"* (Must Destroy),

—*Greatest Hits Volume* 5 CD (Ugly) A compilation of the two studio LPs and bonus tracks. Also, in December 2005, the new album *Same Meat Different Gravy* will be released by Geffen, who swears it will be the biggest album since *American Idiot* by Green Day. It will come with a bonus

DVD and CD of remixes and videos. We are ready to suck corporate cock.

MRR: Ruffly or smoothly, how many gigs has Hard Skin done, any particular memorable or stand out ones?
Fat Bob: We have done about 40 gigs, give or take the odd 25. We have played everywhere from North London to South London and everywhere in between. This year we might be playing Watford and Essex.
The Best Fucking Gig was probably at the Kopi In Berlin, 'cause we spent all the money we got paid—10,000 euros—and we also had enough cash to stay at the best hotel in Berlin, rather than sleep with some travelers or stay up all night listening to bad German punk rock.

MRR: So obviously, Hard Skin is the best Oi! Band in England. Who else do ya rate/hate and why?
Fat Bob: Good question. But I think you made a mistake with "England" and "the world." So it should read... "So obviously, Hard Skin is the best Oi! band in the world, who else do ya rate/hate and why?" The best of the bunch at the moment are Oilyrag from Harstings or somewhere funny. They are young upstarts having a right royal crack. The down and outs from Liverpool play the most tuneful Oi! music in years but will never get anywhere whilst they are still dressed in shell suits. Apart from them watch out for Screwydriver (an anti-fascist band playing Screwdriver songs with a right-on twist), Lynard Skinhead ("Three birds" by them should be number one in Sounds Herbert chart soon), Cock, Muff, Bumhole (wild and untamed stray music. Stray is straight-on-straight-gay-sex-Oi!) and of course the Hard Skinettes (our Birds' band). As for bands we hate—the obvious ones really: Tragedy, Limpwrist, and Severed Head Of State, who all started as Oi! bands but turned into something shit. Ignore these bands and make the scene a better place

MRR: Wot previous band experience do ya have?
Fat Bob: Hard Skin is out first and only band. Everyone knows that you fuckin' mong.

MRR: Fave personal Hard Skin song and why?
Fat Bob: The song "Hard Skin" is my favorite song because it basically sums up what I am: a hard skin. Know what I mean?

MRR: OK, footie. Wot teams do ya support and have ya ever 'ad a good ole ruck at footie?
Fat Bob: We all support the Lions-that's Millwall FC for those ignorant caaaaants who don't know better. Have we ever had a ruck? Have you ever had a wank or a shit? The answer is yes.

MRR: Rumor has it Fat Bob strikes a resemblance to that Sean Forbes geezer from Wat Tyler. Any truth in this?
Fat Bob: What the fuck are you on about?? This question makes no sense?? Are you speaking French or summat??

MRR: OK, we want the truth—wot non-punk music do you cunts listen to. Give some examples please?
Fat Bob: First off, tooltoucher, we only listen to Oi!. Oi! is not punk and punk is not Oi!! But we have a feminine side as well and sometimes listen to Black Flag (from the album *Oi! Oi! That's Yer lot*)

and other stuff which I can't remember...ermmmm...fuck off! Got any easier questions?

MRR: Any hobbies or interests outside of playing music?
Fat Bob: "Birds, Booze, Darts, and a Fight" I wrote that lyric ten years ago and I still live by it to this day. Also, sometimes I have a shit and a wank if part one of the above doesn't happen!

MRR: OK, give us your top ten bands/albums?
Fat Bob:

1. Cockney Rejects – *Greatest Hits Vol. 1*
2. Cockney Rejects – *Greatest Hits Vol. 2*
3. Sham 69 – *That's Life*
4. Cock Sparrer – *Live And Loud*
5. Hard Skin – *Hard Nuts And Hard Cunts*
6. Hard Skin – *Same Meat Different Gravy*

Just fill the rest in yerself—this is getting boring and I need to knock one out.

MRR: So wots in the pipeline for Hard Skin? Tours/releases?
Fat Bob: Pretty much fuck all. Bands are obsessed with doing things. We are more casual than that. At some stage I'd like to retire from this game—I mean, I've played over forty gigs and have written over ten songs. It's emotionally hard and physically exhausting to keep this intensity up. Doing *Same Meat Different Gravy* almost broke me. We spent over twenty minutes writing some of the songs.

MRR: Anything else to add? Insults? Scandal? Etc?
Fat Bob: What's the reason I'm so fat? 'Cause every time I fucked your mum she gave me a biscuit!
Don't bother getting in touch—talk to one of your fucking noncey mates on email instead.

TRANSISTOR

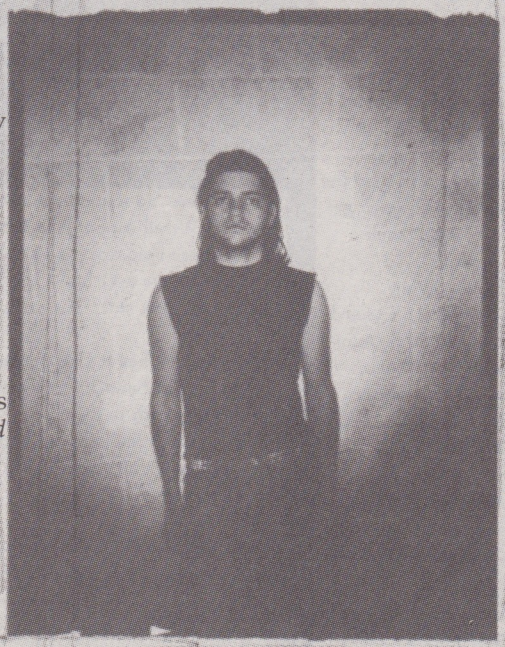
MRR: It took you guys three years to release a full-length after your initial debut; what took so long?
Nat: We did a lot of split singles and EPs between releasing our first record and finally getting down to business and writing and recording *Erase All Name and Likeness*. For a long time, the band would just write songs with no real idea about what record they would appear on, so if some band asked us to do a split and one member of the band decided it was a good idea, it usually happened and the potential full-length was pushed back even further. Also, between touring and going through various member changes, it wasn't the easiest thing to try to write a solid, cohesive full-length record. After coming back from Europe last year, we really just buckled down; we wanted to write a full-length and we committed ourselves to doing so. The band had never done that before.

MRR: Thematically, what is *Erase All Name and Likeness* about? Are there underlying ideas musically or lyrically throughout the record?
Nat: Lyrically, the album basically deals with the last year of my life. It is about self-introspection, and decisions and mistakes I had made and basically what I was doing with my life. A lot of things went wrong when I was writing the lyrics that would be used in *Erase All Name and Likeness* and there were a lot of relationships with people that really fell apart. I tried not to smooth things out and make myself look as if I had been wronged in every instance in the past, but realize I make mistakes and I can be selfish and that I can't really consider myself much better than these awful people I've been surrounding myself with, because I have been surrounding myself with them.

MRR: How do you respond to press/reviews of your music?
Nat: I was talking about this with a friend earlier today— I think I have a pretty realistic outlook when it comes to this. I realize that not everyone in the world will think we are a good band. Some might think the total opposite and some of those people might have to write reviews of our record. I try to not seek out press and reviews of the band, but honestly I am interested to see how people react to what we do, and to see what people have to say about us.
Brad: Good reviews get me excited. Sometimes bad reviews get me down. The bad ones only get me down when I know they are kind of accurate. I'm usually somewhat aware of the shortcomings of any band I'm in, so when someone else sees that too, it can be a harsh reminder of reality. Like Nat, I think I have a good perspective and realize that not everybody is going to like us, nor do I really want everybody to like us. I've long maintained that if everybody likes your band, you're probably doing something wrong.

MRR: How does the art for the record tie in with these themes?
Nat: I didn't want the art to be computer-generated; the record had a very real and raw feeling, and I didn't want the art to be some slick graphic of something that didn't have to do with it at all, scratchy text with a picture of a girl or some nonsense. I wanted the art to all run together because the record all goes together, and that is why we wanted the gatefold. Everything is just there in front of you.

MRR: Are there any books, movies, or other forms of media that have influence on the lyrics or music of the band?
Nat: In small doses, yes. I will reference lines from certain books or poems on the occasion, but nothing too blatant. At the time of writing certain songs for the new record, I was reading Whitman and Dostoyevsky, and if you look it is apparent, but I have never written a song about a movie or about a book. I have never really been drawn to do so. There is this movie, *Irreversible*, that I am enamored with and have considered writing about. For the most part the song lyrics serve as a way for me to capture a feeling or a situation, so that I don't forget it, good or bad. I have never needed to do that with a book I read or movie I saw; they are always right there.



MRR: Is Transistor Transistor a political band? Is there any political content to any of the lyrics?
Nat: Transistor Transistor really isn't a political band in the way that Crass was or that maybe a band like Against Me! is presently. I have never really been inspired to sing about issues that one would view as overtly political. There have been instances at shows where I feel the need to talk about something political, but politics isn't a driving force behind the band.

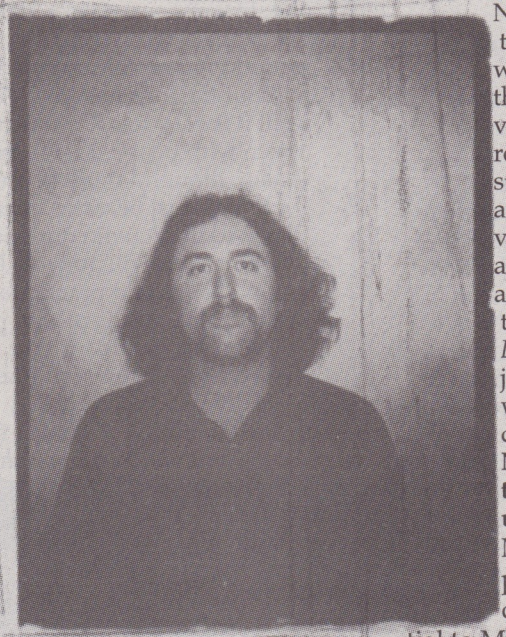
MRR: Have you ever been inspired by any political movements or leaders?
Nat: I certainly have been, but no so much in the sense that I want to follow their ideas and actions as much as I am inspired by people or groups who strive to create better situations for themselves and change the things they want to see changed. During my freshman year of college, I became very interested in both Malcolm X and the May-June events of 1968 in France. I found both intriguing, and you could say I was inspired by them. This doesn't mean I wanted to follow exactly in the doctrines and footsteps of these people, but their actions inspired me.
Brad: I basically agree with Nat. Most recently, I read the autobiography of Billy Ayers, who was in the Weathermen. I found that to be a really inspiring story for a variety of reasons, some of which go beyond even his political involvement.

TRANSISTOR

MRR: Did you vote in the 2004 election? What do you think the chances are that we're going to survive the next four years?

Nat: I did vote, and I am happy to say New Hampshire didn't go for Bush. Good job, you little northeastern hell-hole. When I listen to NPR or read Time magazine, I feel awful. I really think that there are irreversible things happening right now that this country will be dealing with for years, and this isn't some revolutionary thought I am having. Lots of people feel this way. The country is very divided right now and I realistically cannot see things going the way they are for much longer. At some point someone is going to snap over gas prices, gay marriage, or anything else. I could ramble on about how I think the country should split up into two countries one founded by Ann Coulter and George W. Bush and the other by, who knows, anyone who is remotely sane, but I don't think anyone really wants to hear it. Four years seems like a long, long time.

Brad: I'm for this plan where the country secedes into like five or six different countries. Fuck it. Social isolationism is where it's at.



MRR: You seem to have done most of your records with Level Plane. Do you like working with them? What do you think makes up a good relationship between a band and a label in 2005?

Nat: All ass-kissing aside, I love working with Level Plane. Greg has given the band endless support over the years and has been all-around awesome. Over the course of the last four years, we have become friends and I am more than happy to work with someone who I consider to be a great guy. I don't think everyone has to be buddies with their label, but it is great to call Greg about records or what have you and just end up shooting the shit for an hour.

MRR: What made you decide to go to God City Studios with Kurt Ballou to record the album?

Nat: One of the main things that really made me want to record with Kurt was knowing that we could record to two-inch tape and mix down to half-inch tape. The idea of being able to do that really appealed to me. Also, Kurt knows what he is doing when it comes to recording loud bands.

Brad: I had worked with him in another band I was in many years ago with good results. I talked to a lot of people who had recorded at his new studio and they only had the highest compliments. I also had a strong feeling that he was probably the best guy in the area, at the best price, that still had a good grasp on how to record loud, noisy rock music. In the end he was all that and more. I can't wait to go back and record there again.

MRR: Why do you prefer recording to analog than recording to digital?

Nat: The recordings we have done to analog are far superior than the recordings we have done to digital, in my opinion. Analog adds natural compression and, I know everyone says this, but gives a warmer feel to the recording. Digital basically gives you exactly what you put in it, and certainly is cheaper, but we had the ability to record and mix to tape on this record so we took it.

MRR: What was recording your new album like? How did the process compare to past recording sessions?

Nat: This was the first album we individually tracked, that is the first difference I can think of. Before we would all just pile in a room and do everything live, then I would add a guitar overdub and we would do vocals and maybe spend a day mixing. This time around, we worked on sounds for a long time before we started recording anything. We used different amps and bass drums, and switched hi-hats, and Kurt was very vocal if something sounded like garbage. All and all, it was a much more focused project. We spent over a week in the studio and spent a decent amount of time mixing. Not all the songs on *Erase All Name and Likeness* are mixed the same, whereas before we would just give everything one mix. We spent a lot more time with everything and I think it shows; at least I hope it does.

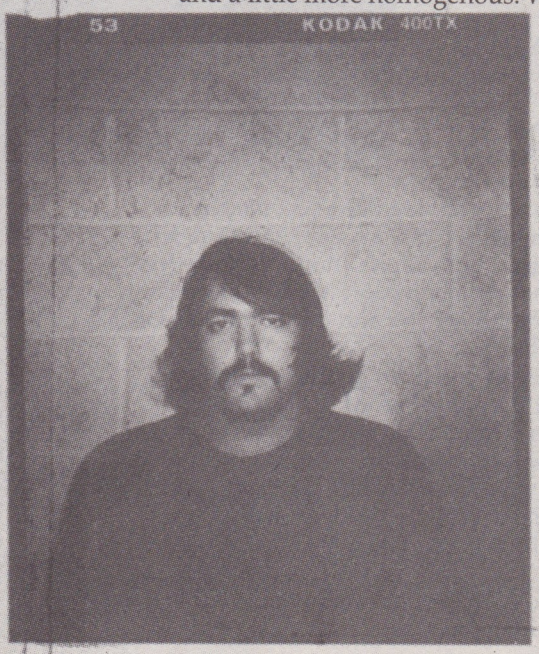
MRR: I heard you guys are kind of gearheads. What's the deal with all those crazy-looking old amps you use?

Nat: Ha ha, wouldn't you like to know? We are pretty particular about what we play, though it changes from time to time. I myself am rather partial to Marshall amps, most notably JMPs. I just love them to death. I currently play a 1975 100-watt superlead JMP that has a master volume mod.

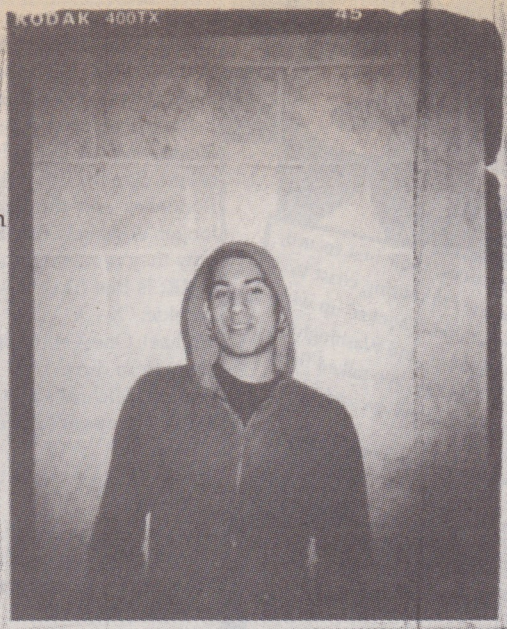
Brad: For whatever reason, we're all kind of gear nerds. I think it just comes from having a lot of different gear over the years and slowly learning what works best for the desired sound. Personally I think that having a better sound to begin with makes the songs better. You can't make up for bad songwriting with good amps, but with good amps sometimes even the simplest riffs can sound pretty kick ass. In some ways what it comes down to is that when we play live we want to be loud but we also want people to hear what we are playing. We don't want to be just a wall of high-end, solid state distortion.

MRR: You have done a decent amount of touring. What would you consider the most ridiculous and noteworthy

story you have from touring?
Nat: The most recent ridiculous story would have to be from the tour we did in December of 2004. We were playing in Houston, I believe, and when we got to the show we found out that a NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) meeting was taking place. The people had rented out the space that the kids who were setting up our show had, but they showed up an hour late and hadn't gotten anything together for the longest time, so by the time they were supposed to be done and our show was supposed to start, they had basically just gotten started. The place was filled with awful jam bands and completely delusional, aging hippies. Billy from Hot Cross had to call the club owner and I had to have some serious words with the guy who was running the NORML party and tell him that they had to leave because we had a show, it was like talking to a wall, a brain-damaged, fifty-year-old wall. After everything was cleared up, some people still hung around and I ended up talking to this guy about the "music business." He told me about his band The Stupid Cowboys and how they had just signed a record deal and how he had toured with The Strokes and how last week he partied with none other than Bob Dylan at the famous "EBGB's" in New York. I eagerly wait to hear The Stupid Cowboys on the radio.
Brad: The best part of this little episode is it brought things back to the good old days when punks and hippies didn't get along. Punks vs. hippies was alive and well in Houston, TX, that day and the punks won. Although those hippies did have a lot of pot and some marijuana-themed coloring books, so maybe they won.
MRR: What kind of jobs can you keep, with a touring schedule like the one you have?
Nat: None. Ha ha. Really though, there aren't many career options for bands in our position. For the longest time, I worked delivering pizza in my home town; they always kept giving me a job because they thought I was amusing. agency upon getting back from the tour we did in December and I ended up working at a medical supply distributor: I put together stethoscopes, syringes, and things called "mass casualty kits," which looked like hazmat suits. It was interesting to say the least.
Brad: I just got done working at a group home for mentally ill adults for two years. I was a counselor there, and it was a pretty liberal environment, and I even got paid vacation, which allowed me to tour some while I worked. I was ready to leave that job though, and it wasn't going to allow me to tour as much as I wanted. I've pretty much resigned myself to being broke at this point. I'm not even sure I'm going to start a new lease when this one runs out. I might just be homeless.
MRR: If you were in a position where you never had to tour again, would you still want to tour?
Nat: I can honestly say I would. I really enjoy touring. It can be difficult and it is hard to have things like an apartment or a girlfriend when you are gone for months at a time, but I really love playing a show every night and moving from place to place constantly.
Brad: I guess it could be cool when I'm in the twilight of my life if I am respected enough to still get to make records without touring, but basically my enthusiasm for live performance has only grown recently. I feel really good when I play with these guys.
MRR: How do you think the internet has affected touring bands?
Nat: The internet and anything is a double-edged sword. I am sure it is somewhat easier and has made it easier for people to communicate, but I also think that there are a lot of bands who are booking tours somewhat prematurely because of it. Honestly, I am too young to remember a time when you didn't use the internet to set up a tour, so I wouldn't really know otherwise. We were in the studio talking about touring and Kurt the engineer was talking about how he remembers setting up tours strictly via the telephone, and when we set up our first tour everything was done via email and the internet. One thing that I know for certain is a negative side of the internet's presence in the world of touring bands is that people are more apt to just post show listings on a popular message board than they are to actual make a flyer or hang up posters for a show that is coming up. The internet is certainly useful, but it isn't the only way to get things out there.
Brad: Being a bit older, I do remember having my first tour booked primarily over the phone, and I think things were different then. I'm not sure it's so much the internet these days that has changed things, but the amount of bands. When I went on my first tour, we pretty much would just call the guy who booked punk shows in a certain town, and that person would probably give us a show just because we were a punk band going on tour. It wasn't so much of an issue of what genre you were or if you were well known. A lot less bands went on tour seven or eight years ago, so it was a lot easier to get support. People that set up shows weren't stretched so thin and would often help you out just because you were DIY, and people would come out to a show just because it was a show and there was a touring band. Things are pretty much the exact opposite now. The touring circuit is supersaturated and it's really hard to get anybody to come see a band that doesn't already have a name for themselves.
MRR: How do you think the internet has affected punk?
Nat: In some ways very well, I know there are certain bands that I wouldn't have really heard unless I downloaded their mp3s and that would have never happened without the internet. The whole communication thing as well: it is easy to communicate with people and stay in touch with people I have met on tour or what have you. Again, though I think people treat it as the end-all, be-all of things; just because a band has had 3 million people listen to their demo mp3s it doesn't mean that your upcoming tour will go well. It is still important to write good songs and practice and work and not spend all your time taking promo photos for the web site your friend just made for you. Having a nice web site with a sweet message board is all well and good, but having a really nice record is way better.
Brad: I think it's made things a little less mysterious and a little more homogenous. When I was growing up, I would just sit in my room and listen to records and flip through old zines and try and imagine what all these bands would be like live, and have great anticipation when I knew one was coming to my town. Now there is no mystery and I can usually just go online and find out everything about a band instantaneously. Is some ways that's really cool, and it's cool



that I can find out what is happening in other scenes, but it also makes each scene less unique, as everybody is starting to pull from the same sources and not have as much local identity.



MRR: Do you consider yourself punk?

Nat: I don't know how to exactly answer this question. Today I listened to "The List" by Filth and it got me really pumped. I think that is the best answer I have.

Brad: I'm unemployed and I don't shower, does that count? All stereotypes aside, I do consider myself punk, but I also think that my definition of what that is for me isn't so rigid that I can't change and evolve within that definition. I think it can mean very different things at different stage in your life. What it meant to me at 16 and at 26 is pretty different in some ways, but still the same in others. Also, I once shook Steve Ignorant's hand.

MRR: You guys come from a place close to Boston. Did you participate in any sports riots recently?

Nat: Did we ever. Brad and I watched the final World Series game together with a bunch of other people and headed out into the streets to partake in the madness. I can vividly remember peeing in the middle of the street while a bunch of riot cops on horses rode by on either side of me, and later, as we were running from the horse, cops, and gas, I tripped on something and landed on my bullet belt, it hurt like hell, I guess that is what I get for wearing a bullet belt to a sports riot.

Brad: I can't say I actively participated in any rioting, but I certainly went down into the thick of it to observe the spectacle. It got a little hectic at times. People definitely flipped over a car, and I definitely got a little closer to some tear gas and some flash grenades than I meant to. I'm just mostly pissed that the police still used supposed "non-lethal" weapons to disperse rioters yet a girl died this year because she got shot in the head with one. Most "non-lethal" weapons are a joke.

MRR: Do you play a lot of shows in Boston? Where do you like to play the most?

Brad: We play a decent amount in Boston. Boston venues are in constant flux, though, so sometimes it can be hard. Having a big all-ages show in Boston can be a tough thing. You have to get permits from the city and rent out a hall that can be very expensive. Basically you can't have a show at a place like that unless you can guarantee to draw a lot of people. There are always a couple of basements doing shows, but they have to be pretty low key to avoid getting shut down by the cops. We'll play anywhere, basically, though. We have fun playing basement shows sometimes; other times we have fun playing bars. I like both for different reasons.

MRR: Pick a five-band bill from any point in history. Transistor plays and you get to pick the four other bands.

Nat: This will most likely be insanely mismatched, and I will just go with what I am feeling right now: Transistor, Children of Bodom, Led Zeppelin, Black Flag with Dez singing, and Carl Orf conducting Carmina Burana. Perfect.

Brad: Black Sabbath, Born Against, Pavement, and Fugazi.

MRR: What are your pursuits outside the band?

Nat: This question makes me sad because it is taking me way to long to think of another real pursuit I have outside the band, ha ha. I like to read, and I recently started drawing again. I play the guitar a lot, guitar is probably my main hobby. I have a nice acoustic guitar that I play a lot. I really like to cook and usually put tons of garlic in everything I make. The band really does take up a good chunk of my time, and that is fine.

Brad: Sadly, the band takes up most of my time as well. It's not really sad, though, because I love doing it and I could do something else if I wanted to. Eventually, I'd like to take the time to learn a skill that will allow me to be self-employed and work in music at the same time. Most likely, I'd like to learn how to be a recording engineer. To me, learning to record music would be just another step in being able to control everything about the process.

MRR: What do you think the most hilarious genre name of the last five years has been?

Nat: I really like mall metal, I think it makes total sense and you know what the person is talking about immediately. I also heard someone say "MTV-mo," the other day, which I guess pertains to emo bands on MTV, I thought that was pretty funny.

Brad: Krunk is pretty funny as far as genre names go. I don't totally dismiss it as pure humor either, though. I once read an interview with Lil Jon, where he described what goes on at a Krunk show and it had a lot of similarities to a good punk show.

MRR: In closing, let's get a little history. How did you come to meet the other members of the band?

Nat: I have known James, the drummer, since high school. He was a year or two older than me, and his old band actually played at the first show Transistor Transistor ever played. We have known each other for a while; we once went to see Cirque Du Soleil on a double date of sorts and also went to the prom together on another double date of sorts. I met Brad because he played in Wolves and we played a million shows with them. It was in Europe when we got to know each other better and I have slept on his couch countless times. Garrison, the bass player, is like my brother. We initially found out about each other because we dated the same girl at the same time when we were in high school. He later was dating a friend of mine and we immediately became friends upon finally meeting each other. We lived together at college and I would most likely be dead if he wasn't around.

THE SAFES

The Safes are a meat-and-potatoes rock and roll band with an extra serving of potatoes. Their first record, Family Jewels, was a smashing disc with eleven no-filler power pop songs. Now, they're touring coast to coast in support of their second disc, the harder and rawer EP, Boogie Woogie Rumble. I hooked up with them on the eve of their six-cities-in-six-days tour (NYC, Cleveland, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, DC), just after they totally smoked the packed Metro club in our hometown of Chicago. We talked for a while about the band, music, clubs, and whatever silly shit popped into our heads. Interview and introduction by John Velousis.

MRR: Tell me yer name and instruments.
Frankie: Frankie O'Malley, guitar and drums. And vocals.
Patrick: Patrick O'Malley, guitar, drums, and vocals.
Michael: Michael O'Malley. Bass....and vocals.
MRR: How long has this band existed?
Michael: Two years.
Frankie: Less than two years. About a year and eight months. Officially started in, I think it was April of 2003. We've played together in several bands, but this three-piece lineup has existed as a new band since then. But we've played in millions of bands together.
MRR: What was your first band together?
Frankie: I played in a band with Patrick when I was a junior in high school; Michael and Patrick played together in the eighth grade. I played in a band with Sean [yet another damn O'Malley brother]… countless bands.
MRR: Okay. Hey, I thought you said Michael was the one with the gift of gab. Frankie's doing all the talking. What the hell's going on?
Michael: He fields that question proper, right? Yeah.
MRR: Good 'nuff. Why are you called The Safes?
Michael: We're very, uh, protective… of our music and everything… [He sounds totally full of shit, although I'm sure he means it.] We like to keep it in a "Safe" until its time to be released…
Patrick: Actually, I saw the name on a sign. We put together a big list when we were coming up with the name.
Frankie: It was short, precise, and didn't particularly mean anything.
MRR: What sign? Like, was someone selling safes?
Frankie: Yeah. On Western Avenue, at Western and Fullerton. The sign just said "Safes," and Patrick was like, "That would be a cool band name." That's how Buffalo Springfield got their name, from a construction site sign. [The interview stops as the interviewer bolts out of the room, runs down Clark to Addison, west to Western, and then a mile and a half south to Fullerton. Bingo! The sign is there. He runs back to the Metro, where the Safes are washing the dishes from the backstage risotto bar.]
MRR: So, how do you feel about your new record?
Michael: Boogie Woogie Rumble is a great record. We recorded it in eight hours with Jim Diamond, "the garage rock king," in Detroit at Ghetto Recorders. It's like sixty feet from Tiger Stadium. Jim recorded the White Stripes' first album.
MRR: How'd that go?
Michel: We went there, set up, he miked the drums, got our sound done, hit record, we played our five songs, he hit "stop." We mixed it… it ended up taking us longer to get to and from Detroit than it did to make the actual five-song EP.
Frankie: Yeah, we blasted it out like a rock and roll show.
Michael: Then Patrick got Pro-Vel Records to put it out, a label out of St. Louis. Their site is www.provelrecords.com. We're so greatful to Nancy and Kirk out in St. Louis for taking good care of us, letting us stay at their place, getting us good shows, helping us get shows outside of St. Louis, getting us press. Doing things that labels do.
Patrick: Yeah, working the press and the radio, they've been a great help.
Michael: We're the number one EP on WFMU's Three-Chord Monte. We got 'em on CDs and clear red 10-inch vinyl. It's nice to have a record out on vinyl.
MRR: Yeah, vinyl's better than CD.
Frankie: Do you have it on vinyl?
MRR: No, I don't, I have the CD.
Frankie: Do you have a record player?
MRR: I do.
Michael: Everything we do is more than ten inches, though. [Everyone laughs.] You like that?
MRR: Yeah. Uh, I noticed that the first LP is all written by Frankie. Why did it happen that *BWR* is mostly written by Michael?
Frankie: It was just that time. Michael had a batch of songs we were ready to do, I had one that went with it. We write everything separately. Patrick has some great stuff that'll go on the next one.
MRR: What's your favorite band of all time? All three of you have to answer this, although I guess not at once.
Michael: The Clash.
Frankie: Cheap Trick. Early Cheap Trick.
Patrick: The Replacements.
Frankie: [Claps] The trifecta!
MRR: What about right now?
Frankie: Live, I'm gonna have to go with the Shakedowns, from Washington, DC.
Patrick: I've been listening to the Exploding Hearts and the Rondelles. And there's a band called Spoon from Austin, Texas. But the Rondelles and the Exploding Hearts are no longer, obviously. The Rondelles broke up and now they're members of the Foxx.
MRR: Is that like, "F – O – C – H – S"?
Frankie: "X – X"
Michael: One X short of triple-x. They're one X away from dirty.
Frankie: Michael's gotta name a band.
MRR: He doesn't have to answer if he doesn't want to.
Frankie: He's got one, though. He's got one in particular.
Michael: No, go ahead.
Frankie: No, you go ahead!
MRR: Are you embarrassed? Is it the reconstituted Bon Jovi?
Michael: No!
Frankie: That's his girlfriend's favorite band, though.
MRR: Man, doesn't that drive you nuts?
Frankie: I'm gonna say it if you don't say it, Michael.
Michael: Rancid.
Patrick: Michael's a big fan of Rancid.
MRR: I'd like to also note that he made some sort of hand gesture when he said that. Anyway! Is there any former band member you'd like to talk shit about?
Michael: Yes! There was a guy we played with for about four months. [For business reasons, this guy doesn't like to have any part of his name published, so let's just call him "Tea-bag."] He had a megaphone in Boston and he was just… [Whistles]
Frankie: Yeah, when we were in Boston with Tea-bag, he was harassing fans, and, just, strangers on the street…
Michael: [In a dead-on Tea-bag squawk] "*Your car broke down? That sucks*!"
Frankie: "*Dude, you're totally jaywalking.*" Fucking hilarious. That's not really shit talking, though.
Michael: Doug James looks in the mirror too much.
Patrick: Chris Warner looks like BLT from Degrassi Jr. High.
Frankie: Dave Tuff is a punk-assed bitch. [They laugh]
MRR: Have any of you ever been in a for-real fistfight with one another?
Frankie: Yes! As recently as our last tour.
Michael: Let me tell you. I was driving… whenever we get within two miles of any of our shows out of town, then it's fight time.
Frankie: We all-of-a-sudden are royal idiots.
Michael: It doesn't matter what directions we have or what street we're on, we fight. Guaranteed. In Washington, we were seventeen blocks from the street where we were gonna play. Patrick was in the front seat, Frankie in the back seat. Frankie kicked Patrick. Patrick threw my cell phone at Frankie, then punched him. Frankie punched

Patrick back, then I screamed, "Shut the fuck up!"

Patrick: We don't fight that much. We just –

MRR: Why are you backpedaling? 'Cause your parents are gonna read this?

Michael: They know if we fought, I would destroy all. Maybe Patrick could beat me up on a good day.

MRR: Who's the toughest Safe?

Patrick: I am.

Frankie: Patrick, by far.

Michael: Patrick's the toughest, but I'm the biggest.

Frankie: And the strongest.

MRR: Good, 'cause you're going to have to prove it after the interview's done. What's the shittiest show you've ever seen by a national act?

Michael: Smashing Pumpkins 2001 opening for Guns 'N' Roses at the Rosemont Horizon.

MRR: Wait, did that really happen?

Michael: It did happen and it was horrible. The only thing that got me through watching this shit-assed show was Jimmy Chamberlin's drumming. I just focused on that and drowned out all the bullshit whining and screeching.

Patrick: I just saw Billy Corgan walking down Michigan Ave. today, going into Sak's Fifth Avenue.

Frankie: Oh my god.

MRR: What's the best show you've ever seen?

Patrick: Flat Duo Jets at the Seventh Street Entry.

Frankie: Oh, wow, yeah, definitely. Flat Duo Jets at the Seventh Street Entry. That's all you gotta write. Flat Duo Jets any time they played.

Michael: Cheap Trick at the… What is that called? The one with the statue of [unintelligible]?

Patrick: Soldier's Field?

Michael: Yeah, it was at Soldier's Field when I was four years old.

MRR: It's actually called Soldier Field.

Patrick: Yeah, you're right. Soldier Field.

Michael: Shut up.

MRR: You guys are from Chicago, right?

Frankie: Yes.

[A long digression ensues about shitty clubs and thalidomide babies.]

MRR: What's your favorite album?

Frankie: Currently, Guitar Romantic by the Exploding Hearts.

Michael: London Calling by the Clash.

Patrick: Sorry Ma, Forgot to Take Out the Trash by the Replacements.

MRR: Do you have a favorite song?

Frankie: "Twenty Flight Rock" by Eddie Cochran. [A long pause.] Come on, guys, spit out some songs.

MRR: You only like albums, not songs, huh?

Michael: [A little too defensively] No, I like songs, I'm just trying to narrow it down.

MRR: Hey, name a bunch.

Michael: "I'm looking through you," by the Beatles. "Rattlesnake," by Rancid, and, uh, "Wrong 'Em Boyo," by The Clash.

Patrick: I like "Rebel Waltz," that's, uh, the first song on the second side of Sandanista!

Michael: I like the kid singing "Career opportunities" at the end of disc two.

Frankie: I like "Raw Power," by Iggy and the Stooges. I do. I also like "Sonic Reducer."

MRR: Why are you in a band?

Frankie: Because I love rock and roll and it's the only thing that makes me happy.

MRR: What are your band goals for 2005?

Michael: To conquer the world, get across seas.

Patrick: Yeah, we'd really like to go to Europe, and we're gonna –

Michael: Japan. Scotland. China.

Patrick: Well, we're recording a new record now, our second L.P. We hope to have that our in the spring or fall of 2005, and then a massive amount of touring after that.

Frankie: Yeah, we plan on continuing touring as much as we can.

Michael: Did we mention that we tour a lot? We do.

Frankie: We do.

MRR: That's how you make it. You bust ass and you rock hard.

Frankie: The ultimate goal would be to be on the road constantly and playing shows all the time, because that's the fun part. Playing live is what it's all about, the big payoff. Another goal is for the next full-length to be released as a 12-inch LP on vinyl. 'Cause I really want that.

Patrick: Oh, and eventually we'd like to get a permanent drummer. Right now Frankie and I take turns between guitar and drums.

Frankie: We're guitarists, but we're drumming out of necessity.

MRR: You guys are pretty badass at it, too. Maybe some Chicagoan reading *MRR* can come to your rescue.

Frankie: I'd prefer if Doug James picked up a copy. [Laughter. Doug played on the new EP, but has commitment issues.]

MRR: Do you have any message for the children of the world who read *Maximumrocknroll*?

Michael: Don't lie.

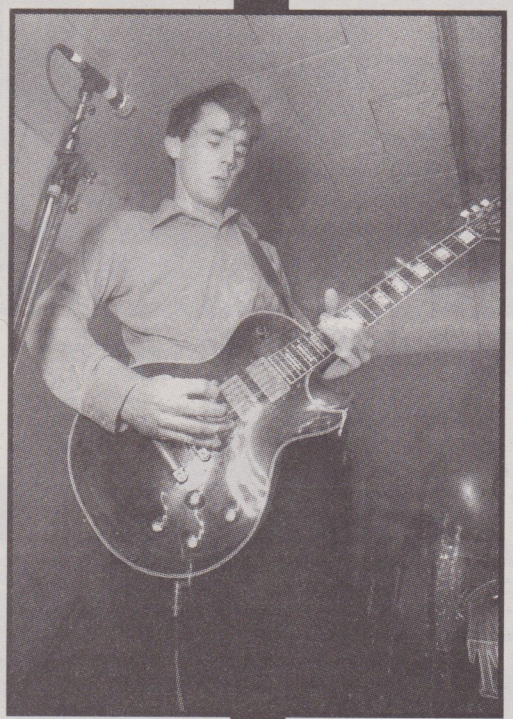
Frankie: Yeah. Be honest. Be kind.

MRR: That's a good answer. Okay, let's switch gears. Which of you believes in God the most?

Frankie: Probably me.

MRR: Who believes in God the least?

Michael: Satan? [Laughter all around.]



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THE DETONATORS

Formed in 1979, The Detonators were a part of the early hardcore scene in Los Angeles. Based in Redondo Beach, The Detonators were founded by life-long friends Bruce Hartnell and Juan Camacho. After several records and tours of North America and Europe, the band relocated to Eugene, Oregon in 1987 and released their landmark LP *Balls To You*.

Several other tours and records followed, and then the band took a financially-induced hiatus, playing their last gig in 1997. Hartnell went on to start a Mexican/Spaghetti Western band called Los Mex Pistols Del Norte, and sold his interest in his club, John Henry's, to work as an audio engineer at Eugene's Hult Center for the Performing Arts. Camacho ran several versions of a latino restaurant called Sandino's, and currently fronts a band called The Crimes Of Ambition.

In 2003, drummer Sean Schock, who had seen the band in Ohio in 1992, and had recently moved to Eugene, found Hartnell and convinced him to release some of the music the Detonators had not released to date. These tracks were from a cassette-only release called *A Thousand Points Of Punk* that was supposed to come out on vinyl in 1992, but the idea was scrapped due to lack of funds.

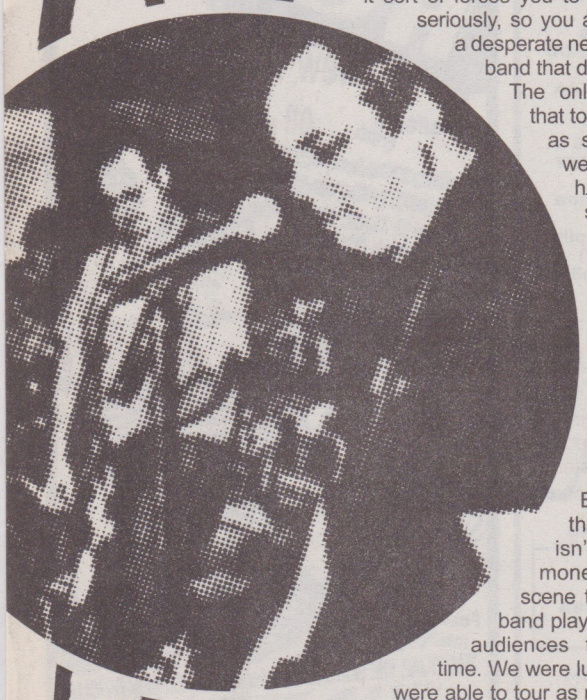
The band played a reunion gig at John Henry's in 2003 to celebrate the 20-year anniversary of their first LP, *Emergency Broadcast Systems*, with a line up of Hartnell, Camacho, Kirk Black on bass, and Scott Adamo on drums. After the show, Black had expressed an interest in pursuing the band further, and it was decided by Hartnell to carry on without Camacho. Schock was added on drums, and the other guitar spot was taken up first by Robin McDougall, and finally Will Lindsay—both from the Eugene band Human Certainty.

Schock and bass player Saxon (from another Eugene band, the Happy Bastards) formed NFN records, and soon re-issued *Balls To You* on CD. The label has grown to include several releases from other Eugene acts, and has also released some of the *Thousand Points* material on two 7" EPs, *Live in Hope, Die in Despair* and *Sonic Manifesto*, which were released in late 2004.

Interview by Chris Hubert

MRR: So, what's it like to be back in the hardcore scene? You've been away for a while—what's changed the most, and what made you leave the scene and what brought you back?

Bruce: I felt like I never left in the first place—I always had the same ideals and convictions that drew me into it in the first place, but the harsh realities of the burden of pursuing this particular form of music was wearing very thin, and I wasn't getting any younger. You start a band like that because you almost have to—when you sit around and watch a lot of shitty bands tell you what rock and roll is, it sort of forces you to take it very seriously, so you almost have a desperate need to start a band that doesn't suck. The only audience that took our band as seriously as we did was the hardcore scene, but the scene is at times just as fickle and not as open minded as they like to think they are. Besides that, there isn't enough money in the scene to sustain a band playing to those audiences for a long time. We were lucky that we were able to tour as much as we did, because it was a huge financial drain not only on us as a band, but also on relatives and those who helped us out. For example, if you're playing basements or clubs and the turnout is low, all you'd need is a mechanical failure to devour any money you were supposed to survive on to complete the tour. Even if you had great turnouts at gigs, you never knew when there would be a cancellation or something equally stupid like gas prices going through the roof to put you back in the hole.



On top of all that, we always felt like outsiders because we never looked the part of punk rocker. Aside from leather jackets, we never had the "trimmings,"—the mohawks or tattoos. A lot of punks couldn't see past that and didn't consider us a hardcore band because of it. That's some of the close-mindedness of the scene I'm talking about. I think the thing that has changed the most is how punk can be pretty mainstream nowadays. Green Day just won a Grammy, for fuck's sake! The grunge movement had a lot to do with helping make the scene more mainstream, and I saw through it. It was like, after the 80s and all that shitty electronic stuff, guitars were suddenly cool again, which was great, but only if you "played nice." Grunge was either watered down metal or "safe punk," however you look at it. I put the whole East Bay and Southern California skate scene and ska-punk in that boat too.

The current political climate sure as hell makes it easier to have a band like the Detonators, and I really hate the Republicans with a passion. I grew up in a very poor family, and as a parent I feel that the least I could do is speak out against them and the band gives me that opportunity to do so. I also must say that I was impressed that Fat Mike of NOFX did that tour against Bush last year trying to get punks to vote, and that Green Day did a whole LP based on the idiocy of the current president. For those bands to do something like that, to make a political statement, gave me hope that I might actually be able to reach some folks myself.

MRR: Are you saying that you're into it for the money?

Bruce: First off, there is *no money* to be had. The amount of overhead it takes to operate a band at any level is staggering when you put it into perspective. Most punk bands make their money from live performances, and most of those gigs are sketchy at best. You basically live hand to mouth. Add in the traveling expenses, and promotional costs, plus figure on the gig as a 24-hour-a day-job with all the trappings of being around a bunch of other smelly guys in the band and crew, and whatever money you make isn't worth it.

Punk bands put a "glass ceiling" on themselves by sticking to a sort of unspoken code of ethics and morals that only thickens that glass ceiling .By playing to only to the hardcore scene, you not only limit your earnings by "preaching to the converted," you also run the risk of depleting your audience, which only has a certain amount of income available to them—they can't afford to see everybody. The only thing I see changing all of

that is the emergence of more punks in society, and if the assholes who keep putting the Republicans in office keep at it there will be no shortage of punk rockers.

MRR: How did you reach the conclusion that there's a glass ceiling? Isn't it a good thing that bands don't sell out?

Bruce: I guess it's in how you define "selling out." If the band stays on the road and keeps making enough money to sustain itself, is that selling out? I work as an audio engineer in a performing arts center. I've worked with many top-tier acts; I've done about six Bob Dylan concerts for example. I also used to own a rock club, and I play in a Mexican band that does really well financially and gigs with bands like Los Lobos and the Neville Brothers. The thing I learned from all that is that everything about show business *is* business—from the basement shows to arena gigs. The acts that succeed take steps to take care of business, whether it's a small hardcore band trying to get a record out or a huge act that plays arenas, they all take care of business. The ones who don't succeed get the business done to them. Promoters don't give a fuck how good you are, just how much money they can make off of you. If you're not the headliner, they'll tell you in no short terms how lucky you are and how big of a favor they're doing for you—you're just a headache to them.

Because I have this experience of working backstage at major concerts, I've become even more cynical of the business. I have no idols or heroes, and I don't have a lot of respect for most of the acts I work with. A lot of acts are so bitter that they completely lock themselves away, or ban stagehands from the stage. What rock bands do is act like "rock stars," even ones at the lowest level of the business, like some hardcore bands I could name. I'm just not that fucking impressed anymore. I spend a lot of time polishing the turd of the show these "sellouts" bring, and you know what? No matter how hard you polish it, its still a turd. And the bigger the turd, the more willing the public will buy into it. As a booking agent in my own club, I had to deal with guys from William Morris Agency or CMA trying to shove the next big thing down my throat and have them tell me the whole time how lucky I was. I blew up once at a guy from William Morris Agency for trying to get me to book Jimmy Eat World for a two hundred dollar guarantee. They had played there several times before and couldn't draw flies if they were covered with shit. I told him that no one wanted to see them—next thing you know they sell a kajillion cds!! The band didn't get any better—they just got their business done.

My Mexican band can play to anyone—schools, baseball games, etc, not just in clubs—it's sort of gratifying because people treat me as an actual talented musician. The hardcore scene's never treated me like that, and I've seen bands that have succeeded like Bad Religion get respect from punk rockers only after they charge 25 bucks a gig. Look at how low Social Distortion had to go to become "stars" (I never liked them anyway). The Detonators have been treated like dogs for the most part; regardless of how good a record we put out because we don't or can't or won't make money for a middleman.

MRR: Some people would think that you playing Mexican music is a sellout; that you should only play hardcore.

Bruce: My point is that the rock scene is a small part of a much wider world, but folks in the hardcore or underground scene *only* want success on their terms, whether its what the magazines expect of you or your fans. Some bands are more willing to conform to that than others. There are a lot of similarities in Mexican music and hardcore, especially in the *rancheras* and *corridos* that the *norteno* groups and *bandas* play, lyrically. It's basically looked down upon by more "educated" Latinos, or the more professional types—a lot like hardcore is in this society. You also have to not give a fuck about what other people think about you when you're playing it, just like hardcore. I don't think of it as a sellout; being closed minded and one-dimensional is though.

MRR: Let's talk about the Detonators—what happened to all the old guys in the band, like Juan Camacho?

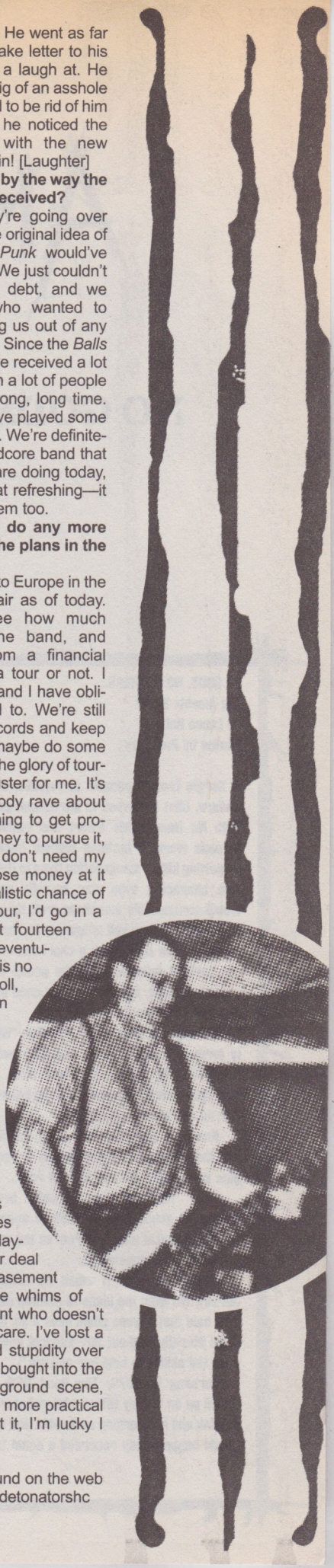
BH: Juan still lives in Eugene. He has a new band that's made up of him and his girlfriend and two other women. He's concentrating on that. Eric Capucci lives in Bend, about two hours away from here in the Cascades. After we started releasing records again I heard from Mike Mooney after about twenty years: he sang on the first LP, *Emergency Broadcast Systems*. He had some issues with some of my opinions of him and his time in the band that I had on our website. He went as far as to threaten us with a fake letter to his lawyer, which we all had a laugh at. He pretty much proved how big of an asshole he still is, and why I'm glad to be rid of him in the first place. Maybe he noticed the attention we're getting with the new releases and wants back in! [Laughter]

MRR: Are you surprised by the way the new records are being received?

Bruce: I'm glad that they're going over well, and I thought that the original idea of *A Thousand Points Of Punk* would've been a great record, too. We just couldn't afford to go deeper into debt, and we couldn't find anybody who wanted to release it without screwing us out of any money we'd make off of it. Since the *Balls to You* CD came out, we've received a lot of emails and interest from a lot of people I hadn't heard from in a long, long time. That's been nice, and we've played some shows and gone over well. We're definitely a different breed of hardcore band that what the younger bands are doing today, and I think people find that refreshing—it also sets us apart from them too.

MRR: Are you going to do any more gigging? And what are the plans in the future?

Bruce: I think we're going to Europe in the fall, but that's up in the air as of today. We're still trying to see how much demand there is for the band, and whether its practical from a financial standpoint to undertake a tour or not. I have a family to support, and I have obligations at work to attend to. We're still going to release some records and keep the name out there, and maybe do some smaller regional trips, but the glory of touring has definitely lost its luster for me. It's one thing to have everybody rave about your band, but another thing to get promoters to give you the money to pursue it, and at 44 years of age I don't need my ego stroked that bad to lose money at it myself. If there were a realistic chance of breaking even on a big tour, I'd go in a heartbeat. We did about fourteen tours in the old days, and eventually we had to stop. There is no retirement plan in rock'n'roll, so if you couldn't sustain the costs you had to accept defeat and find decent jobs—which I've been lucky enough to do.

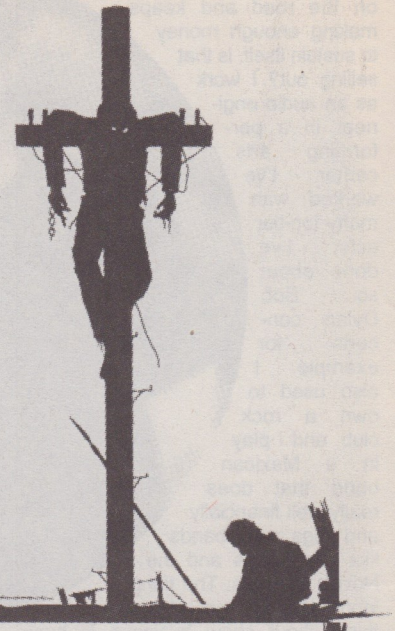


One thing I *really* hate doing is calling booking agents and talent buyers and begging for gigs. I really think that the whole process is demeaning, and it just takes whatever joy I get out of playing out of it. I'd much rather deal with a gig in somebody's basement than subject myself to the whims of some hipster booking agent who doesn't have a clue, and doesn't care. I've lost a lot of friends to drugs and stupidity over the years because they've bought into the romanticism of the underground scene, and I've always tried to be more practical than that. Looking back at it, I'm lucky I survived.

The Detonators can be found on the web at: www.freewebs.com/thedetonatorshc

AMEBIX

NO GODS NO MASTERS



NO GODS. NO MASTERS.
The Amebix Story
By Lance Hahn
Photos by Paul May

In Sergio Leone's remake of *Yojimbo, A Fistful Of Dollars,* Clint Eastwood is introduced as The Man With No Name. This smart and ruthless loner threads warring factions without backing down or getting killed, manipulating them in the process. This character, who was actually named Joe, would continue his merciless trek through *For A Few Dollars More* and ultimately in *The Good, The Band And The Ugly*. Such a character was one of the earliest influences on the group that would become Amebix, who originally named themselves The Band With No Name.

Rob (Aphid), bassist and vocalist, "We originally formed at school. Billy and Clive were in the Band With No Name, the first band. We went through several changes in line up before going to Bristol and meeting Disorder."

Known to many for their dark, gothic imagery and their metal influenced sound, the group's origins were still centered in punk rock.

Rob, "Through Stig, my older brother and friends at school, we listened to everything we could get hold of and John Peel on the radio to find out what was happening…

"Stig suggested it when he returned from Jersey. We liked the ideas of *Sniffing Glue* fanzine, who said that anyone could have a go. So we took them literally without any musical knowledge or even the ability to tune our guitars."

Forming in 1978, The Band With No Name would go on to play fifteen shows before having a rethink and reemerging as Amebix. But before that would happen, they recorded a demo tape. While maybe not successful getting the demo out to the public, one copy did get into the right hands finding them a spot on the first *Bullshit Detector* compilation.

Rob, "Stig and I recorded a terrible demo in my bedroom in a couple of hours. We sold six copies, and one of them I gave to Crass when I was working as a music reporter for a local paper. That gave us our first track on *Bullshit Detector*."

Recorded in the transition to Amebix, this raw and noisy demo has almost more in common with what would have been considered industrial at the time. The echoic, muddy noise surged forward through songs like "Amebix," "77 Faded Heaven," "Rabies," "Disco Slags," and "University Challenged" which is the track that would appear on the aforementioned Crass compilation.

That first *Bullshit Detector* was an indicator of things to come, as it was the debut for many groups that would play a prominent role in the anarcho scene like the Alternative, Andy T, The Sinyx, The Snipers, and The Disrupters. Like most things Crass was involved with, the record found a wide audience, selling thousands of copies and putting the newly christened Amebix in front of an automatic audience.

Rob, "It was very encouraging for us. It helped us to decide to pursue the music further."

Rob and his brother had become aware of Crass and the growing anarcho scene from a friend at the special school.

Rob, "A lad called Ali at the special school mentioned there were a lot of punk kids from London who had been sent to that school for behavioral problems. We hung out with them when they came into town, and they introduced us to some new music."

The name Amebix, which was also the name of the first song on the demo, was meant as a musical descriptive term rather than anything philosophical.

Rob, "Amebix was from Ameoba. We decided on the name after a gig in a special school in Devon. We were emphasizing how primitive we were; a basic musical form."

Adopting the pseudonym of The Baron, Rob and brother Stig brought in a drummer named Martin, who let them live in his family's abandon mansion in Dartmoor. This life would play heavily with the band's ideas and lyrical imagery.

Rob, "When Martin joined us we lived in his parents' manor house on the edge of Dartmoor. Very ancient Scooby-doo type of place. We got into drugs there and playing at night, sleeping during the day, reading a lot of Occult stuff. We were drawn to a heavier type of imagery than anything that had previously been associated with punk rock."

What few gigs they did at the time were largely exercises in futility.

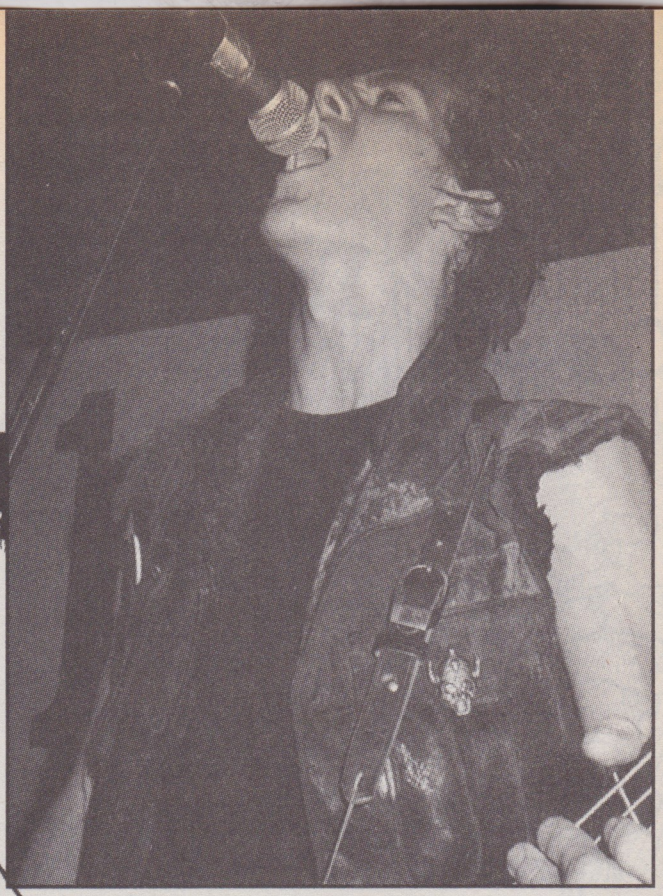
Rob, "We played around youth clubs and village halls for the time we were in Devon, often being canned off stage or attacked. Some trendy new wave types of bands were also on the scene. They could play."

Shortly after adding a synth player named Norman, Martin's family returned to find what was probably their worst nightmare. The band packed up and headed for Bristol while Martin's parents got him medicated.

In Bristol, the band soon became friends with hardcore punk band Disorder. Two bands trying to survive together seemed like better odds.

Rob, "We squatted together, shared everything, gigged together, and shared the drummer until Virus left Disorder for Amebix full time, but only for a while before he left."

At this point, the squatter scene was still considered synonymous with the anarcho scene and out of



financial realities, Amebix were in the middle of it.

Rob, "Hardly at all in Devon. But once we moved to Bristol we were living the life all the time through necessity. Squatting and eating from the bins."

In other ways, the band was to be loosely related to the anarcho scene as well.

Rob, "Yes and no. I always thought we had another take on music and attitude, not so much political, although we tried to be at first."

More than a year after that first demo had been released, the *Bullshit Detector* album finally came out. Through Crass, they were introduced to the guys from Flux of Pink Indians. It proved to be good timing as Amebix had just been able to scrape together the money for their first recording session as a serious band.

Rob, "We were mainly trying to survive when we hit Bristol. It was a very desperate time. I still don't know quite how we managed to record at all. But we all put in our dole cheques and went for a day's session for *Who's the Enemy*."

Released on Flux's label, Spiderleg, the four-track EP was unlike anything at the time. Tribal with metallic guitars and short, sharp lyrical phrasing with only the second track, "Curfew" acknowledging the hyperactive hardcore that was happening around them. The thunderous tom tom drumming from Neil AKA Virus, resembled Theatre of Hate or even Joy Division. Raw and simply recorded (at SAM studio for 85 pounds total!), the songs "Carnage" and "Belief" represented the band's unique style that would guide them for the rest of their existence while the final song, "No Gods No Masters" would be their battle cry.

Rob, "It is still a relevant slogan; self empowerment."

No Gods No Masters
Your God is your chain
Reject your God
Reject your system
Do you really want your freedom?

With the artwork came label art depicting what could either be seen as a demonic face exploding or something more abstract.

Rob from *Rejected Fanzine* #3, "It is a painting of a guy called Austin Spare who dealt primarily with atavistic art, symbolism if you like. The face is a very immediate painting to me, you know what was in the artists mind when he painted it. Atavism is the drawing up of images from the past through art including music."

Released in 1982, the band now found themselves with a little more freedom following the success of previous Spiderleg releases by the System and especially the Subhumans. It was followed up early the next year with a two song 7" called *Winter*.

Rob, "It was very much an expression of everything around us. It was a grim time in the early days in Bristol, the drugs and the hardships."

Wrap up warm
You'll catch your death
Don't let your death catch you
The winter tears the Earth apart
Lets hope we see it through

While maybe addressing more worldly things, the B-sides "Beginning of the End" is no more joyful.

The time is near at hand
A fact you must accept
Time stands still for no man
Not even for the rich
So sorry we're so humourless
It's just the way we are
You laugh but I don't get the joke
We walk but don't get far

The grim, deathlike sketches that also featured on the first EP were this time further emphasized with a foldout poster sleeve. Released on the heels of the Subhumans debut LP, this was another success for the band and Spiderleg.

With these EPs under the belt, it was a lot easier for the band to hit the road and play around the country.

Rob, "A fair amount. Disorder and Amebix would do a lot of gigs together all over the country, including free festivals, etc."

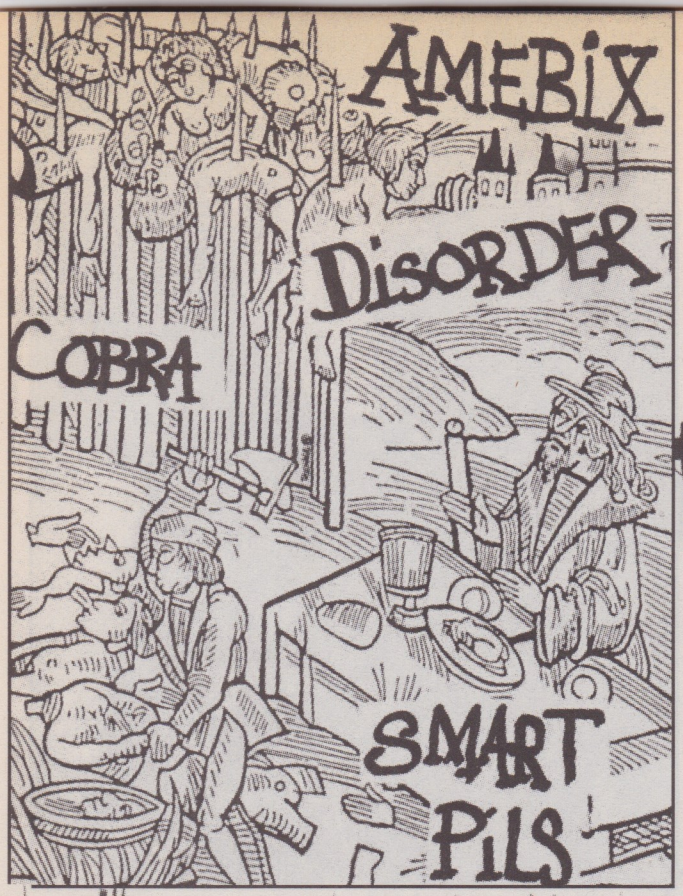
It was during this time that they played for a while as a trio having lost Norman on keyboards. But with news from back in Devon, they hoped to bring back Martin though this time as synth player.

Rob in *Children of the Revolution* fanzine #3, "We released a second single, *Winter* also on Spiderleg and were happier with the results, as we had the use of a better studio. We will soon be recording a new 6 track 12" EP and hope we can get Martin back to play synth for us as he has just been released from a psychiatric hospital."

That 12" was *No Sanctuary* and was miles better than the previous recordings.

Rob, "We recorded in London, stayed with Flux and worked hard at it. Jello visited the studios and told us that he liked what we were doing and wanted to offer us a deal if we needed one later on."

Though not very common in recent times, 12" EPs were pretty common even for punk bands in the 80s. But for Amebix at this time it was a necessity.



Rob, "We didn't think there was enough material for an LP. Also a lot of people were doing 12"s at that time, seemed right."

They lyrics, though no less grim, were a lot more thematically recognizable with songs attacking technology ("Progress?"), accidental nuclear war ("Sanctuary"), religion ("The Church Is For Sinners") and general civil liberties ("Control"). But standouts on the record would have to be "Battery Humans" and "Sunshine Ward." On the former, a story about factory farming is told as if humans were being vivisected.

Back in Cell Block 427 the rest don't care if he's missing
Two beasts fuck frantically, fearful of their slaughter
One bloated specimen rolls off its mate and proceeds with pissing
The shit drips between his legs as he pisses on his rotting daughter

With "Sunshine Ward" the band are as critical of themselves as with their fellow drugged out squatters.

Life in this building is freezing and wet
If I once had a brain then I seem to forget
'Cos just when I caught it, it slipped through the net
Now we sedate ourselves slowly
No time for regret

From the first note of feedback in "Battery Humans" to the ending trancelike instrumental of "Moscow Madness," this is certainly the band's most unique musical document. With simple yet great sounding production, the band for one record abandons most of the heavy metal trappings that appear on all of their other records. Driven more by songs than by riffs, this record also best showcases the original drumming style that was crucial to their early sound keeping them from becoming just a straight metal band. Along with a big bass sound that wasn't present on the 7"s, there are moments even reminiscent of "Death Church" by Rudimentary Peni.

As a trio the group went on to tour Italy. Before the end of '84, they had added George from the group Smart Pils on synth and toured Holland. At the end of that tour, Virus left the band to be replaced by Spider.

Rob, "Spider was in a band called Scum before he joined Amebix in around 84."

As mentioned before, Jello Biafra had been around during the recording of *No Sanctuary*" Liking what he heard, he offered to release the band's debut LP on Alternative Tentacles and the band agreed. 1985 would begin with a lot of serious work with songwriting.

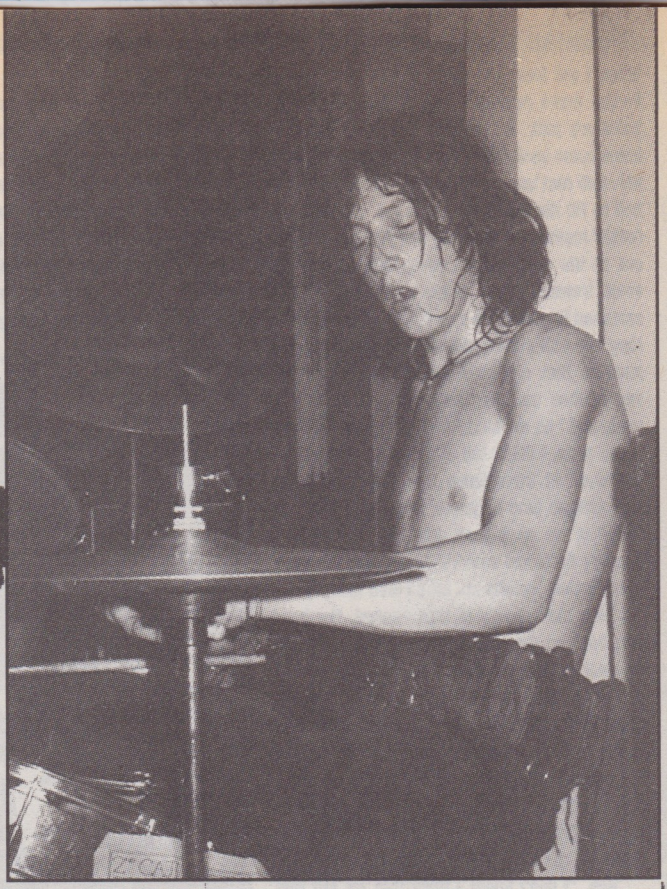
Rob, "We began to get more serious by the time we were writing material for *Arise*. We took Jello up on his offer, although they were a little disturbed by the metal sound when we presented the finished recording."

Stig in *Paid In Full* fanzine #3, "The deal with Alternative Tentacles came about because when the Dead Kennedys and MDC did their last tour here, we got in on their guest list because our old squatting chums Disorder were playing support for both bands. After the gig all of us went back to the posh hotel the DKs were staying in. There were about 50 of us if I remember correctly and the hotel bar was open late. So naturally we caused some minor havoc. So the bar refused to serve anymore drink until we had left the hotel. So not wanting to deprive the DKs of alcohol we departed taking MDC with us as they seemed adventurous types and took them back to Bristol with us and they stayed the night in one of our numerous squats. Which was a different experience for them coming to terms with the squalor we lived in. When they looked at us in the morning one of them said, "Christ you guys look real unhealthy." A fairly accurate statement at the time. So they bouth us breakfast healthy things like orange juice and stuff and from there on we got on really well with them and Jello Biafra. When we played the George Robey in London they came to see us and liked our stuff. Then we took them back to Southern Studios and made them listen (full blast) to the master tape of our second single *Winter* which Jello raved about. After leaving Spider Leg Records we contacted Jello and he immediately said yes. We convinced him that we could make a classic album if we were left to our own resources and with out any interference from the record company as we had with the anarchist Spider Leg Label. *Arise*! is the result."

The nine songs that make up *Arise*! are thought by most to be the most important Amebix document. With its high production standards, most complex arrangements, and metallic guitars, it's like if a much, much more sophisticated version of what would happen if Venom swapped Satan for anarchy. While metal may have been a disturbing trend with crossover in hardcore punk, this record, with all of it's heavy metal influences, was still far removed from that sad scene. The alien metal guitar sounds with the soaring synth noise was a mix of New Model Army and Berlin-era Bowie. In fact, the whole record has futuristic feel to it. Not the space rock of Hawkwind, but something new and unsettling.

Rob, "It is still strong. Simple and strong. I am very proud of that record as a real milestone. *Monolith* was very badly produced. For me "Arise" was our *Black Sabbath*, and *Monolith* was *Never Say Die*."

Stig in *Paid In Full* #3, "Are people raving about it? I didn't realize. That's nice to hear. Though I do believe it's the only true Amebix record so far because we produced it all ourselves and we weren't pressured at all. I don't tend to take a lot of notice of what's going on in the music industry or what bands are cool, etc. I just sit



out in my country retreat, read books, play a bit of chess, improve my mind, go for walks and things like that."

For the most part, this record is a departure from the thinly veiled political statements of the previous 12". This time around, fantasy imagery is used to convey the alien landscape they viewed the world as. The threats of nuclear war, pollution and religion had now become mythological battles. Outsiders to the teeth, this record was not science fiction but the world as seen from the bottom.

There's some hard times coming down
There's the smell of revolution on the wind
Well, we're grinding our axes
Telling tales 'round the bonfire at night
We will set out with a fire in our hearts
When this darkness gives way to the dawn
In the light we're united as one
For the kingdom of heaven must be taken by storm!

A rare exception, and standout track on the record, is "Largactyl."

Rob, "It was about the drugs that Martin was put onto after we left Devon and his parents returned to find their son a junkie."

Stig in *Paid In Full*, "I suppose we should have put something on the sleeve for people that haven't had anything to do with mental hospitals and psychiatrists. I wrote the lyrics to 'Largactyl' and it's a very serious son. It was written for an old friend and ex drummer of ours. It's a sad story but I'd better tell you what happened to him.

"Years ago we had a gig set up at some party somewhere and we were waiting for Martin to turn up (our drummer). We had been crashing 'round at his place, an old vicarage which was on the edge of Dartmoor in Devon. He had been acting a bit strange about a week before the gig (ha hadn't said a word for four days). I think he was worried about his parents coming back. But his eccentricity didn't really worry us because we were dosing in his house (manor) which was old and definitely full of lost souls (ghosts) and evil presences which we got used to after a while. But if we brought any one else back there they would usually shit themselves and run away literally. Martin didn't turn up to the gig as his parents found out we had been living there. I think they found some used syringes, which belonged to me and a girlfriend of mine at the time. He was so frightened of his parents at the time it was ridiculous. He was 23 years old, 7 feet tall (yes, really) but his parents had some horrible power over him. That was the last we heard of Martin for three years.

"Then one day a friend of mine met him in London and gave him our address. We received a letter from him saying he had been incarcerated in the psychiatric wing of the Royal Free Hospital under police observation for strange behaviour (running down Glouscester Road jumping on car bonnets). He was pumped full of Largactyle, which is a drug which they prescribe for almost any mental illness. They are not quite sure what it does but it keeps the patients sedated, which is all they care about in mental hospitals. Well, Martin was one of us. Not the type to let them shut him up so naturally they increased his dose of Largactyl. The letters we received from then onwards were utter gibberish crap! This wasn't the old rebel Martin. This was the scribblings of a fuckin' cabbage. We rang the hospital and found that he was living in a boarding house and had been released. But when we met him he had been converted into a complete and utter straight. It was disgusting to see. We asked if he wanted to play synth for us but he was too scared to step out of line. When we left the hospital they gave him enough of that Largactyle shit to kill himself three times. It actually eats away at your brain.

"Martin was to all of us a sane, powerful, intelligent, rebellious person. Now all his spirit is drained and he just wants to shuffle about in his house in Devon. I still see him about once a year, but in secret in case his mother's spies are watching him. I took Largactyl four tablets without knowing what they were. I was paralyzed in bed with voices talking inside my head loudly and clear as a bell. Whole conversations like there were people in the room. This lasted for a day. It was horrible and uncontrollable. Imagine being injected or force-fed that every day. This happens to thousands of mental patients every day. Who's next? Me? 'Nuff said."

You're standing on a hill
Looking down at the city
Thinking about your life
And your bottle of pills
They released you from the hospital
You're cured!
So this is how freedom feels?

The record insert ends with a dedication to the people who fought the police at Stonehenge that year.

Stig in *Paid In Full*, "No. None of the band were there because it was happening while we were recording *Arise*. It was very frustrating because I have a lot of brothers and sisters I the convoy and I couldn't get up and leave the recording studio because I considered it as important as the battle of Stonehenge. At the time I was staying in the Hangar in Bristol, which was a starting base for some of the convoy. But I couldn't go to Stonehenge so I waved them goodbye and wished them all luck in the morning and then went down to the studio.

When I got back the place looked like a refugee camp. People were crying. Loads of them were locked up in Salisbury nick. A few days later this 14-year old boy I knew came back with a hole straight through the front of his skull that was so wide it couldn't be stitched up. They had to fill the hole with bandages. It was a well planned fuckin' massacre! After we had finished recording, I went out to the emergency convoy site at Westbury to see some friends. Every single coach had its windscreens smashed in and there were a lot of battered people. But they are still strong and hopeful which is good because they are good people. They've fed me and clothed me over the years of visits I've made and I do my best for them when they are in my area. I could tell of many atrocities that happened at Stonehenge this year. But there isn't enough time or paper to do so. I thin I an say that we as a band and organization fully support them and sometimes we play for them to buck their spirits up. Me? I love them."

With the release of that record, the band was back on the road playing all around the UK as well as the continent. Despite the record getting around the US, the band never made it over. With Alternative Tentacles not especially happy to have a metal record in their catalog (though this could have easily have been paranoia on the band's side as AT were happy to reissue *Arise* on CD a decade after it's original release), the band and label parted ways.

Rob, "I don't know. I think that we felt that they were uncomfortable with our direction and were not really doing any kind of promotion. That's what we felt at the time. *Arise* could have been a huge hit if people had really believed in us. I still appreciate their help though."

At this point, George left the band to focus on Smart Pils.

Stig in *Paid In Full*, "An old Amebix saying 'you can't afford to carry dead weight'. Callous but true. Virus got lazy. Jenghiz is doing four years for smack. George wants to play bass in his own band."

The backlash in the hardcore scene against metal had a profound affect on perception and therefore the future of Amebix. It's important to remember that at the time, heavy metal had previously been the enemy of punk as much any other form of mainstream, corporate music. In the States, crossover bands were seen as bringing commercial and non-artistic elements into the punk scene. It was seen as co-opting by the metal bands gone hardcore and careerism by the hardcore bands gone metal. As time would tell, both sides were half right. But many people see the introduction of heavy metal as the beginning of the end to the first generation of hardcore.

Of course, Amebix were hardly what you would think of as a crossover band. Metal was just one of many influences.

Rob, "We were all into a lot of different music, from T Rex, Killing Joke, Sabbath, Bowie, Eno, everything. A lot of really good metal was emerging with the likes of Accept and Mercyful Fate. I got right into that."

But at the same time, they were as weary of a lot of the new crossover as anyone else.

Amebix in *Rejected* fanzine #3, "Personally I don't like Anthrax or Venom. I like a few bands in that wave but most of it is rubbish. If punk bands want to sing about anti metal that's up to them, we can sing about what we want can't we???

"...I am very selective about the sounds that grace my turntable as that scene is turning as equally submoronic as the last days of punk rock (a snivelling head pops up and says what about me?). So there needs to be an integration of ideas and positive energy from both movements, others even if we want to be mega radical and form a new music. Our stuff is too simple but it would be nice to see the more aware sections of youth come together for a change, don't you think."

In fact, lyrically the band was as strident as ever dismissing the idea that they would ever write typical lyrics of any sort, certainly not typical heavy metal.

Amebix in *Rejected*, "We'd never start writing Satanic songs, there's a backwards bit on *Arise* that takes the piss out of all that, and we've never tried to have a heavy metal image or view. We're just Amebix; No Gods No Masters..."

To further complicate matters, the band would sign to the newly formed Heavy Metal Records.

Rob, "FM Revolver records had a sub label called Heavy Metal. Stone Roses were on the label just prior to us appearing there. We wanted to get our music across in to the Metal scene as the Punk thing was dissipating into lethargy and rot."

Before the record had even been heard, accusations were flying at the band.

Spider in *Rejected*, "Fuck you!! To the people who think we've adopted a new image and started to play heavy metal, this year the Amebix have been together ten years (not as the present line-up) I was in a punk band for a few years called Scum, before Amebix. You can't keep churning out the same old stuff all the time or else you'll stagnate. Yes, we've played punk/metal but we've played it differently. You ought to hear what we're doing now."

So approximately two years after the release of *Arise*! came the bands final studio album, *Monolith*. Recorded on the cheap, the band went back to SAM studios where they had recorded their first EP. While musically fascinating and complex, the results were a bit of a letdown after the breakthrough of *Arise*!

Rob, "It is a very, very intense record, but terrible production. Some of the songs on that were extraordinarily heavy played live. We were overwhelmed by the amount of sheer power we could get out of so little musical ability."

The record still managed to sell several thousand copies, but not enough to keep the band from spinning in their wheels. With inertia bogging them down, the band split before the end of 1987.

Rob, "We came to a point where we were no longer inspired. We ran out of juice. It was as if we had been given a certain amount of energy in order to make those two LPs and then we were empty. The choice was either to continue and become a parody of ourselves or to be true to the whole ethos of Punk Rock, die young, burn out at your height. I am still proud that we were the only one of our contemporaries who actually took that path and stuck to it. It is embarrassing to hear decades old renditions of re-hashed punk bands who didn't know when to stop, or those who have reformed for the money. Amebix was the art of punk in a complete sense. It will never be reproduced and stands as a righteous testament to our life and times. The Power Remains."

But public fascination with the band continues to this day. The result has been a series of semi-legit and bootleg releases including the *V Zivo* cassette on FV/Skuc Ropot, *The Power Remains* LP on Skuld/MCR, *The Beginning Of The End* bootleg CD, and *Make Some Fucking Noise* LP on The Only Good Dealer is A Dead One Records which is a vinyl pressing of the *V Zivo* cassette.

Rob, "The *Make Some Fucking Noise* remix is good, very happy to hear that. A lot of other people have ripped us off all the way along. We haven't received any courtesy from any bootleggers with one exception. We never did it for the money but many people have made money off our backs and that saddens me. They forgot what it was about."

Following the breakup of the band, Stig and Spider got back together with George to form Zygote. While their one record doesn't come near capturing their powerful live show, which was a cross between Amebix and Motörhead, it is still a find document of the short-lived band. For a while, Spider played in the band Mucksprеader. But health has essentially put the former band mates on the outside of music.

Rob, "Stig has had drug problems since those days. He is very ill. Spider has tinitus and I hear from him from time to time. Stig is my brother. It has been hard to watch him destroy himself since those days in Devon. Choice is a terrible thing at times."

Despite the tragedies and hard times of the period, Rob remains true to his most distilled ideals.

Rob, "No Gods, No Masters."

ENDLESS NIGHTMARE

IS A FURIOUS AND BITTER HARDCORE BAND FROM PHILADELPHIA. IN THE LITTLE OVER A YEAR OF THEIR EXISTENCE, THEY HAVE MANAGED TO SELF RELEASE A DEMO TAPE AND EP AND HAVE TOURED THE MIDWEST CANADA AND NORTHEAST, ALL THE WHILE PLAYING SEMI-REGULARLY IN THEIR HOMETOWN. RECENTLY I CAUGHT UP WITH THEM TO FIND OUT WHAT THE FUCK THEY ARE SO ANGRY ABOUT AND WHERE THIS WILL LEAD THEM IN THEIR QUEST TO SHARE THEIR ANGER WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

INTERVIEW BY MICK B.

RR: Who are you and what do you do in the band?
Shawn: I play guitar.
Chris: I play bass.
Erik: Drums.
Mike: I play guitar.
Ned: Vocals.

MRR: All of you are from other areas of the country and have since moved to Philly. How did you all meet and how did the band get started? A brief band history, please:

Mike: Erik and I were in Otophobia for about five years. Chris was in Otophobia for the last year and we've been in Philadelphia for a few years now. We just knew Ned, and I worked with Shawn.
Shawn: We'd always make out and stuff. Actually the only reason they let me in the band is because Otophobia broke my face and they felt bad. It was at the Born/Dead and Phalanx show at Robot Haus. I was drinking a bottle of Becks and Andrew (then singer of Otophobia) head butted me, and the bottle went right into my teeth. I had blood and beer foam pouring out of my mouth, all the foil from the bottleneck bunched up in my teeth. The inside of my mouth and lips were cut to shit, it was pretty punk I guess. So yeah now I have a chipped tooth because of their crappy band, and all they would give me for compensation was a fucking cd. Not even vinyl or a shirt, they were going to but Erik is too cheap….[Laughter]
Mike: Otophobia shit the bed, so it was time to start a new band, you know?
Erik: Ned actually filled in at the pathetic last Otophobia show.

MRR: Why do you play the style of hardcore that you do?
Chris: To answer that question, as far as the three of us are concerned, Mike, Erik and myself, it was kind of just an adjustment from what we were doing before. The last set of songs we had were kinda different from the older Otophobia stuff. Once Otophobia disbanded it made sense to do something kinda different anyway. Basically, some simple changes like abandoning the blast beat, being a bit less metal, a little bit more straightforward.

MRR: So it was mainly just a direction change.
All: Yeah.
Mike: It was like, we could go either way, we could play more metal or just straight up hardcore. We're not good enough to play just straight up metal.
Erik: Part of it also was that Otophobia was all over the map. We did a lot of different types of things. Kind of the way it happened was some of the stuff just didn't fit very well. It was like, "Why don't we just drop the blast beats and gear it to a more specific style?" Like "that one song" kinda thing. We had more songs that were like that. "Let's just drop them and head in a different direction."
Ned: I think the fact that the one thing we all have in common is we all listen to international hardcore punk. That's one style of music we're all into and have in common. Shawn and I were in crust-influenced bands before this.

MRR: What are your influences musically and otherwise? What makes you want to be in this type of band? Is it as simple as a die-hard devotion to hardcore or is it more then that? Is it a release? Is it something you find cathartic?
Shawn: There are four people in the band that write songs, so that's a lot of different influences coming from all different directions. I think our individual musical interests are all over the map. I'm really into peace punk, Scandinavian HC, and new wave music. Erik listens to Japanese hardcore and Oi. Mike likes Finntroll, Weezer, and Go. Chris likes 80s American hardcore. Ned likes ABBA…..How can we go wrong?
Ned: Siege, Wretched, Citizen's Arrest, and Deformed Conscience are some of my favorites.
Erik: All things foreign. I'm currently listening to lots of Besthöven, Colera, Armia, Bikini, Nina Simone, Blut + Eisen, and Deathside. Oh, and tons of Oi. Tons and tons of Oi.
Shawn: It's definitely a cathartic release for me. I love playing. When I play I just get mad. I'm not really an angry person, except for

when I play. When I look in the crowd I don't really see my friends, sometimes I just see people that I don't like that have harmed me or whatever…
All: (Laughter)
Shawn: I actually see people at the show that I don't like, but I am not thinking of them, I'm thinking of other things outside the show.

MRR: So more along the lines of being angry, period?
Shawn: Yeah, I mean, when I listen to our music it makes me angry. Its not like, nice music.

MRR: Now would you guys label yourselves as a "crust" band, or..?
All: No.
Erik: I showered this morning.
All: (Laughter)
Shawn: Not that it's a generic term, because I love what was called "crust" in the 90s but I don't think we are a "crust" band. All the flyers have us as "crust from Philly." We may play hardcore but its not just one type of hardcore. We don't just play Swedish hardcore, we don't just play Japanese hardcore, I mean for us it's just all thrown together. We do have crust influences but not enough to call us a "crust" band.
Ned: I just think we're a pretty angry hardcore punk band, with a very dirty sound.
Chris: Its not like there was any specific attempt at like an "Italian sound" or "Japanese sound," its very general as far as styles are concerned.
Erik: That being said, I fucking loathe about 90% of what's being labeled hardcore and punk these days, so I'm a lot more comfortable with "crust" than I am with other things.

MRR: Do you think it's as rebellious to call yourself a "punk" these days as it was in say the early to mid 80s?
All: No. Hell no.
Mike: It can be blamed on the internet I suppose. Hardcore is just way more accessible. Bands it would take me years to find records by in the early 90s or whatever, now you can go on the computer and download the shit for free. Back then there would be one band I heard about, and it'd be impossible to find the record, only to find the record five years later, low and behold, five years after that I can click a button and have the shit.
Erik: Its good for kids, I mean I used to find out about bands in the back of Rolling Stone, which is unimaginable to someone who is fifteen now. But its cool that fifteen year-olds can sit around and listen to Negazione or something.
Chris: Or even them knowing who Negazione is for that matter.
Erik: I mean, that's cool.
Ned: With me, when I got into punk, it was always so exciting to discover some new band. You know, writing letters back and forth.
Erik: I think it's really easy to be punk now. I think there is a lot of hero worship. One thing I am really stoked about is that people are listening to foreign bands and paying attention to foreign scenes but at the same time, people tend to put certain countries up on pedestals; you know the Swedish or Japanese while not looking at other countries. Part of it is good but the other part is just collector nerd frenzy.
Ned: I think there is a lot of what Erik was saying, "hero-worship" and a lot of big punk fashion is coming back, which I think in some ways is cool but I think in other ways definitely waters down the substance behind the music. Bands

I THINK IT'S REALLY EASY TO BE PUNK NOW. I THINK THERE IS A LOT OF HERO WORSHIP. ONE THING I AM REALLY STOKED ABOUT IS THAT PEOPLE ARE LISTENING TO FOREIGN BANDS AND PAYING ATTENTION TO FOREIGN SCENES, BUT AT THE SAME TIME PEOPLE TEND TO PUT CERTAIN COUNTRIES UP ON PEDESTALS - YOU KNOW, THE SWEDISH OR JAPANESE WHILE NOT LOOKING AT OTHER COUNTRIES. PART OF IT IS GOOD BUT THE OTHER PART IS JUST COLLECTOR NERD FRENZY.

that just try to go for a particular style, which there are bands I like that would be labeled "generic hardcore," but bands that decide to be just like another band, making a conscious effort to write lyrics just like the band they want to be like, that sort of takes away a lot of the soul from it. For me, being in a punk band has always been about expressing rage and anger I feel everyday. I consider myself a pretty nice person but also a very maladjusted person. Being in the band, back to what was asked earlier, is very cathartic. There're a lot of people I hate, situations I hate, selfishness and ignorance. There're a lot of things I'd like to do about the things I hate that wouldn't be very legal…[Laughter]
Being in a punk band allows me to vent a lot of that, and its good to know a lot of people feel the same way. The definition of a good hardcore record to me is something I can listen to that makes me want to crack my knuckles against the wall. There're a lot of bands these days that don't do that for me. I think also the punk scene becoming such a social scene, can dilute a lot of that rage and anger.
Erik: Don't leave your house, that'll solve the problem.

MRR: I have heard more then one person describe Philadelphia as the "East Coast Mecca for punk" in the United States. Any comments on this statement being that you all live in Philadelphia?
Mike: See, that statement is bullshit. I mean there is a good strong scene here, don't get me wrong. But I mean, a lot of people say that because they come here just for Pointless Fest or whatever. There are motherfuckers from all over the country and world, yada yada, and people get the impression "Aww this is awesome, there are so many people here!" When all those people leave it's still just the same 45-50 people here.
Ned: I think whatever "scene" we might fall under, DIY, crust, thrash, hardcore, punk, there's definitely a supportive community. It's not like, 100 people. There's definitely a solid group of people who go to shows and start bands. Compared to the different places I've lived, there's a lot of people stoked about the style of music, be it "D-beat", thrash or whatever. I think that can be very inspiring. Philadelphia has a strong history of political activism. There are a lot of punk owned businesses and collectives here.

MRR: Could you give examples of some?
Ned: Firehouse Bikes out of West Philadelphia. C.O.D.E. Space, the place we're about to play tonight. It's a community type space with DIY shows, art exhibits, zine symposiums and stuff. Lots of independent book stores such as the Wooden Shoe (volunteer-run Anarchist book store) that also carries punk records by DIY bands.

MRR: Recently you self-released an EP and did a short tour out to the Midwest, Canada and the Northeast. This seems to be falling out of the norm of DIY hardcore punk culture. What made you guys want to "do it yourself" as opposed to waiting for an offer from a larger "DIY" label?
Mike: It was basically just wanting it to be done. We talked to a couple of people but they were like "Yeah, we can do something but its going to be a bit of time from now." We didn't want to wait, that was basically it from what I gathered. It was just like "Let's go ahead and do it." Do it ourselves, everyone kick in a couple of bucks, you know, do it ourselves and have it be out in like a month compared to six or seven months

if someone else did it. That way we could go ahead and start touring.
Erik: Another thing to understand is that Mike and I spent about five years in Otophobia eating shit and canceling tours, having band members flake out on us, just getting tired of it. I kept moving back and forth between Philly and Atlanta. In Otophobia we had to cancel an entire European tour. Starting the new band, we didn't want to spend two years waiting for someone to put things out or be on somebody else's schedule.

MRR: Did you guys feel that your first tour went well considering you guys were a rather unknown band at the time?
Shawn: It was awesome.
Mike: It was a good tour. I was surprised. The first couple of tours Otophobia did ate shit, financially. I mean there were a lot of good shows but I mean, it seemed like every show we played on the Endless Nightmare tour was solid.
Shawn: I guess a bunch of people saw us play the fest and that somehow got some hype out, I think. When we went out, we didn't have a record out beforehand but people still knew who we were.
Ned: The demo got around pretty well. We got a chance to play with some great bands. Like some great bands from Canada, Ballast and Complications. Die Screaming from Pittsburgh.
Erik: This is the first tour I didn't go hundreds of dollars in debt, with minimal van problems. Then again we did almost die due to a gas leak but luckily a miracle happened…[Laughter]
Ned: I don't know what you are talking about. We don't need the whole world to know about the "miracle."

MRR: Are any of you guys involved in any other projects, record labels, bands, etc?
Shawn: I'm in two other bands, one of which just started called Stations. We're recording a demo at the beginning of March, as well as playing Chicago Fest. I'm in another band called The Bad Dudes.
Mike: I'm in another band called Dead Meat, which is a good time. It's with a bunch of friends that I work with. It's definitely different then Endless Nightmare. It's a lot slower.
Ned: I also sing in Sangre De Los Puercos, which I guess is on a long-term hiatus right now.

MRR: Who writes the majority of the lyrics?

ERIK: THIS IS THE FIRST TOUR I DIDN'T GO HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS IN DEBT, WITH MINIMAL VAN PROBLEMS. THEN AGAIN WE DID ALMOST DIE DUE TO A GAS LEAK BUT LUCKILY A MIRACLE HAPPENED...

NED: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. WE DON'T NEED THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW ABOUT THE "MIRACLE."

Ned: I write most of the lyrics, Shawn writes some as well as Chris.

MRR: The lyrics have a nihilistic, negative view of the world but yet there's an underlying sense of hope in them as well. Is this a common theme for the majority of your lyrics?
Ned: Oh definitely. The lyrics I write are about, not to sound cliché, everything I hate. I don't think I would be in a punk band if I didn't think there was a sense of hope to change things. My lyrics are very cathartic. I guess they do come across very nihilistic but at the same time I think rage and anger can be a positive thing as well. I think if people weren't pissed off about the things around them then nothing would change. I think it's very easy to give up hope and slide into a path of self-destruction which can also be very popular in the punk scene at times. When people read my lyrics I want them to feel as angry as I do. I like to point punches, make my lyrics very straightforward. If I didn't believe in hope I probably would have shot myself in the head by now, because everything in this world is so fucked up. "Pour Salt in their Wounds" is a reaction to the growing momentum of the pro-life movement under the Bush administration. One look at his plans for the next four years paints a sickening picture of the state of women's reproductive rights in the US.
Shawn: I've been in bands for years were the lyrics try to be more sympathetic, not emo or anything, but a lot more caring, trying to point out "this is wrong" or whatever. I think with this band it was more like "Fuck it, I'm mad. I don't want to be understanding anymore. I don't give a shit where other people's problems come from, the only thing I care about is making it through the day." I mean I guess in that way they could be considered nihilistic.
Ned: Definitely more Negative Approach than Crass.
Shawn: I'm just tired of just fucking around, I just wanna get to the point with the lyrics. We all got into punk for the same reasons, whether it be maladjusted, not getting along with other people, not conforming to society.
Ned: I think people who read the lyrics, there are a lot of political themes discussed which people are welcome to talk to us about. I write lyrics for cathartic reasons, not so much to educate directly, which a lot of other bands do and I think is great. Some bands are great at that, more power to them. For us its definitely more about the primal rage.

MRR: Discharge or Gauze?
Erik: Gauze.
Chris: Gauze.
Ned: Gauze.
Mike: I'm a bigger fan of Discharge's later stuff, if for just comedy value. I have a bad habit of being into a band's worst albums. I think *Grave New World* is the best Discharge record.

MRR: What do you think about bands signing to rather larger labels such as Jade Tree and Prosthetic? Is this something that Endless Nightmare would pursue?
Mike: I gotta say that I'm soo not a part of any of that, that it doesn't even phase me. I don't waste my time thinking about it.
Shawn: At that point you're not DIY anymore. You may still be a "punk" band, but you're not fucking DIY anymore, so fuck it.
Erik: A band like us, not saying we would if we had the chance, because we wouldn't, but a band like us with the kind of music we are playing, it isn't a popular sound. There is no way this sound will ever get that popular. Regardless, if it did we wouldn't be a party to it anyway.
Mike: I just couldn't see us on a six-month tour with Lagwagon or Mortician or something.
Erik: Not that we haven't tried. [Laughter]
Chris: Another thing about that is I don't think it'd be worth it in general. My initial attraction to DIY wasn't so idealistic as it was practical. The style of music we play wouldn't go over and if it did it'd be for a very short period of time. It wouldn't be worth it if we wanted to do it.

MRR: How do you guys feel about things such as Punkvoter.com being put under the banner "punk?" Do you think it inspired change?
Erik: As far as Punkvoter.com, I think its ridiculous from the outside but at the same time I think that those guys who are doing it, I don't necessarily agree with everything they are saying but I think that they are trying to do something and that they were aware of the platform they are standing on and its potential. I think that's noteworthy. People like us who have a crowd so small throwing stones at people like that who have a huge crowd…whatever. Personally I think voting is important. I don't see anything wrong with it. They're not running around telling people to worship them. I mean, they were trying to get someone out of office that I wanted out of office, too. They had the funds to buy a couple of billboards. I don't have that kind of position in the "scene," they do, so "good try." I don't necessarily agree with how they did it, but good try you know?

MRR: Any comments on the

current situation we're in with the Bush administration and the state of the nation?

Ned: I think the results of the last election hammered the nail in the coffin for the Bush legacy. I mean, the war issue was obviously very important but I think more so than that the moral issues were what the election came down to. The Gay Rights issue, abortion issue. Bush wants to bring in these religious zealots, extreme right wing people, to run his federal judiciary committees. It's very frightening. Philadelphia was simply *not* pro-Bush. There still and always will be a large segment of the American public which is extreme right wing, which does get up in the morning and goes to vote. Basically, moral issues seemed to be the most important. People want to be told how to live.

Shawn: They're so fucking scared.

Ned: The right wing are full of a bunch of fucking cowards. Bush talks a lot about "standing tough" with US foreign policy, telling Americans they need to trust him to "get revenge"….breeding ignorance from confusion. And on top of that, centuries of brain dead tradition are pretty good to hide behind, if you fear change.

Erik: A couple of days ago, a bomb dropped right next to the only nuclear plant in Iran. It came from some "mysterious plane" that the US government knows "nothing about." Yet the United States has acknowledged that we have drones flying over Iran, trying to get them to turn on their radar. The problem is Iran can't because if they do the U.S. military will be able to get a full view of Iran's defense system. So Iran doesn't know who bombed them, because they can't turn their radar on, because if they do it will give the US the intelligence needed to invade them. This happens and then within a couple of days the Prime Minister of Lebanon is murdered. A lot of people think the United States had something to do with it. Yet these are two countries that Bush put on his "Axis of Evil." They are openly discussing invading Syria and Iran in the press. It just boggles my mind how blatant it is and how blind the American public is.

Shawn: Two elections in a row, fucking stolen. After all this shit with Iraq, that they blatantly lied about, the motherfucker still won. At east the first election you know the motherfucker stole it, but like in this election, the dumb motherfuckers voted for him. It's like "What the fuck!?!" The night of the election we played Columbus, Ohio, ground zero of the election. It was the worst show ever. Everyone was so bummed.

Erik: I'm seriously thinking of leaving the country.

Ned: When we were in Canada it was funny because people there were like "What the fuck are you American people thinking?" To people who aren't from the United States, it seems that they all think the re-election of Bush is some sort of sick joke.

MRR: So what are the future plans for Endless Nightmare?

Erik: Three week U.S. tour in late May/early June.

Shawn: We're doing a split EP with Dissystema hopefully very soon. We're recording at the end of March. We just re-pressed the EP and we're working on songs for an LP now. Then hopefully tour Europe.

Erik: This is just a big excuse to go to Europe. {Laughter}

MRR: Any final words?

Shawn: Thanks to my family who are amazing. Thanks to all our friends that have helped us out at home and abroad, especially Tony and Greg who have been totally supportive since day one. And oh yeah thanks to Jesus for inspiring us, and for creating all these stupid fucking people, without him and them we would have nothing sing about.

Ned: Thanks to all the great bands in Philadelphia we've had a privilege playing with like, Dissystema, Fighting Dogs, and Witch Hunt who are new transplants to the Philly area.

Erik: The pretzel place on Washington Ave.

Chris: John Dukes, none of this would have been possible without John Dukes.

Ned: All the Philly, Montreal, and Toronto punks…

Shawn: Connecticut and Pittsburgh Punks.

Endless Nightmare
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Miskatonica@hotmail.com (Ned)

TWO ELECTIONS IN A ROW, FUCKING STOLEN. AFTER ALL THIS SHIT WITH IRAQ, THAT THEY BLATANTLY LIED ABOUT, THE MOTHERFUCKER STILL WON. AT LEAST THE FIRST ELECTION, YOU KNOW THE MOTHERFUCKER STOLE IT, BUT LIKE IN THIS ELECTION, THE DUMB MOTHERFUCKERS VOTED FOR

HIM. IT'S LIKE WHAT THE FUCK?! THE NIGHT OF THE ELECTION WE PLAYED COLUMBUS, OHIO, GROUND ZERO OF THE ELECTION. IT WAS THE WORST SHOW EVER. EVERYONE WAS SO BUMMED.

FIGHTING DOGS

Summer 05

WED	6/22	CLEVELAND, OH @THE TOWER W/ DISMAL
THU	6/23	CHICAGO, IL W/ DISMAL
FRI	6/24	MADISON, WI @THE OWL SANCTUARY W/ DISMAL & HIGH ON CRIME
SAT	6/25	MINNEAPOLIS, MN W/ DISMAL
SUN	6/26	RAPID CITY, SD
MON	6/27	DRIVE
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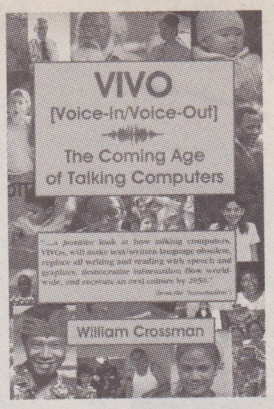

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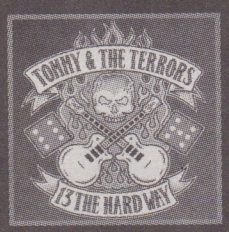

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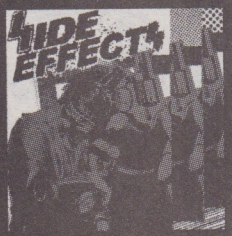

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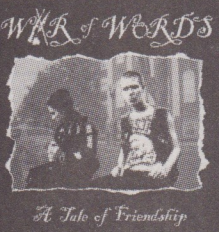

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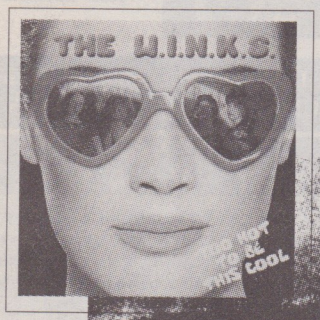

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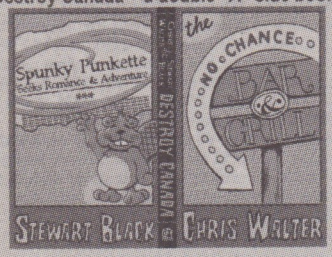

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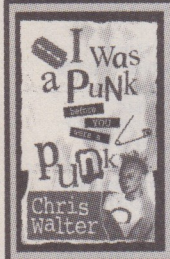

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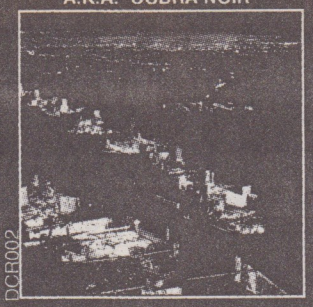

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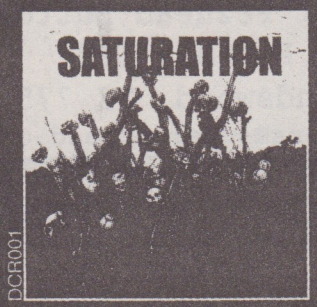

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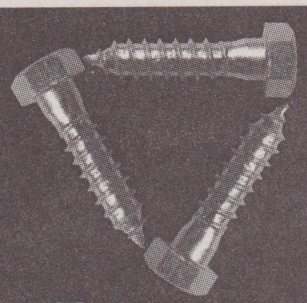

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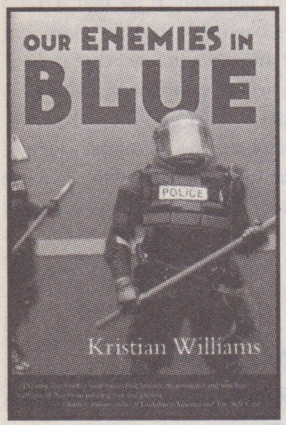


Our Enemies in Blue: Police and Power in America
Kristian Williams
385 pages • $17.95
Soft Skull Press, 2004
71 Bond St. Brooklyn, NY 11217
www.softskull.com

Why do we have police? How did our modern police force originate? Why is brutality so common among the police these days, and why is this brutality tolerated by the state? These are just a few of the questions Kristian Williams tackles in his relevant and insightful book, *Our Enemies in Blue*.

More than just a scathing critique of police brutality, *Our Enemies in Blue* a history book in many ways. It offers a fresh perspective on the origins of the modern police force in the US, such as how slave patrols played a role in its development. The book also delves into the question of how the police, as an institution, came to be what it is today (a racist, classist upholder of the status quo, argues Williams). He backs up his views with a multitude of cold, hard, often disturbing facts and examples, as well as in-depth theory. He examines many facets of the police system, including riot police, intelligence operations, police unions, and many more, offering a well-rounded view for his readers.

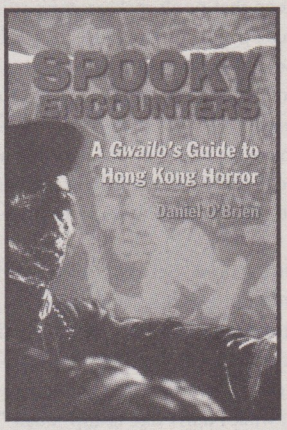
Williams' main point is essentially that the function of the police is not to serve and protect *us*, but rather to serve those in power and protect the current structure of society with all its inequality. Police brutality, when it occurs, cannot really be blamed on individual "bad apple" cops—because it is simply policing taken to its logical extreme. Brutality in fact is ingrained in the institution itself and has become inherent in policing. The state has given the police the power to use force legitimately, and it is difficult, often impossible, to define just when the line between necessary force and excessive force has been crossed.

When brutality occurs, it is often overlooked by those in power because, quite simply, it serves their interests. Most of the violent acts are directed against minority groups and lower classes, and serve, in the long run, to keep these groups in their place. Even if the police break the law themselves, they are not usually reprimanded if their actions serve to uphold the status quo.

Much attention is given to the consequences of a relatively recent trend in policing—the shift in focus from simply *responding* to individual violations of the law as they occur, to actually trying to prevent and even predict crimes ahead of time. Though the process may sound good in theory, since it involves hunting down "likely" criminals, it often leads to racial and other forms of profiling. It also allows for more police involvement in our daily lives and expanded police duties, resulting in more power for the police and less democracy for us.

Williams details how the police began as merely a tool for political machines, but now with expanding duties and increasing bureaucracy, they have taken on power and influence of their own. They have become an interest group, and elites need to bargain for their loyalty (a situation that makes it difficult for an average citizen to do so much as question police behavior, let alone begin to develop an alternative system). Williams wants this situation to change, and he therefore ends the book with a look toward the future. Though he believes that police are a fundamental part of our society as it is currently set up, he also believes that our society can change, and begins to suggest some possible alternatives to policing. He offers a few examples of community-based defense efforts in South Africa and Ireland, which, though by no means perfect, do provide a glimmer of hope that with more development, a completely new system could emerge. Despite a few over-generalizations, the book was well-researched, well-written, and most importantly, rousing. Of course, much more development will be needed before we will have a viable alternative to policing, but Williams' work is an ambitious start. I recommend *Our Enemies in Blue* to anyone concerned about the police institution, and especially to those considering careers in law enforcement.

—Jane Ghotlos



SPOOKY ENCOUNTERS: A GWAILO'S GUIDE TO HONG KONG HORROR
Daniel O'Brien
191 pages • $17.95
Headpress/Critical Vision
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United Kingdom

Spooky Encounters is pretty much a model examination of a genre (in this case Hong Kong Horror, duh), one that both fans and interested but inexperienced parties will find enjoyable and informative.

Classics, misfires, and out and out stinkers all get thoughtful but unexhausting analysis with plenty of both genre and industry context given. The lively writing style is a welcome change from the ponderous prose that all too often weighs down attempts at writing seriously about popular culture.

There are, however, two issues that should be addressed in the next edition. The first is that the year of release for many of the films is only given in the index, admittedly only a slight inconvenience. The other is the omission of some Shaw Brothers productions, understandable since a great many of their films were out of circulation until finally seeing DVD and VCD release recently.

Despite these two minor shortcomings, I would recommend this work (and the movies it deals with) to any who have an interest in films concerning hopping vampires, Taoist priests in Dr. Strange-esque battles, ghost romances, and sorcerers capable of turning a human into a giant penis (and worse). In other words, just about everybody I know.

—Michael Lucas

The Trouble With Music
Mat Callahan
$15
AK Press
674-A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94162

They say you learn more reading authors with whom you disagree than those with whom you agree. By that conventional wisdom, I should've learned a lot from Mat Callahan's *The Trouble With Music*. What's weird, though, is that I generally agree with his premises: he is pro-live-music, pro-downloading, pro-dance, pro-DIY and anti-pop-star, anti-music-industry, anti-muzak. But his tone, verbosity, and, most importantly, bizarre historical consciousness had me writing in the margins in red pen. Callahan is a stripe of Marxist I've never encountered before: whether he knows it or not, he has replaced the historical subject or agent—the proletariat—with music. Sure every uprising from the Paris Commune to May '68 had its human actors, he implies, but their revolutions wouldn't have been much without music. This argument could make for an interesting historical study of the specific role of particular songs, like "The Internationale," but Callahan never gets to that academic level. It's not his intention to be academic, though; he wants to change the world.

For punk rockers, a lot of what he says about the evils of corporations and soulless music will be old hat. That doesn't mean that punk rockers don't still fall for the empty promises of the music industry, but for the most part, we have a fairly strong grasp of the reasons for being DIY and our everyday practice is better confirmation of the correctness of DIY than reading about it. But I would say that the average disaffected teenager, the kind who go to coffee shops, play guitar, and read Bukowski, could have his or her entire worldview changed by this book. It has the feel of wisdom passed down from a knowledgeable, grizzled old radical, who was in the thick of it in the 60s and hasn't sold out.

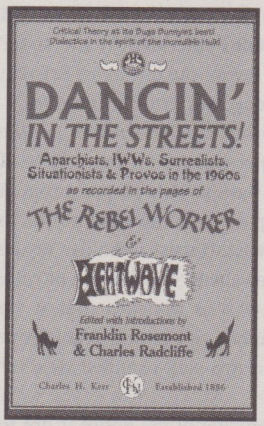
Callahan spends a lot of time setting up distinctions, between power and Power, popular music and pop music, music and politics, and above all, between music and anti-music. The latter distinction is the most abstract and has the strongest "You know it when you hear it" feeling to it, but that doesn't detract from it. The problem is that its criteria end up allowing anyone who applies it to say, "What I like is music and what I don't like is anti-music." Callahan is slightly more specific, but since he hates pop music and loves world music, for example, and he defines anti-music as the insipid crap we hear playing over loudspeakers in public places, it follows that world music, which we almost never hear in the elevator cannot be anti-music.

It's not that he wants to replace Kenny G with Bob Marley, because that would make no difference, it's that he wants pop music to be returned to the popular, to the masses. Abstractly speaking, this seems like a great idea, but if we look at the present moment, we see a polis which cannot abide participation outside consumption. Callahan seems certain that the masses actually don't want to listen to The Backstreet Boys even though the billions of dollars spent on them might indicate otherwise. Instead, the masses, with the right consciousness catalyzed, would make their own music, perform it for each other, and destroy the industry and its star system. Sounds great. Where do I buy the book that tells me how?

Callahan knows what he's talking about up to a point. It is perhaps his intent to create a diatribe accessible to the masses (so they'll rise up, download, dance, and overthrow the present social structures, especially those which numb our minds through relentlessly bad music) that limits him, because he references Adorno (mostly his analysis of the "Culture Industry") and other Frankfurt School philosophers an awful lot for a book intending to be accessible. To this end, he glosses over some of the more rigorous distinctions of sophisticated philosophical concepts. That doesn't bother me too much. I'm bothered more by his use of Adorno at all. Basically, Adorno was writing about a historical moment that has passed. The situation today is far worse than he could've ever imagined. A more current analysis is necessary.

I don't want to say that Callahan could've done a better job because he fulfills what I believe to be his intentions. But I wish the book's organization had been more transparent and logical. I also wish the book hadn't been so general. "Music" is just too huge a subject, especially since he goes from the noises and dances of babies to John Cage and makes local stops at George Clinton, James Brown, Fela Kuti, and the Sex Pistols in between. If he had written about rock 'n' roll only, he might actually have been able to cover more. But more deeply, I wish his analysis had dropped Adorno and used Guy Debord instead. The concept of "spectacle," though articulated for the visual, seems much more applicable to the falsity of the today's music and the social relationship it engenders. Spectacle, as Debord famously says, is capital accumulated to the point it becomes image. It is also capital accumulated to the point it no longer has use for critical faculties and hence produces no music worth listening to.

—Stuart Schrader



Dancin' In The Streets
Franklin Rosemont & Charles Radcliffe, editors
450 pages • $17
Charles H. Kerr
1740 W. Greenleaf Avenue
Chicago, IL 60626
www.charleshkerr.org

Dancin' In The Streets chronicles two radical journals of the 60s, the *Rebel Worker* in Chicago and *Heatwave* in London. Included in the book are introductions by the editors, who were also the original editors of each journal, and numerous selections from *Heatwave* and *Rebel Worker*, as well as many pamphlets published by the Rebel Worker collective.

I found Franklin Rosemont's story of the *Rebel Worker* engaging in many ways. His account of the roots of the collective and the radicalization of its members is infectiously enthusiastic. The far-left politics of the group were influenced by a variety of sources including the IWW, beat writers, jazz, surrealism, and pop culture.

In particular the influence of Wobblies on the *Rebel Worker* is fascinating. The collective initially consisted primarily of teenagers who joined the IWW. The anecdotes about old guard Wobblie hobos and their support of the new members really emphasized the possibility of a multi-generational movement. I think that a weakness of the Anarchist movement is that we often don't know radicals of our parents' or grandparents' age. Punk is a ghetto, as they say, and if you're primarily identified as a youth culture, chances are many people will outgrow that culture.

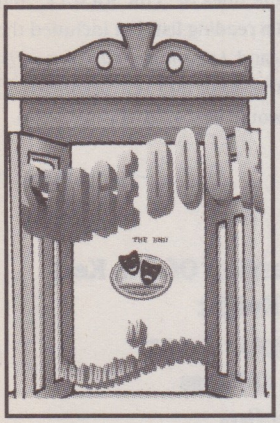
The *Rebel Worker*'s emphasis on "poetic action" and "life as adventure" remind me somewhat of Crimethinc, and I think that they share some of the same strengths and weaknesses. I really appreciate the idea that radical politics doesn't have to be boring, that we can enjoy ourselves, and that everyday life can be revolutionary. I do think, however, that this approach runs the risk of devolving into a sort of "lifestyle anarchism," where too much emphasis is put on personal lifestyle choices at the expense of political organizing and action. For example, there is little explanation of why the Rebel Worker group dropped out of the IWW in favor of "long meandering walks; experi-

menting with LSD; spontaneous expeditions to heretofore unexplored areas of the city..." et cetera. Overall, though, I really appreciate the irreverence and playfulness of the *Rebel Worker*.

Another issue that I thought could have used further explanation was the *Rebel Worker*'s views on other radical groups of the time. According to Rosemont, the group was initially critical of the SDS, but soon after many joined the SDS. Rosemont refers to the Weatherman faction of the SDS as "silly bourgeois twits." While the Weather Underground certainly deserves a critical look and there's plenty of room to argue the strengths and weaknesses of that organization, I don't think that they can be dismissed out of hand.

The content of both the *Rebel Worker* and *Heatwave* is spirited and interesting. While I'm not particularly a fan of either Surrealist or Situationist theory as a political force, I don't think that the focus on these areas detracts from the journals. There's plenty of great material here and *Dancin' in the Streets* is well worth reading. It's inspiring to read another history of radical organizing that surpasses the mainstream lefty politics of the sixties with which we are familiar.

—Tress



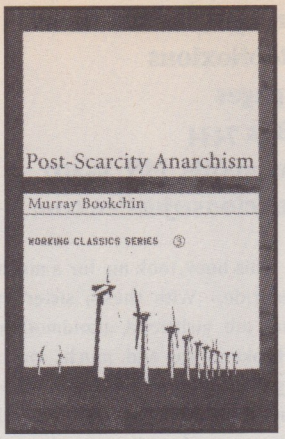
Stage Door: The End
Red Jordan Arobateau
560 pages
Red Jordan Press
484 Lake Park Avenue, #228
Oakland, CA 94610

Welcome back to the world of "hormone shootin,' hypodermic toten' trannys" (p. 1332), otherwise known as a new novel from Red Jordan Arobateau. You may remember a previous review in this magazine of his semi-autobiographical *Autumn Changes*. To recap, through hormone therapy and other procedures, Red has "become a man." Both of these books chronicle interesting stories about his life. Our second foray into Red's writing is another wild, packed ride of transformation and survival in a society, or *empire*, that rarely caters to the "queer."

Stage Door is quite similar to *Autumn Changes*, but instead of Red as narrator, the main character is Billy, a god-fearing, struggling singer/songwriter from deep in the mid-west in the midst of a FTM (female-to-male) modification. Set in San Francisco and Tennessee, the basic storyline follows Billy, our gender renegade, as he goes from being almost penniless to inheriting a large sum of money that he spends—possibly squanders if you were to ask his lover Venus—which eventually sets off the series of events that round out the story. While his previous book was based on Red's memoirs with a smidge of embellishment of the past here and there, this story revels in the chaotic, imperialistic present, and reaches for the future, projecting Billy's anti-corporate and anti-empire desires. While there is some overlap between the two novels that lulled my senses, I was quickly startled and sharpened by the writing, and the story kept me riveted until the end. I won't spoil its magnificent, *earth-shattering* finale, but let's just say it is very possible for something like this to happen in geographic California; it left a smile on my face.

These two of Red's novels—he has completed many more—have been thoroughly enjoyed by yours truly. I feel much more informed about a population that I share this grand city with. For very interesting reads, I suggest contacting Red for these titles and others from his list.

—Vinnie La Russa



Post-Scarcity Anarchism
Murray Bookchin
199 pages * $18.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA * 94612

Nine essays, three different prefaces spanning 40-odd years, and notes from an affinity group's discussion of "Listen, Marxist!"—AK Press isn't fucking around with their Working Classics Series. Each of the three introductions serve as timepieces—foils for ourselves and the present conduit of choices. The texts remain fertile grounds.

So who's Murray Bookchin again? Prominent American anarchist writer since the 60s! He's the big cheese at the Institute for Social Ecology, the place where Gainesville alum Rob Augman (co-author of modern torch song "Baby, I'm An Anarchist") went off to school some years ago. Rob safely made the transformation from former singer of political hardcore band to round-the-clock activist. Rob recommended I read *The Spanish Anarchists: the Heroic Years 1868-1936 & Social Anarchism or Lifestyle Anarchism: the Unbridgeable Chasm*. Both were solid, thought-provoking pieces. Thanks, Rob. Thanks, Mr. Bookchin.

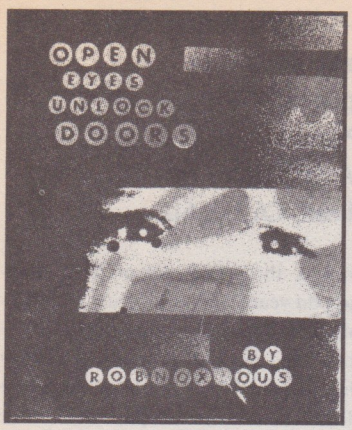
Thusly, I don't want to reduce someone's lifework to a paragraph of a review. Put bluntly, Bookchin advocates Social Ecology. Two loaded words and the rough basis for the global Green Parties. The Ecology bit refers to the entire cultural & physical environment though, not just hippie nature. Social being the most-left socialist & a social responsibility to each other. With small, trusting affinity groups as the ideal catalyst. Libertarian Municipalism is urged to replace the capitalist, imperialist nation-state. And the post-scarcity part refers to our modern material abundance. Meaning the old Marxist and revolutionary approaches must be re-evaluated as well since the entire dynamic of labor, resources, politics & imperialism has changed. If you like to read about contemporary anarchist thought, you'll get into it. It's as simple as that.

But since this is a review, then I'll say that amidst all these seasoned reasonings on how the municipalities are going to win... *well*, his tone can get in the way. I'm not saying the man hasn't done a lot, seen even more & written/lectured continually. That's all valid and commendable. But when he refers to some of these essays as "the most prescient works to appear in radical theory", then it takes me aback. Or posits that early 60s American anarchism was limited to his crew and their "fragile, almost senile existence in a small room in lower Manhattan" then it's awkward. I'm just not used to such ego confidence in legacy & importance. The way that most writers get someone else to write the intro(s) to their books.

Which is only to speak preference for the punk scene compared to the vociferous activist one, if we must split hairs. But I don't really care to anymore. Maybe such distinctions are troublesome as those Bookchin raises in *Social Anarchism or Lifestyle Anarchism*. I don't want to believe that there is even more unbridgeable chasm between said groups. Just as Bookchin laments the fragmentation of the Left since the 60s. These battles can't be won alone. And agree or not, huge ego or true visionary, Bookchin's essays warrant study and further application. If you care enough about changing things, you'll probably care to pick up this book.

I remember Bob Black's scathing retorts to Bookchin's status & anti-Primitivist writings were my crash course in the verbose anarcho-writer scene. *Man*, I thought, these guys (and it's typically guys here who are willing to script page after page rebutting their opponent's weak points) these guys have some *serious* time on their hands. But the same question could be posed to zine writers, poets, book reviewers, etc. So let's continue synthesizing, applying & ruining our eyes on books.

—Travis Fristoe.



Open Eyes Unlock Doors
By RobNoxious
289 pages
PO Box 7434
Minneapolis, MN 55407
Robalicious@justice.com

Wow. This book took me for a much needed ride. With thesis, sister in hospital, job, girlfriend, grandmother with broken hip, and much, much more going on in my life, I appreciated reading about distant places that I have not visited and ones where I once resided. But, enough about me...

RobNoxious has done a splendid job with this creation. Constructed with DIY flair, the cover has been screen-printed onto a recycled Pabst-Blue Ribbon, 12-pack box-very punk rock and creative! Inside, the book consists of rants, auto-described "Broken-Line Poetry," travelogues, and conversations, split between Sprocket, a traveling and starving artist, and the narrator, who is virtually unnamed but it might be Brian, a self-reflective worker and part-owner of the real life Hard-Times Café collective, which can be found in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I am assuming these two characters are personas of the author's, being used as a literary device to chronicle his adventures of the past 12-15 years, including a schizophrenic meeting between the two characters. However, I could be wrong and they may be fictional. I'll presume the former and continue.

As stated, the perspective of the book alternates between these two characters, but is interspersed with images e.g. drawings, collages, pictures-that coincide with the stories and lend the book a feeling that you're reading the author's diary. Through Sprocket's perspective we are treated to various transformative points of the author's life. A few are: becoming politically aware during the turmoil of Dessert Storm; a hilarious episode of breaking out of city impound a captured station wagon; and a somewhat formulaic but heartfelt description of "finding" alternative, aggressive music:

> He went to his music collection and pulled out a tape of a black metal band called VENOM. He plugged in the headphones and played it. Some of the music made sense, it connected to his emotions. Some of the things he learned in church made sense too, but nobody seemed to be doing what they were saying. VENOM sang about satan kicking god's ass. This kinda made sense too. At least it was a perspective that should be checked out. What does satan have to say for himself? Sprocket imagined that the guys in VENOM had been forced to attend Sunday school like he was, and they had fucked up parents too, and so they sang about satan because satan did whatever the fuck he wanted to do, rebelled against authority. Seeing what the god-like authorities in his life were doing to the world, giving the rebel a chance to be heard seemed like the virtuous thing to do" (177-178).

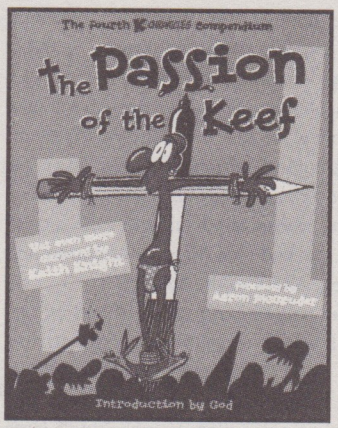
This passage seemed, for lack of a better term, "cheesy," but when thinking about the first time I was in a similar situation, I recalled my surprise by how many times "FUCK" was used in Minor Threat's lyrics. Similar situations, they're easy to look back and laugh at.

While Sprocket is the conversationalist, the narrator's perspective is focused upon reflection and projection-the past and present. It often felt as though I was taking a tour of his thoughts and emotions that are constantly answering the questions "What is happening around me?" and "How do I feel about it?" This became repetitive at times as the author examines the people of his violent neighborhood a number of times without much difference in his descriptions. However, I realized later that these passages are evidence for the author's necessity to write. In order to cope with the world Rob uses writing as a source of relief and comfort. Future creations could do with a bit more editing and selection instead of including everything in one's journal.

At times the answers to the questions previously mentioned struck me as well thought, but overly dogmatic. At one point, the author suggests people should act upon their desires and not travel through life as a "tourist," wanting to stop and take pictures of the pretty flowers instead of living amongst the pretty flowers. While I agree on a certain level, I felt his approach was judgmental and overly dramatic. However, I also believe the narrator recognizes this as he begins this particular diatribe with, "For a moment, let me pretend to know everything..." (p. 183).

For the most part, the book is clearly written with clever prose and a keen eye to detail-qualities I feel are necessary for something to be "well-written." Through tales of travel, living in odd places (back of a station wagon, above a stair-well), working as a clerk for "Universe of Lust" and a cook at the "Hard Times Café," the daughter, and the protests of the USA's most recent military expeditions, I was taken on an exhaustive tour that lead me away from my own doldrums. Because of these adventures, I often expected a super-punk attitude toward everything, something along the lines of "FUK SOCIETY," but was surprised and impressed by epigraphs and a reading list that included the Dalai Lama, a "re-history" of Harriet Tubman, and *Lone Ranger & Tonto Fist Fight In Heaven*. Overall, I enjoyed reading the book and felt privileged to travel the writer's thoughts and emotions. I would not mind a return-trip.

—Vinnie La Russa



The Passion Of The Keef
Keith Knight
128 pages • $12.95
Manic D Press
Box 410804
San Francisco, CA 94141

This is the "fourth *K Chronicles* compendium." I'm a casual fan of Knight's strip *The K Chronicles*. I like his art's combination of expressiveness and simplicity; it's awash in hyperactive zaniness. I like his (not "thugged-out") Angry Black/Young/Liberal Man takes on events political, social, and personal. I enjoy his wry wit. Hey, he makes me laugh!

And this volume is full of those sorts of strips. If you're angry at Bush, and his cohorts, you will find comfort here. In a strip about a "conversation with a Bush supporter": "Okay...Let me put it this way...What if you walked into a Burger King...And the floors were sticky, the fries were cold, the burgers were nasty, the soda was flat, and the cashier short-changed you...Wouldn't you want the manager fired?" (The "supporter's" response: "Why do you hate America so much?")

But Knight is growing up and getting comfortable. Some strips are lists of "Life's Little Victories." There're jokes in them, but this is the sort of borderline-filler material careerists pad their output with. Other strips are nostalgia-oriented (for instance, one strip is a bio of Run-DMC, the groundbreaking rap crew he and I listened to as early-80s kids, written in response to the death of one of the group), or otherwise show signs of aging (a strip that starts "Hey, y'all. I just got an invite to my 20 year High School reunion!").

Then there is this: This volume seems to document his evolution from

Keith Knight, angry young man to Keith Knight-Konietzka, "family" man. Yup, he's now married and, like most of those people, he's focusing on domestic affairs. How adorable she is, how wacky but wonderful her parents are, how warm and fuzzy it is to be husband and wife, all that stuff. Either Cheney's daughter steals sweet Kerstin Konietzka-Knight away and revitalizes our boy's bile, or somebody's gonna hire him to write TV's next wholesome-family-comedy-type show. The next five years will tell...

Buy the book because it's got a lot of good stuff in it, but curse him every chance you get, in hope of correcting his current happiness-addled direction.

—Seth Hollander

The Legend Of Wild Man Fischer
Dennis P. Eichhorn and J.R. Williams
64 pages • $7.95
Top Shelf Productions
555 Eighth Ave, Suite 1202
New York, NY 10018

Mostly collecting short stories by Dennis P. Eichhorn with artist JR Williams, this book also contains a story illustrated by Holly K. Tuttle, as well as some essays, and over a dozen black and white photos. The color cover, the photos, and some of the essays are the only previously unpublished contents.

Assuming you don't have the various small press 90s mags these stories appeared in, this will be new to you. It might not seem new, though. Williams' art style and the first-person-confessional narrative style, coupled to tales of a wild-eyed weirdo trampling the expectations of everyone less weird come off as more of the stuff Kitchen Sink Press has been printing since the 60s.

If the Hippy Comix edge doesn't creep you out (first alert: the cover is colored in a tie-dye pattern), this series of stories is easy to enjoy. They acquaint us with the difficulties of being, or interacting with, an impoverished lunatic who isn't exactly wrong to think he's a "huge Rock star." Fischer, already mentally disabled, made a couple of LPs with Frank Zappa in charge in the late 60s and has been a (largely unheard and unpaid) cult artist/legend since. The stories relate to times Eichhorn has been around Fischer. Eichhorn booked Fischer to perform a concert, without knowing enough about the man (or putting on concerts). Real life hi-jinks ensued. Their paths cross a few more times, culminating in a sorta saccharine grand finale: Our cast of characters have all joined an alternative religious subculture popular with lost Hippies in the 70s, The Universal Life Church. Wild Man performs at The Universal Life Church Picnic (/Rock Festival/Ordained Hippy Gathering)! The audience cheers him wildly. Oh, Larry, this time they really do love you...Brings a little tear to my eye, that ending does... Maybe Ron Howard owns the movie rights...

Fischer fans, Zappa fans, 70s "Comix" fans, and "outsider" art fans alike should dig this book, and the price doesn't hurt much. If you also read the essays, this will take you longer to read than most $8 comic books. Despite my criticisms, I did find the comic sections to be fun to read and the essays to be competently written and heartfelt. I say; if you are at all interested, give it a try! Some of Fischer's later recordings are available in a Rhino Records reissue. This book might make you go out and buy it!

—Seth Hollander

MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

EVERY TIME I HAVE A DREAM, IT'S A SOLUTION

The big misconception about the Runaways is that they were a prefabricated band. I myself thought that this was they case. There weren't too many teenage girls learning to play rock guitar and drums in the 70s. That is an important thing I learned from **Edgeplay: A Film About The Runaways**. That is, although Kim Fowley and others may have been involved in getting the band members into the same room, it probably wouldn't have worked out the way it did if they didn't know how to play. Kim Fowley explains, "I didn't put the Runaways together. I had an idea. They had ideas. We all met. There was combustion and out of five different versions of that group came the five girls who were the ones that people like." Like most bands, no one member can take credit for its success. It is usually luck.

The Runaways started out as Joan Jett on guitar and Sandy West on drums. Fowley and cohorts began to search for other girls to try out for the band. Jackie Fox, who would eventually become the bassist, recalls trying out for the band as guitarist playing Kiss' "Strutter." "I hated them. They hated me. So that was it. I did not get into the band." Lita Ford tried out playing "Highway Star." Cherie Curie was spotted at a club. When her twin sister Marie turned down the opportunity to try out as the singer, Cherie jumped at it. She was told to learn something by Suzi Quatro to try out at the rehearsal. She learned "Fever," which none of the other band members knew. Instead, Jett and Fowley wrote "Cherry Bomb" on the spot so Curie could try out.

The idea behind The Runaways—a group of teenage girls playing rock and roll—was easily marketable, so the band signed immediately to a major label. The songs were good and the publicity was abundant so the band's popularity grew. They toured the world, becoming immensely popular in Japan. Despite this, they never had a hit song, and drugs and the usual band infighting broke them up.

Victory Tischler-Blue, former bass player for the band, directs **Edgeplay: A Film About The Runaways**. She interviews almost all the former members of The Runaways (somewhat not surprisingly, Joan Jett is not interviewed) and manager Kim Fowley as well as a couple of the girls' mothers. West's mother says that if she knew then what she knows now, she would have never let the girls go on tour with Fowley. She simply states, "Kim was bad news." The band looks back at this time with the understandable cogitation, but it doesn't seem that anyone really regrets the past. (www.edgeplaythemovie.com)

Another scene that doesn't give much credit to women is skateboarding. **Getting Nowhere Faster** aims to shatter that myth that women can't skate. The focus here is women skateboarding; if gender means nothing to you, it will probably look like any other skateboard documentary. A skater pushes along her board, then jumps onto a railing or a piece of cement, then jumps off. Overall, very impressive, but if you aren't a skater (I am not), it can get pretty tedious.

To keep us non-skaters awake, and ultimately, everyone perplexed, the skate footage of **Getting Nowhere Faster** is interspersed with a couple of skits making up a "re-enactment of the classic tale 'The Skatepark Hauntings of Debbie Escalante,'" or so the DVD box tells me. Debbie Escalante is a giant sized Barbie doll who holds a grudge against the skate ladies. She ruins the opening of Tiffanyland, a miniature golf course-style skate park, and attempts to disrupt dance rehearsal. The girls figure it out and try to seek revenge. Debbie's cohort drives his motorcycle into a pond in an impressive stunt. (www.villavillacola.com)

I was very excited to see a DVD called **Nomads and No-Zones** in my box this month. **Nomads and No-Zones** is a collection of short films by Greta Snider and Vanessa Renwick. Having the fortune of living in San Francisco, I can go to my local video store Lost Weekend and rent videos by Snider. She has made one of my all-time favorite portrait films *Urine Man*. Interesting people always fascinate me and Urine Man is a legendary one. Urine Man's theory on life is that you don't need food. People can survive by drinking their own urine and not dressing so that your skin gets exposed to the sun, causing photosynthesis. Listening to him I believe him, but I haven't been able to get myself on that diet yet.

Another one of Snider's film is a document of a trip to Portland with a couple of friends called *Portland*. The adventurers jump trains to start an idealistic, romantic journey to Portland, but they end up in town a couple of days late with no plans of what to do or where to stay. They crash at an abandoned house. When the house's owner discovers them squatting, he locks their stuff in the house. Each traveler is interviewed after the trip and recalls the story in a different way; this is interspersed with footage from the trip.

Renwick's films are equally fascinating. My favorite is *Richart* a document of the artist Richard Tracy, his incredible home, and his obsession with the number five. Tracy picks up garbage from around the neighborhood and turns it into something interesting by adding it to his home. We see Tracy going through some trash in a nearby alley. He finds an office chair. He rips off the base. Later in the film, although it is barely noticeable in the background, you see the part has been added to the construction. "I'm eccentric, " Tracy offers, "The reason people are eccentric is that you kind of drive 'em to it. It's not that they drive you crazy. It's you drive them crazy by your behavior." How true.

Both Snider and Renwick show us bits of their captivating lives; **Nomads and No-Zones** is an excellent collection of what films should do. (www.othercinemadvd.com)

Sonic Outlaws documents the need for art and appropriation of cultural identity in our media-obsessed age. The discussion is set against the backdrop of the infamous U2 and Negativland lawsuit. Fortunately, this is only the starting point because after all these years I am personally sick of hearing about the whole thing. Maybe there are some people that don't know what happened so it is important to fill them in. I agree that the whole thing was wrong. It would have been better if SST fought the lawsuit. U2 should have stuck up to their label and got them to drop the whole thing. Someone should have called out Casey Kasem on his hypocrisy.

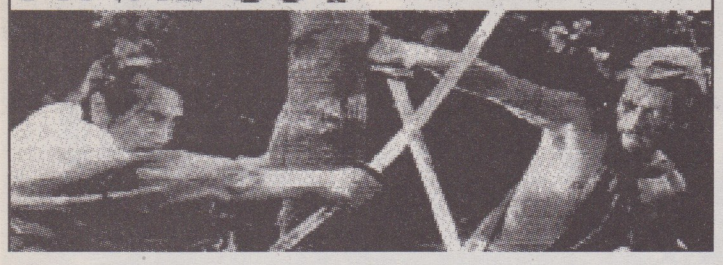
But I don't want to get sidetracked. The premise around which **Sonic Outlaws** is based—that media, corporate, and copyrighted images should be open to fair use—is an important one. The different groups featured in the film are all making interesting and important statements about the way we interpret what is filling our heads. The most entertaining is the Barbie Liberation Organization, who switched the voice boxes on Barbie and GI Joe dolls, then got the dolls back onto the store shelf to await purchase by unsuspecting consumers. The kids who got the dolls seemed to enjoy their improvements too.

I would have enjoyed a follow-up addendum on the DVD to cover what has happened in the ten years following the original release of **Sonic Outlaws**. I have seen Negativland's U2 record repackaged and available in stores again. I would like to know how that finally happened. There is an obvious influence of culture jamming popping up in more mainstream sources, particularly after this last presidential election. I hope the copyright on the **Sonic Outlaws** DVD is purposefully ironic. (www.othercinemadvd.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o

MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. E-mail me at carolynmrr@juno.com if you have a film screening in San Francisco. I will go see it.

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



CUTIE HONEY VS. THE NAZIS

Before she died, Traudl Junge consented to a series of interviews. The handsome older lady was sharp, had a good memory, and had come terms with her past. In 1942, Junge applied to be one of Adolph Hitler's personal secretaries. Her recollections are melded with carefully compiled history in **Downfall**, a dramatic reenactment of the Third Reich's collapse.

It's been my experience that you can't rely on cinematic drama to provide an accurate account of history. **Downfall** might be an exception. With a meticulous German attention to detail, director Oliver Hirschbiegel stays true to the facts, even if they leave us feeling uncomfortable.

When Junge (Alexandra Maria Lara) is herded underground to take her first dictation, she's so flustered that he can scarcely type; the avuncular Hitler (played definitively by Bruno Ganz) smiles warmly and tries his best to make her feel at home. (In real life, he'd take meals with his secretaries whenever he could.)

The fact that Hitler could be a decent man in some contexts leaves many feeling uneasy. **Downfall** does a kind of a juggling act in simultaneously humanizing the dictator, and then showing the full breadth of his racism and cruelty.

While hardly a documentary, **Downfall**—in its steadfast accuracy—offers unusual insights into Adolf Hitler and his war machine. In his last hours, the man who orchestrated a takeover of Europe is like a desperate animal commanding troops that don't exist into positions that would be impossible to hold. As the Russian army advances on Berlin, it becomes clear how a decisive personality like Hitler could command such power and loyalty. Even with things at their worst, with mortar fire shaking dirt from the rafters of the bunker, Hitler still shows the blitzkrieg mentality that presumes fallen German soldiers deserve to die.

From **The Damned** to **The Night Porter**, there's a movie convention showing the decadence of late-war Germany. As the hours wind down for the Third Reich, there's the expected drunkenness with stockpiles of champagne, and even Eva Braun (Juliane Kohler) dons a silk dress and conducts a party in the midst of curtain bombing. Later, in the midst of this tumult, Hitler and Braun actually have a short wedding ceremony. It would be just hours before their deaths.

Heroism is part of this story, as well. When Dr. Schenck (Christian Berkel) is out of antibiotics for an underground ward of dying soldiers, German troops are unwilling to help. So, he scrambles across the lines against a hail of Russian bullets to find a cache of medical supplies—and then he's called to perform surgery (even though he's not really a surgeon). Ironically, not long before, the archives on experimental Nazi medical research were burned in large bonfires in front of the same hospital.

In appearance, Bruno Ganz isn't quite the Hitler of the newsreels, but the prevailing mood of realism make makes him seem disturbingly real. (Movie fans also may remember that Ganz played an angel in his most famous role.)

In the midst of such violence, the film's most chilling scene occurs while Ganz is off-screen. Later on, when things are hopeless, Magda Goebbels (played with maternal iciness by Corinna Harfouch) requests the chemist make sleeping medication for her children. Three hours later, she walks into the bunker basement and administers cyanide to each of them. It highlights the peculiar selfishness of the Nazi regime: if you can't live, everyone else has to die.

In **Downfall**, don't look for melodrama or humor. This is one hard, austere film—and a real achievement.

Mondovino's director, Jonathan Rossiter, approaches his subject matter with a bit more humor. He once confessed that this documentary was his veiled excuse to film all the world's premier wine fields while on a mild alcoholic high. It took four years to complete, which amounts to a guilty pleasure of the most extreme variety.

Mondovino has been called "the dark side of **Sideways**," and you don't have to be adverse to Merlot to appreciate it. What begins as a globe-hopping, cork-popping tour of the world's richest wine-producing regions slowly evolves into a document on globalization and corporate control. It's like **The Corporation** set in a world of new oak fermenting barrels.

"Wine is dead," says one French interviewee, several times, not unlike a vinous Jean-Luc Godard. But with wine profits growing yearly, it's hard for the uninitiated to know what the problem is.

The "reality" comes in the form of a lovable wine consultant, Michel Rolland, whose uniformed driver taxies him from one estate to another in a private limo while he's fielding calls on his cell phone. "Micro-oxygenate the wine," he seems to say every time. And as more wineries fall prey to Rolland's technology, Rossiter suggests larger corporations (like the Mondavi brother) are destroying winemaking tradition in the process. It's roughly the same concept as what happens to an indie band when they're swallowed by a major label.

Mondovino's globetrotting world tour has an agreeable philosophy even when it's not 100% convincing. It's far more credible when it comes to the profound influence of wine writer journalist Robert Parker, whose ratings in *The Wine Spectator* can sink a wine. For him, it's all a part of the "democratization of wine," which of course makes it accessible to the man on the street, through the devices of capitalism.

Hmmm. Maybe there's something to this globalization, after all.

Shot on handheld digital video, **Mondovino** has a rough-hewn quality that's light on image stabilization. It also goes on maybe a half hour longer than it should. But I'll guess there's a very good a chance it will improve with age.

On the other hand, **Cutie Honey** will always be glorious junk. As the action opens, a huge aqueduct is packed wall-to-wall with flashing cop cars, and a gold-armored super-villain—called Gold Claw—has abducted a famous scientist. Her left arm is an oversized pair of gold garden shears, and the other can shoot a veritable Hiroshima of incendiaries.

But Cutie Honey has arrived at the scene. She's equal parts motorcycle racer, office lady, faux street cop, and mega-hero. After changing into her form-fitting pink vinyl superhero suit (with shocking pink hair), she swats down machine gun fire so quickly that spent bullets pile up shin-deep. She punches her lesser opponents at least a football field up in the air. This comic book feel is recreated with the help of the original manga author, Go Nagai, and action director Anno Hideki.

As it happens, Honey Kisaragi (Eriko Sato) was killed only the year before. But thanks to the tinkering of the ubiquitous Japanese professor, she's reborn in a new, indestructible body. Aside from her sword skills, she has a Flash Boomerang and special internal circuits that can raise her temperature high enough to melt steel. But the heart of her survival system is the "I System," which lights her up like a pink lantern and makes her the enemy of every Japanese villain. In particular, Sister Jill (Hisuke Sakai) desires the I System to give her eternal life; it transpires that Jill is part tree, and is responsible for the kidnapping of hundreds of Japanese virgins, whom she uses to refresh her rootstock.

In other words, not much in this movie makes complete sense. I'm not embarrassed to say that the film's insane action sequences count as its major asset. (You've never seen a scene like when a monstrous metal corkscrew pushes Tokyo Tower twenty stories into the air, decimating entire blocks of prime downtown real estate).

But Honey/Sato may be the main special effect on display. In one montage, we get a veritable fashion show of her leggy, busty vinyl ware as she goes through a sequence of youthful angst. And no one's complaining during those many shots of Honey bending over front and backwards to the camera.

Cutie Honey (the character and the movie) are at their best, though, when the action is fast and outrageous. The filmmakers furtively attempt to give their vinyl-clad character some depth, but I suppose that will have to wait until the sequel.

Then again, no one claimed **Cutie Honey** was anything close to a work of art. At its best, it approaches a level of wholesome trashiness perfected in movies like **Female Neo-Ninjas**. But for a generation bred on cartoons and **Godzilla** flicks, **Cutie Honey** should hit the mark enough of the time to make it worthwhile.

Reactions? Email me at anyotherway@myway.com.

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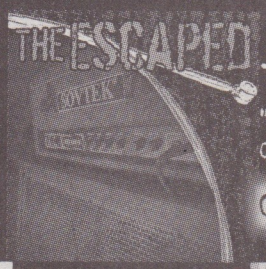

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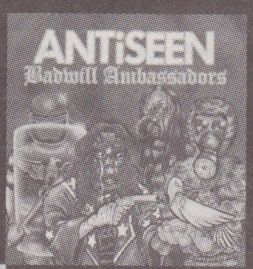

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Reviewers: (TB) Tim Brooks, (MC) Mitch Cardwell, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (CS) Chris Hubbard, (JD) Jip Daems, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (VH) Vince Horner, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (RK) Ramsey Kanaan, (WK) Will Kinser, (WL) Will Weber Kneitel, (EL) Elliott Lange, (RL) Ray Lujan, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (MS) Martin Sorrondeguy, (SS) Steve Spinali, (BS) Brian Stern, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White.

THE 101'ERS – "Five Star Rock 'n' Roll" LP

You shouldn't be interested in the 101'ERS solely because it was Joe Strummer's group—they were an excellent band in their own right. There's a noticeable proto-CLASH sound due to the fact Joe always had the same vocal style throughout his career, and he is definitely the star of this band. But the sound is pure rock 'n' roll, or what they called "pub rock" back in the day (this was recorded in 1975-1976, yo!). "Letsagetabitarockin" and "Keys to Your Heart" are immediately satisfying rockers, and songs like "Surf City" and "Sweet Revenge" are subtle and beautiful. I rank the 101'ERS up there with RADIO BIRDMAN as one of the great seminal punk/rock bands. If you're just a curious CLASH fan, I think you won't be disappointed either (although Andy Darling disagrees). It should be noted that this only contains two songs, "Hideaway" and "Steam-guage '99" (sic), that don't already appear on their other two posthumous albums, and alternate takes of their better songs. For 101'ERS fans, I'd say it's worth it. As an intro, this album or *Elgin Avenue Breakdown* are much better than *Beat Music Dynamite*. (PC)
(Made in Heaven, 10 Bd. des Batignolles, 75017 Paris, FRANCE)

ABI YOYOS – "This World Is Not My Home" EP

Angry young punks from the mean streets of Mill Valley, CA. Their sound is stripped down and they have a charismatic singer, so they remind me of old school West Coast bands like what might have appeared on those old SST *Blasting Concept* comps. The lyrics are good—political without being pompous or preachy, and the tunes are good enough to stand by themselves. I look forward to hearing more from these guys, and being local cats I should get a chance to see them play. (AD)
(Risk, 3649 Clement, San Francisco, CA 94121)

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY / COMMON RIDER – split CD

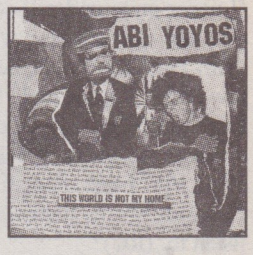
I've never been a huge fan of either band, and this CD didn't change my opinion. AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY has been going probably near fifteen years by now, but they've never really done much for me. It's CLASH-meets-MOTÖRHEAD and with an overriding WEIRD AL vocal style/Fat Wreck Chords thing—just real generic sounding stuff. Horrible production on these tracks, too. COMMON RIDER was a disappointment. Their playing is just *so* stiff, the rhythm section sounds like they're trying to complete an equation or something. Jesse Michaels is, in my mind, a brilliant singer and lyricist (judging from OPERATION IVY, one of my all time favorite bands), but here I find it hard to even pay attention to his lyrics over such boring music. I really can't stress how bored I was listening to this CD. (WL)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409, www.hopelessrecords.com)

AGATHOCLES / DIOS HASTIO – "Frost Bitten Death / Nolme" split CD

Hmm, an unfortunately spotty but nonetheless rewarding CD here from the Belgian mincecore masters and their Peruvian partners in crime. DIOS HASTIO is the hands-down favorite here, with their unique combination of metal and punk, with venomous vocals spewing out surprisingly cogent lyrics. I really can't think of anyone to compare them to — I mean, how many crust-oriented bands have near-eight-minute songs with a dozen different parts and deft transitions between double-bass-fueled full-on metal, melodic interludes, and rocking crust leads? In Spanish? Not many. AGATHOCLES sounds more tired and rehashed than ever in comparison and I really have nothing at all to say about their songs. It doesn't help that half the tracks (from both bands) are live. They're not the best sound quality and most will just skip past them. It's nice that both bands print their lyrics in both English and Spanish though, so despite the heavy filler, it's more than worthwhile picking this up just for the four or five real DIOS HASTIO tracks alone, which really are exceptional. (EL)
($10 ppd, Impulso Ruin, c/o Jose Moron: Apartado Postal 4370, Lima 1, PERU, impulse_ruin@yahoo.es)

AIRBOMB – "Pnuk" CD

This has that Lemmy-fronts-a-pop-punk band feel that LEATHERFACE fanatics might be thirsting for, but unfortunately for these four blokes (who have been



going at it since 1996), their 2nd full length falls short of the high standards set by aforementioned band on their *Mush* LP. AIRBOMB recorded this at their "home studio," which adds the proper DIY feel to this CD; generally, though, the music on this CD is about as mediocre as it gets. The tunes featured on *Pnuk* veer into Oi territory as well, and despite a few decent singalong parts, this isn't quite catchy enough to inspire too many more listens on my end. (GN)
(Pnuk, www.airbomb.me.uk)

ANFO – "Sacro Egoismo" CD

It is releases like this that keep the kids on their toes. First off, it is a CD in a 10" record cover. Secondly, it is limited to 1000 copies and the release is split between fifteen labels (I never quite understood how that works). If you are not familiar with ANFO, they are from Peru and crank out some abrasive and raw political punk rock. Most of the songs are fast and aggressive with extremely gruff vocals. The lyrics attack politics and take a stand for basic human and animal rights. Certainly worth tracking down and giving a listen to. (RC)
(Odio Los Discos, c/o Courtney Grates, 44 Middlesex Dr., Fredonia, NY 14063)

ANTIGAMA – "Discomfort" CD

In case you, like seemingly everyone else, missed this record the first time around, this is the second pressing of this Polish band's latest full-length, *Discomfort*, originally released into criminal obscurity last year on Extremist Records in the States. Never minding a few negligible additions, like a noise remix and a laughable "multimedia" track, this is still great as simply another opportunity to check out this powerful grind/metal juggernaut. Sounds to me like elements of DISCORDANCE AXIS's cyclical riff delivery with bits of tech-metal tempo changes, but mechanized with layers of noise and high register guitar effects, all cut with punishing breakdowns and howling distorted vocals. Their last full-length, *Intellect Made Us Blind* was one of my favorite records of '02 and this one is just as good, if not better. Give this band some long-overdue attention and don't miss this record. (EL)
(SelfMadeGod, PO Box 46, 21500 Biala Podl, POLAND, www.selfmadegod.com)

ARRIGT ANTRÆK – "I Mørket Er Alle Katte Grå" EP

Can Denmark do no wrong? High quality, high energy thrash from these kids. The music is good and straightforward but the singing is the best part. It's so energetic, and the singer's voice cracks every once in a while to reveal the band's youth. The slow breakdown parts have cool talking-style vocals that I suspect sound even cooler if you understand Danish. A valiant effort. (PC)
(Hjernespind, www.kicknpunch.com)

THE BAGS – "Sharpen Your Sticks" CD

A new record from Boston's reunited BAGS. One of my favorite bands to see when I was younger and still living in Boston, I — along with so many others — was terribly upset when they broke up. Now they are back and have released a fabulous record that resumes right where they left off. They still sound exactly the same! Rollicking punk rock goofiness with a pissed off attitude. The song "Believer" sums up it up nicely: "You're a sucker/what a load of crap/You're a sucker/flowing from the tap/You're a sucker/and you swallowed it whole/You're a sucker/ran it up the flagpole/I don't want to share my world with a bunch of fools." It is so great to have bands like the BAGS in the world. Thanks for getting back together, guys. (CK)
(Oaf, www.thebags.org)

THE BAGS – "Two Songs Live" CDEP

I really don't know how this thing is supposed to appeal to folks, it's a two-song live CD, and no, they ain't eight-minute psych jams, they are straight-up bar-punk. The sound pushes the vocals way up, and the bottom-heavy, slightly wanky rawk is utterly unmoving. (RW)
(Oaf, www.thebags.org)

BASTARDS – "Siberian Hardcore" LP

This is one my favorite European hardcore records. Originally released in 1983 on Finland's classic Propaganda label, this is solid fucking punk rock with a bit of a metal edge in the riffage (metal being something I generally don't like in my punk rock) and that muddy-but-somehow-awesome-sounding Finnish production. Mid-to-fast tempo songs with great riffs and rad group choruses. I thought this was a huge improvement over their earlier sound mainly due to improved songwriting, musicianship, and production. (Although that fucked-up sounding thrash of their first EP also rules.) What makes this album better than good, though, is a somber yet heartfelt delivery that turns what might have been corny sounding songs ("Siberian Hardcore," for instance) into tough punk anthems. And they looked hella cool, too. It might be that our copy of the original is worn out, but this actually sounds better. Thank you, Hohnie! (PC)
(Hohnie, An Der Kuhtränke 7, 31535 Neustadt, GERMANY)

BEAT BEAT BEAT – "Cheap Time" EP

Excellent, excellent, excellent, raw, intense, catchy, hungry punk rock. I think the thing that separates real good music and excellent music is the sense of urgency that the band brings to the table. If the band doesn't believe in it, why should anyone else? Well, these guys fucking bring it. They seize your attention and they run with it. It's got a great, full, well-mixed sound without at all sounding slick; that's a tough line to walk. It reminds me at times of the early Aussie stuff, without really sounding like it. Other times I'm reminded of early, melodic hardcore. Good shit. (KK)
(Douchemaster, 156 Pearl St, Atlanta, GA 30316)

BICKLES CAB – "You're Society" EP

Fucking brutal! BICKLES CAB wrenches your neck with political thrash from the left! These punks rail about cruelty to animals, racism, religion, and greed. The music is fast and furious with shouted vocals. BICKLES CAB makes it perfectly clear what kind of world they would prefer to live in. The strong punk rock on this disk will carry the weight of these vehement opinions. (BR)
(Town Clock)

BLACK JETTS – "Right-On Sound" CD

Bands that boast to own the "Right on Sound" or crank out "Real Rock 'n' Roll" generally don't measure up in the harsh light of day—the BLACK JETTS, however, do sound pretty right on, and attain a good mid-level stomp with plenty of vocal swerve. It's rock 'n' roll with influences ranging from the MC5's hair to Iggy's pointy shoes: ten tracks, with some kinda extra enhanced-video thing that I'm unable to crack. Theirs is not an unfamiliar sound: "mean" guitar riffs, disillusioned/heartbroken words, piano and (excellent) organ filling out the empty corners. Brief bass solos. Singer Gabe Stiff sounds like no one as much as a drunk, 20-something Jonathan Richman (snatched from his garage and dropped in front of the DEAD BOYS), either intentionally or otherwise. (JH)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078, www.deadbeatrecords.com)

THE BOILS – "World Poison" CD

Fast, pissed-off, generic brand punk rock from Pennsylvania. This originally came out in 1999 though this is the first time I've heard the band. The songs veer from upbeat street punk to spiky hardcore, all sang with a backs-to-the-wall attitude. I'm reminded of the PIST a lot, and the old Sheffield band the MAU MAUS. It's a lot better than most of these kind of bands. So if you didn't pick it up the first time around, here it is again...(AD)
(Thorp, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612)

BOYCOT – "Total Boycot 1995-2000" CD

I'm sure we all missed some BOYCOT releases along the way, as these Dutch punkers released tons of stuff in their five-year existence. This includes all of the EP, split EP, and comp tracks, and showcases BOYCOT's UK82-inspired sound. Two fingers in the air for this one for sure, though the songs are far faster and more hardcore than those old Britpunk bands ever were, as evidenced by their choice of covers (DRI, INDIGESTI, HIATUS, etc). There are a handful of songs that even encroach on grind territory, though luckily not many. I have to admit, 48 tracks of pretty much any band is too many, and I'm not sure I'll ever be able to listen to this all the way through in one sitting again, but hey, that's what the CD era is all about, right? Overall, this CD issue is well done, as it includes photos, lyrics, fliers, and (tiny) reproductions of the album art. BOYCOT is not essential by any means, but this is a nice collection nonetheless. (GN)
(Angry)

BRODY'S MILITIA / NO VALUE – split EP

BRODY'S MILITIA kicks out the fucking jams with six spleen-tearing tracks of disgruntled thrash righteousness, while the NO VALUE side clobbers you again with more frenetic fastcore madness. An excellent pair-up of these two great hardcore bands. Very much looking forward to seeing BRODY'S MILITIA hit the West Coast this summer. (BS)
(Rescued From Life, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117)

BROKEN BONES – "Time for Anger, Not Justice" CD

I'm not sure why the "time for anger" and "time for justice" would be mutually exclusive. Maybe it's like the five steps of dealing with grief, and justice just comes at the end? I guess "time for denial" doesn't sound like much of a hardcore punk record title. Anyway, in case you were wondering, Bones can still play a killer guitar solo. Overall, this newest offering from these UK old timers is much in the vein of the albums that defined their signature sound, though the production values and goofy computer artwork plant this CD firmly in 2005. Honestly, I have never been crazy about BROKEN BONES, but this is at least as solid as the newest DISCHARGE CD. Make of that what you will, and get this if you must, but I'd rather hear a new punk band over this far-past-their-prime bunch of geezers any day. (GN)
(Dr. Strange, www.drstrange.com)

BUNNY BRAINS – "Squirrel Attack" 10"

Dirge punk, or, in earlier parlance, psych-punk. These guys have been around long enough to have played on bills with the BIMBO SHRINEHEADS, but that's an East Coast thing, I wouldn't understand. One old track from 1988, and a new pummel-stunner that may have the power to pull the bong out of the mouth of that guy with the fresh MONOSHOCK tatoo long enough to gasp, "Fuck yeah!" This thing is so limited you'll have to dig up Pope John Paul to get the copy they buried him with. He def could ken the holy high these guys bring to the table. (RW)
(Equation, www.chronoglide.com)

BUTTERFLY – "Heavy Blue" CD

Japan's BUTTERFLY plays gritty mid-paced rock. It's heavy and really rough sounding. The raspy female vocals are great. I wouldn't really call this punk, but I like how dirty it sounds. (VH)
(Reallife Recordings)

CADEAUX – "Physical City" CD

A cool sound here with two gals singing over jangly yet tribal post-punk. Like a mix of the SLITS, GANG OF FOUR, and REM with raw production. Recorded in Canada, so I'm guessing this is a Canadian band. This would have fit right in the Riot Grrrl era and would have been amongst the most tuneful. A great sound and a solid full length. (RL)
(no address)

THE CARNIVAL – "III" EP

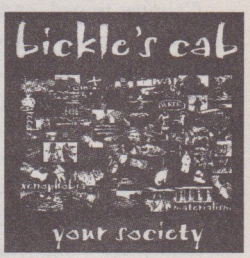
High-energy, take-no-prisoners, blackened crust from this pissed-as-all-hell Finnish quartet. The filthy recording fits the quality of the music perfectly and the echo effects on the screeched vocals add an undeniable lo-fi black metal element as well. Actually quite a bit of this, like the super old-school thrashy guitars and particularly caustic lyrical themes suggest some serious DARKTHRONE listening sessions during song writing. Definitely recommended for those into the bleaker, blacker end of things. (EL)
(Krypta, www.thecarnival.cjb.net)

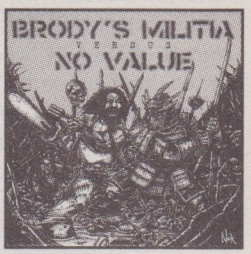
CHARTER 77 – "Our Reality" CD

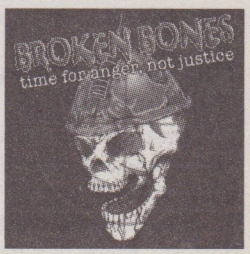
Australian drunk punks CHARTER 77 offer up sixteen new tracks of mediocre hardcore straight from the cookie cutter. They sound more like a straight edge band than the street punk band they seem to pride themselves as being, and the crossover sound is just not working. It's fast, clean, predictable, and ultra-cheesy. Song titles like "Fish and Chips" and "Beer Punx" leave little else to be said, so I'll take the time to mention that the guitar player is wearing leopard print spandex in one of the band photos...Really, that's all you need to know. "Our Reality" is what the rest of us call hell. (VH)
(Trial and Error, www.trailanderror.com)

CHIXDIGGIT! – "Pink Razors" CD

Best/worst band name ever? Some people might consider their brand of pop punk a little syrupy but I've always has a soft spot for CHIXDIGGIT!, ever since they did that George Michael cover way back when punk covers of non-punk songs were still funny. I went to see them once and their on-stage personas were so *nice* that even my Mum would have thought they were very nice young men. The first song on this is really good, other than that the album is okay—it has its moments. When they slow things down they sound a lot like SQUEEZE; I had never noticed that before. (AD)
(Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119)







CIVET – "Massacre" CD

Long Beach girls dish out thirteen tracks of anthemic, adolescent punk aggression that brings to mind the sound of early BOUNCING SOULS and RANCID. And they're not ashamed of flaunting their good looks while they're at it. Packed with snot and attitude, this follow up to their *Everything* EP is sure to have fans drooling all over themselves. I have to say that this kind of commercially viable punk is incredibly nauseating to me. I'd take this CIVET CD over the DISTILLERS any day, but I'd probably take AM Christian radio over the DISTILLERS too...It's not my thing, but they've got the sound and aesthetic down to a science and with the hype of Duane Peters as producer, I can see these girls headlining the Warped Tour before they're old enough to legally drink. (VH)
(Disaster, www.disasterrecords.com)

THE CLUTTERS – "Oh!" EP

Country-tinged garage rock that is dirty sounding, plodding, and poorly recorded. The singer sounds like DAN MELCHIOR and everyone knows how much I love that guy's voice. Great vocals and cool lyrics with a trashy band blasting behind them, though I am surprised by the cover choices on this—the ALARM CLOCKS and NEIL YOUNG. Lyrically the songs seem to go appropriately with the record, but the covers sound kind of weak next to the originals. (CK)
(Wrecked Em, www.wrecked-em.com)

COBRA NOIR – "Road to Ruins" EP

Featuring members of BLACK HAND, who I wasn't a fan of at all, I had low expectations for this COBRA NOIR (aka BLACK COBRA) EP. After putting the needle down, the A side really surprised me—two bone-crushing tracks of heavy, mid-paced hardcore with the screechy gasoline vocals and dark, epic riffs that brought to mind the thunderous sounds of URANUS. Unfortunately, they lost me on the B-side with "Live like An Angel"—three minutes of fast, monotonous rock broken up only by obnoxious metal guitar leads. The kind of song high school kids come up with when they get stoned and say "Dude, let's start a band that sounds like MOTÖRHEAD!" But hey, two out of three ain't bad. (VH)
(Dead City, PO Box 524 Stn. C, Montreal H2L 4K4, CANADA)

THE CONGESTED FEW – "The Few, the Proud, the Few" EP

Released a few years ago, this EP is the sole document of the East Bay's CONGESTED FEW. This gritty, fuzzed-out recording sounds something like a mix of Recess Records bands like FYP or JAG OFFS, and previous East Bay bands like CRIMPSHRINE. The music is very simplistic, charmingly drunk, and stupid. Fans of This Here Records and aforementioned bands might like this. (WL)
($2 ppd, Sean Mosley, 700 Precita, San Francisco, CA 94110)

CUT-THROAT – 12"

Portland heathen scum blitz with heavy artillery on this slab of street punk perfection. Six death-dealing blows, killing you the way you like it: nasty and relentless, faster mid-tempo punk with prevalent Scandinavian-infused riffage, closely accompanied by throaty, occasionally Brannon-esque vocal mayhem. Great. (BS)
(Partners in Crime, PO Box 11787, Portland, OR 97211)

DAMAGE CASE – "A Battalion of Bombers in a Chorus of Fire" CD

For the most part this is pretty mundane, fast, generic, melodic hardcore (with a hint of MOTÖRHEAD churn), but the vocals are actually really good—rather than the usual whiny poser vocals that usually accompany this type of thing, we get some decent, raw singing in the vein of Dave Smalley in his DAG NASTY days. Still not enough to push this CD into the realm of greatness, but it does set it apart. Put vocals this strong over music catchy and powerful enough to do them justice, and you've got something. (AM)
(Slab-O-Wax, PO Box 461082, San Antonio, TX 78246, www.slab-o-wax.com)

DASH RIP ROCK – "Recyclone" CD

This is a collection of 20 hits and misses by DASH RIP ROCK from the past 20 years. Clever lyrics are woven into their repertoire, which includes rockabilly, pop, rock, and country. Obviously, these guys are very accomplished musically. They crank out some fine dirty rockin' ditties, but they also delve into the awful realms of mainstream-styled crap rock. A really strange collection. (HM)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141, www.alternativetentacles.com)

THE DEAD HATE THE LIVING – "Shock and Awe" LP

Though the aggression on this record is refreshing in contrast to the emo I just listened to, this fades quickly when I realize what I am listening to. It's emo, too!!! They just mixed in enough other elements to trick people into thinking they are tough. In the spirit of writing uninspired/faux-clever snotty record reviews about somewhat more inspired but faux-good records, I give you this: Said band plays melodic hardcore mixed in with metal/grind "blauauuugh" vocals pretty sloppily. I'm not sure an LP was the right move. My favorite part of it, hands down, is the zombie-children-eating-bloody-exploding-birthday-cake cover painting. The dead may hate the living, but the living may also hate THE DEAD HATE THE LIVING. Zing. (WL)
(Hyperrealist, PO Box 9313, Savannah, GA 31412, www.hyperrealist.com)

DICK NASTY – "You Are the Song" CD

Sixteen blasts of thrashy youth crew hardcore from Australia. Despite their ridiculous name, DICK NASTY is shockingly not at all bad. This is actually one of the better CDs to come through this month. Packed with energy and aggression, it's fast, straightforward, and melodic. Simple and to the point, just the way it should be. (VH)
(Kill the Music)

DIE! – "I Hope You Die" EP

Originally released on a mini-CD elsewhere, these guys ride skateboards, sound like they're from Hermosa Beach, and play rippin' skate punk (though there's a touch of STRANGLEHOLD in there, too). It's doubly cool that they hail from Rome (Italy), and have an urgent power chord style with cool lead guitar breaks and amazing tightness. While there's no real standout track, each sustains amazing drive. This is an incredibly fun record, and on green wax! (SS)
(Western Front, PO Box 24459, Los Angeles, CA 90024-0459)

THE DI MAGGIO CONNECTION – "The Wildest Game" CD

Nice to see that Italian rocker/rockabilly types honor Italian-American baseball great Joe Di Maggio. Oh wait, the guitarist is named Marco Di Maggio. At any rate, this is very good Eurobilly: you can generally tell the European take on rockabilly and, as with Russian rockabilly and Japanese rockabilly, it's not just the accents, it's a certain quality they bring to the proceedings. In the case of Eurobilly, that quality is a certain smoothness (leaning more towards the Carl Mann than the Charlie Feathers end of the rockabilly spectrum) and the DI MAGGIOs pull it off nicely with some revved-up REV. HORTON style guitar and plenty of nice deviations from standard retrobilly tossed in (though the last track's surf medley I could have done without, as much of a crowd pleaser as it might be when playing to a boozed up crowd). Extra points for their name checking of the Eddie Cochran Appreciation Society: these boys are all right with me. (DD)
(Area Pirata, www.areapirata.com)

DIRT SHIT – "Rattenloch" EP

Some records have been cordoned off as for-collector-scum-only by virtue of the heft of their price tag for so long that they become basically meaningless to the *real* punks, those of us still naive enough to patch up our own clothes, buy records by current bands, or try to keep our heads above water while not getting too bored or jaded. With some of these records, I couldn't care less. I mean, does it really matter if the majority of punks never get a chance to hear the OPUS? Probably not. (Face it, people, beyond the mystery that band is just not that good.) But with DIRT SHIT, it's a real shame. *Rattenloch* is one of the truly great punk EPs (well, the A-side at least), and it has one of the all-time great punk anthems in "Exit." If I had gotten to hear this song when I was 16, I might've gotten the lyrics tattooed to my forehead: "This town's too bad for living, this town's not worth a death, this town's a stage without *EXIT*. But we take the right to live here, and we try to kill the death, when we rush the stage and blow up and *EXIT*." Fuck, I may be too jaded to get too weepy-eyed over lyrics at this stage in the game, but that guitar *crunch* at the beginning of the song brings me practically to tears every time. I would like to have that sound permanently tattooed to my brain. Some in the know call this "primitive shit music," I say it's just excellent, essential, and timeless punk rock. (GN)
(no address)

DISTURBANCE PROJECT / RABIES – split EP

RABIES is from the Czech Republic and blasts through nine songs of crazed fastcore. Straight up thrash with somewhat screechy vocals. On the flip side, DISTURBANCE PROJECT from Spain punishes your eardrums with five songs of metallic grindcore. The drummer works overtime blasting out the beats while the dual vocals try to keep pace (one set of vocals is guttural and one screechy of course). And they pull out a FEAR OF GOD cover, too. A worthwhile split for sure. (RC)
(Kawaii, Carville David, 38 Rue Docteur Dubois, 58110 Chatilion En Bazois, FRANCE, www.kawaii-records.new.fr)

DRIFTAGE – "Paint it Black" EP

Super snotty and speedy Japanese punk a la SNUFF and DILLINGER 4. The guy even sings like the fella in D4, so lispy might be a better adjective than snotty. There's a big LEATHERFACE influence here as well, JAWBREAKER too. They must get compared to I EXCUSE a lot over there—maybe they *are* I EXCUSE for all I know. These guys are good at what they're doing but—and maybe it's just the cultural divide—I don't hear much real character. Actually, despite saying that, the last song is really good. (AD)
(SnuffySmile, 2-1-59-201 Asahigaoka, Matsuyama-shi, Ehime 791-8024, JAPAN)

DRIVEWAY SPEEDING – "Reasons Are Not Answers" CD

This band includes former members of SERVO, ONYO, and is influenced by the 90s punk of LEATHERFACE and BROCOLLI. This is good, but is either mixed or produced really quietly. This almost comes across as THURSDAY-type stuff. A little more punch musically and this could have been great. Still a good release from the kind folk at Crackle Records. (RL)
(Crackle, www.drivewayspeeding.com)

DROP IT – "What the Hell?" EP

These young hardcore kids don't fuck around. They blitz outta the starting blocks with a high-energy, eight-song seven-inch EP full of youthfully enthusiastic music and preachy, idealistic lyrics. The master, Vic DiCara, worked the "studio" and wrote one of the tunes. It cracks me up that in their credits God is thanked by "not all of us." Damn straight kiddies, drop that shit. (HM)
(Western Front, PO Box 832, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267, www.westernxfront.com)

DUNKLE TAGE – LP

Re-release or posthumous release of this old German band. DUNKLE TAGE plays political hardcore with an anarcho slant. Lyrics (in German) about animal rights and fascism. It sounds quite dated and doesn't do a whole lot for me. (AD)
(Assel, Groner Landstr. 48, 37081 Gottingen, GERMANY)

EPICYCLE – "Teenage Suicide" LP

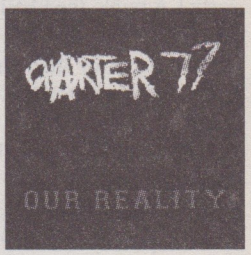
The members of Chicago's Epicycle were a rag-tag bunch of teenage punks from the much-referenced *Killed by Death* era. The majority of this material had me doing a double take to see if it actually was on Detour, as their sound relies just as much on UK power-pop/mod as it does good ol' Midwest snot. If you are a fan of punk from this era (and aren't afraid of pop), you just can't lose. Tunes like "Hardcore Punk" and "Radical Attitude" reek of the all those classics you find yourself regularly throwing on mix tapes to impress the other geeks, so the record nerd level is a solid smolder. *Teenage Suicide* is easily one of the best installments of Rave-Up's massive "American Lost Punk Rock Nuggets" series, which is saying quite a bit. (MC)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16-00159, Roma, ITALY, www.web.tiscali.it/raveup)

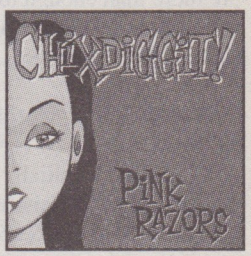
THE ERGS! / MODERN MACHINES – split EP

Two good bands here. The ERGS! do a thrashy pop tune and a BEATLES cover which I didn't recognize because it wasn't "Love Me Do." The MODERN MACHINES do a cover and a HÜSKER DÜ-esque rocker. (RL)
(Grateful, 505 Washtenaw Rd., Yipsilanti, MI 48197)

EXTREME NOISE TERROR – "Hatred and Filth" EP

Strange. The last thing I heard from this band was their full-length on Candlelight records, and that release had a crazed grindcore sound with lightening-fast metal guitar work. Yet it appears that one side of this EP was recorded before that stylistic change and falls back on their older, stenchy crustcore style that we are all used





to. On the flip side there are covers of RATTUS and GENOCIDE SS, and the songs are done in a more metallic style. Overall, this is a pretty great EP. It includes a really strange phone message that spouts Nazi hatred and is allegedly from friends of one of the ex-members. You should hear the message and read about it and then judge for yourself. (RC)
(Distortion, PO Box 6294, 40060 Gothenburg, SWEDEN, www.dolores.se)

FEELERS – "Learn to Hate the Feelers" LP

Friends of mine (who I trust) have sung the praises of the FEELERS, and I've naturally assumed that they didn't know what they were talking about. Not so: these non-photogenic doughboys are good at what they do, but not so good as to arouse suspicion. The band could be the bastard grandsons of What? records output like KAOS or the CONTROLLERS — like that batch of rarefied, early LA punk, the FEELERS miss notes more frequently than they hit, tease a hollow metallic *clang* out of their guitars, and layer their vocals with reverb, preverb and horror-movie echo. I detect DNA traces of the early DAMNED here, as well—particularly in the "everybody play really fast and hit lots of notes at once" mode. No understanding of the lyrics is possible, but song titles like "Stuttgart (Looking) Motherfucker" and "Slit Wristz" are more than enough to work with. (JH)
(Dead Beat, PO 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078, www.dead-beat-records.com)

THE FIGHT – "Nothing New Since Rock 'n' Roll" CD

Cool title! I initially reviewed this with a cynical bent, dismissing it as SoCal kids sounding British. Recorded in the LA area and with titles like "Forgotten Generation" and "Mommy's Little Soldier," it was easy pickins. As it turns out, these guys and gal are from the UK (source: website). Since they state their opinion in the title, you gotta accept their unoriginality. But they do have a good release here. They have that Brit tint with a melodic punk feel. Catchy songs with slick yet tight music. A solid release from a young, enthusiastic band. (RL)
(Repossession, www.thefightmusic.com)

FORCE OUT – "Rock It Go" CD

Metal-edged hardcore from Japan roving stylistically somewhere between CRO MAGS *Best Wishes* and ANTHRAX *Spreading the Disease*, but not with any particular stand out tracks. As an overall listen it's just too random; song-to-song they just can't decide on a sound. (BS)
(no address)

THE FRANKENBURIES – "Devil's Punchbowl" CD

The FRANKENBURIES deliver metal-tinged hardcore or hardcore-tinged metal with plenty of scary monster references. They have solid production, but all their songs kinda blend together. I'm also a little confused…if you have a CD only release, how come the last four songs are bonus tracks? Sure they're recorded live in Japan and include a fair version of MAIDEN'S "Number of the Beast," but they're part of every version of the *Devil's Punchbowl.* Must be some sorta marketing ploy, but fuck it, 'cause these guys rock. (HM)
(Northeast, PO Box 412226, Eagle Rock, CA 90041, www.northeastrecords.com)

FUBAR – "Justification of Criminal Behaviour" CD

Pretty average grind here from this Dutch outfit. Yeah, they've got politically charged lyrics and a fair amount of energy, but nothing in the way of compelling songs or unique ideas. This record is like eating bread. (EL)
(Bones Brigade, BP 31, 62140 Hesdin, FRANCE, www.bonesbrigaderecords.com)

FUNERAL DINER – "The Underdark" CD

FUNERAL DINER has been around for several years now and has become one of the better known bands in the screamo genre, mostly because of their prolific output and the constant quality of their releases. In the past year alone they've released at least two split EPs (one with RAEIN from Italy and the other one with WELCOME THE PLAGUE YEAR), a 10" EP, and now there's this new CD, which is their second full-length after the release of the *Difference of Potential* LP a couple of years ago. I'm always impressed by FUNERAL DINER, both live as well as on their records, and this album is no exception. This is the kind of music that makes me not ashamed to say I like emo and it's the kind of stuff I would want to play to kids whose only exposure to the term has been through bands that play pretty indie-rock or over-the-top math core. This is emo the way it was in the nineties by bands like PORTRAITS OF PAST (whose drummer plays in FUNERAL DINER) and other Ebullition-type bands. I really love this album. The songs are well written and the build-ups from quiet guitar parts to full-out screaming, pounding, and raging don't get boring for one bit. The production is great and the artwork, which consists of etchings by Gustave Dore taken from Dante's *Divine Comedy*, looks beautiful as well. I have no complaints whatsoever about this release and I urge you to check this out. (JD)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, www.alonerecords.com)

GASMASK TERROR – "Deathscipline" EP

More Scandinavian-influenced D-beat core, this time from Bordeaux. Nothing real exceptional or stand out, which for years was part of the appeal for me to the genre, just good straightforward and driving punk. A good listen. (BS)
(Plague Bearer, PO Box 604, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK)

GIANT HAYSTACKS – "Blunt Instrument" 12"

Before even listening to this I could've told you that it's great. One of the best live bands in San Francisco these days, GIANT HAYSTACKS has an admittedly MINUTEMEN-influenced sound, with some GANG OF FOUR similarities as well. But the listener will grow to appreciate GIANT HAYSTACKS on their own merits: intricate, tight, quirky, and memorable tunes, incredible musicianship (without sounding show-offy), and vocals that are subtle, friendly, and serious all at once (could it be the Scottish accent?). The lyrics are equally obtuse, and then brilliant upon further consideration. This is even better than their amazing debut CD, *We Are Being Observed*. Why don't you buy this record? *Why?!* (PC)
($10 ppd, Mistake, PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, www.gianthaystacks.com)

THE GIBBONS – "Hope, Inc." LP

The GIBBONS are from Detroit and their lyrics deal with living in that city, but also address heartbreak, regret, and the war that's going on. It's a nice mixture of personal and social topics and the lyrics are well written. The music is melodic hardcore punk with strong emocore influences. Comparisons that came to mind while listening to this were, amongst others, JAWBREAKER and some of the bands on No Idea records, like GUNMOLL, or FIFTH HOUR HERO. I wouldn't say that GIBBONS have reached the level of quality of these bands yet, but this record definitely started to grow on me after a couple of listens. Not mind-blowing, but nevertheless a very decent effort. (JD)
(Salinas, PO Box 20996, Fendzle, MI 48220)

GORILLA ANGREB / LOKUM – split EP

How do those Danes manage it? They have a knack for making their records sound completely authentic to the era they're paying homage to. LOKUM is a little art-damaged, offering up one atmospheric yet throwaway instrumental and one catchy new-wave song about the Texas Chainsaw Massacre. GORILLA ANGREB turns in just one catchy punk number with their haunting female vocals—not nearly enough to keep me going until their shows this month. I need more! (AM)

(Hjernespind, Guldbergs Plads 12, 1.TV, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK, hjernespind @hotmail.com)

GUDON – "1984-1990" 2xLP

This is an almost complete discography of the Japanese band GUDON. The only thing missing is the flexi (by the band's request). If you have never heard GUDON, then you can expect some classic Japanese punk that is fast and ferocious with those great snarling vocals (and the occasional guitar solo) that this style is known for. It is interesting to hear how they progressed over the years, utilizing slightly different tempos and production values. And yet, the fist pumping power and fury of the songs never diminishes. The packaging is top notch as well, with artwork by Sugi and a nice thick gatefold. I am glad to see Partners In Crime licensing this from Bloodsucker and I hope to see them do more of the same in the future. A must have for any serious hardcore punk fan! (RC)
(Partners In Crime, PO Box 11787, Portland, OR 97211)

HARD SKIN – "Same Meat, Different Gravy" LP

You didn't think that HARD SKIN was going to give up having a laugh and having a say, did you? It's been a good few years since their debut, *Hard Nuts and Hard Cunts*, but what do you want? There's been beer to be drunk, footy to be watched, and ruses to be sorted out. Songs like "She's A Right Sort" and "Make My Tea" might give you the impression that Johnny Takeaway has got his feet under the table and settled down with tasty bird, but make no mistake—the HARD SKIN will never go soft. Terrace anthems like "Law And Order (Up Your Arse)," "Millwall Mark," "Two Chords Two Fingers," and "Copper Cunt" make that point fuckin crystal. Basically, unless you're some kind of student wanker, crusty soap-dodger, or Games Workshop metal geek, you're going to love this record. If you do fit one of the aforementioned categories, you'd better get it anyway and get taught a valuable lesson in real street-level rock and roll. (AM)
(Hermit, PO Box 309, Leeds LS2 7AH, UNITED KINGDOM)

HARRY BALZAGNA & THE TEENIE WEENIES – "Front Side Grind" EP

This three song 10" is limited to 300 copies. Probably because of the awesome packaging! This is like some sort of crazy art project. The one-sided clear vinyl has an incredible four-color silk screen. The tunes included herein are two cool 1980s-style skate punk songs and a terrible nine-minute jazzy filler jam. Pretty cool altogether. (HM)
(Snack Attack, www.snackattackrecords.com)

HEDGECREEP – "Punk Girl" EP

Big evil sounds from the wrong side of the tallow factory (or the train tracks). Titles like "Punk Girl," "Cop Song," "Dorf" and "Backlot" suggest the level of complexity: HEDGECREEP are a band of few words, choosing rather to concentrate on deep-end metal guitar and tortured vocals overlaid with reverb. Scary, tortuous and tortured. I used to listen to a lotta stuff like this when my hair wasn't streaked with gray: maybe that's what made it turn in the first place. (JH)
(Wrecked Em, www.wrecked-em.com)

HIPBONE SLIM & THE KNEE TREMBLERS – "Have Knees, Will Tremble" CD

"This record is a lesson for every teen-ager and a warning for every parent," the cover proclaims—which leaves me out in the cold. HIPBONE SLIM & THE KNEE TREMBLERS (gentlemen, all) are mannered, shuffling country-rock-roots-a-billy that suggests a Euro A-BONES. Never a bad thing, no. Note the fact that the main man in the outfit is Sir Bald Diddley of SIR BALD DIDDLEY & HIS RIGHT HONOURABLE BIG WIGS: makes sense. From what I'm hearing this group goes for a back-burner low-simmer approach, and places the emphasis on "rolling" rather than "rocking." A bit subdued, perhaps—suited for listening after an aromatherapy bath, or during a chair massage. Good stuff, really. (JH)
(Voodoo Rhythm, www.voodoorhythm.com)

HIT BY A CAR – "Don't Poop in My Mouth and Tell Me It's Raining" CD

I love the goofy SCHLONG-esque chord progressions, PW LONG cacophonic southern flare, and ALICE DONUT art damage with disjointed NOMEANSNO pop groove as much as the next fella, but none of the tracks on here come off with any of that genuine feel, or well-played hookage to pull it all together. Without the pleasure of seeing these folks live it just doesn't click. (BS)
(El Diablo Dice Si, 1408 Canterbury St, Austin, TX 78702)

HOLLOW GROUND – "Cold Reality" CD

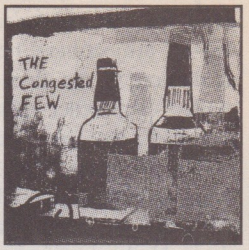
A thoroughly solid release for HOLLOW GROUND'S debut consisting of six songs of tough hardcore that falls into the vein of bands like HATEBREED and TERROR. Bruising production, pissed off lyrics, hoarsely screamed vocals… if this is your thing, then dig in. (RC)
(Organized Crime, PO Box 213, Brookfield, IL 60513, www.organizedcrimerecords.com)

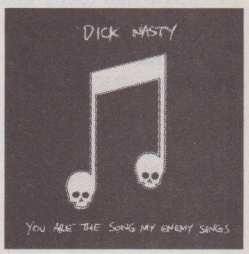
HOMER – "The Punkrock Verses" CD

French Belgians. They do, however, win my immediate approval for saying "No Thanks To God." The music is a fairly winning proposition too. Modern hardcore sound, in that Vagrant/HOT WATER MUSIC way. Lots of melody, fancy guitar work, crooned, and screamo vocals. Excellent production, and it drives along at a good pace. (RK)
(Funtime, www.funtimerecords.com)

HOPE COLLAPSE – "Year of the Leper" CDEP

Yet another project from the mighty Dave Witte, this time reuniting with two guys from BLACK ARMY JACKET to churn out sorta fast, but mostly mid-pace, thrashy metal stuff mixed with bits of grind and black metal. And after several listens all I can say is: good but nothing special. Sure, there's nothing bad, and the





vocals are mean, and some of the riffs (basically the even numbered tracks) are pretty good, but this has the undeniable stench of a one-off project band helped not at all by the admission in the liner notes that the band mailed each other riffs, practiced once and recorded a day later. This doesn't help get me excited about the band. And as for Witte, sure the drumming is good, but you can't help but think that he could play these beats in his sleep. Nothing comes close to the old DISCORDANCE or HUMAN REMAINS days and, well, sometimes nostalgia gets the better of me. Still above average and I'd love to hear more, especially since I feel like these guys are capable of much more. (EL)
(Inkblot, www.inkblotrecords.com)

HORACE PINKER – "Texas One Ten" CD

HORACE PINKER has been around for a while in one incarnation or the other. Since '91 I believe. This is their fourth longer record. They've done a bunch of shorter ones too. They certainly helped patent that angst-ridden melodic sound, done most memorably by JAWBREAKER, and later taken up by the likes of KNAPSACK. This is certainly up there with the first two LPs by the aforementioned JAWBREAKER. Not as good as the third, and steering clear of the territory shunned by everyone (at the time) on their major-label debut (though I guess now time has made that really great too). If you take the J word seriously, and don't mind a downer, it's definitely time to reconnect with yon PINKER. (RK)
(Thick, www.thickrecords.com)

HUMAN BASTARD – "War of the Lords" EP

While you punks are punching holes through your jackets to get those studs around your favorite band logo, you may want to pick up and play this HUMAN BASTARD record. This band hails from Spain and plays a very UK style of crusty punk music with a metal influence. I could imagine a flyer for a show with HUMAN BASTARD, INEPSY, and ZOE. With that in mind, I think you will get an idea of what this record is like. (MS)
(La Vida es un Mus, info@lavidaesunmus.com)

I OBJECT – "First Two Years" CD

Worthwhile albeit generic hardcore punk from Rochester, New York, I OBJECT's best quality is their earnest commitment to punk ethics and ideals. You can feel the friendship and sense of community practically oozing off of this CD. This disc is a discography-so-far deal, with demo and comp tracks alongside all of their EP tracks. Also included are a bunch of unreleased tracks, including a seemed-like-a-good-idea-at-the-time cover of the AVENGERS' "We Are the One." I OBJECT plays fun and fast hardcore punk, with lyrics dealing with such classic topics as how much jaded scenesters suck, how being pro-punk and pro-war are mutually exclusive, and how using the word "fag" is not cool. Right on. (GN)
(Punks Before Profits, 537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620)

INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE – "Sex, Violence, Whatever" CD

Some adept musicianship from the men of IFPS on this disc, along the lines of the other notable later-90s screamo bands who honed and added a somewhat metal edge to what bands like ANGEL HAIR and IN/HUMANITY had spun out of hardcore in the early 90s. IFPS set themselves apart with strikingly good overall tone and well-conceived, complex song structures not unlike DISCORDANCE AXIS, ANGEL HAIR or DILLENGER ESCAPE PLAN, but with a flavor all their own. The noisier, more damaged industrial sounding tracks late in the disc are rich and layered despite their lower quality recordings, and really piqued my interest with songs like "Rise of Yen Lo Wang" and "To Cause the Destruction of an Enemy"—these were my personal favorites. Reminding me of better BASTARD NOISE, NURSE WITH WOUND and (the more listenable tracks of) DAS BUTCHER. (BS)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, www.alonerecords.com)

INEPSY – "City Weapons" LP

OK, so we all probably know by now that this Canadian band owes a great debt to MOTÖRHEAD for their sound, so I won't belabor the point too heavily. Suffice it to say, if you like MOTÖRHEAD, you will likely find it hard not to be charmed by INEPSY. The artwork for this new full-length, their second, is appropriately over the top. To start with, it's a gatefold LP, and the cover features a painting (done by the singer, I think) all done in brilliant reds, oranges, and yellows of a futuristic cityscape on the verge of destruction; an enormous INEPSY skeleton punk looms large over the horizon. There is also a poster, which features a painting of the city destroyed, with the four members of INEPSY's heads speared, a la the BATTALION OF SAINTS LP insert. Altogether, this LP seems like it has more confidence in how much it rocks; there is just a bit more swagger to these songs, which, when you think about it is fitting for a band that sounds so much like MOTÖRHEAD. This doesn't have the raw charm of their EP, but after a number of listens I would say that *City Weapons* is the superior release to their 1st LP, though admittedly it doesn't have a track that stands out in the same way as "Street City Kids." It also doesn't have any filler at all—it is a totally solid listen all the way through, and I have put it on a number of times since I first got it. I hear people gripe that this band is too derivative, or that they don't play fast enough, but honestly this LP fucking rocks, and has been a total party every time I play it. INEPSY also has the distinction of being one of the wildest, most fun bands I've seen in the last few years, so here's hoping the border guards aren't paying attention at some point so these crazy Canucks can come done here for some shows soon. Otherwise, I'll just have to wait to see them in hell! Yowza! (GN)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

THE INSURGENCE – "Statutory of Liberty" CDEP

Six-track effort. In the old days of vinyl, this would've been a mini-LP. It is normal CD size though. They do manage to mix up some speedy melody and snot, a la SCREECHING WEASEL, with a healthy dose of the more invigorating street punk around these days—HOLLOWPOINTS and early ANTI-FLAG spring to mind. Well worth checking out. (RK)
(Riot Riot, www.theinsurgence.com)

INNER TERRESTRIALS – "X" CD

Anarcho-punk mixed with squatter ska and crusty dance, with some Celtic folk thrown in for good measure. Reminiscent of CULTURE SHOCK but not nearly as clever. (AD)
(Inner Terrestrials, PO Box 14247, London, SE4 2ZN, UNITED KINGDOM)

JACKNIFE POWERBOMBS – "Set to Go!" CD

JACKNIFE POWERBOMBS, from Ohio, plays sturdy punk rock, which sounds like something between MOTÖRHEAD and BLACK FLAG. Their lyrics are personal/political in nature, and the singer delivers them with force. They are heavy but with melodic guitar leads. Pretty tight, might be a good live band. (WL)
(Jacknife Powerbombs, 4933 Devon Drive, N. Olmstead, OH 44070)

JEFF DAHL – "Cursed, Poisoned, Condemned" CD

JEFF DAHL started out going after rock 'n roll critics with his first 7" in 1977, so I might as well give him more reason to seethe. Well, not entirely, as the faster tracks on this thing are perfectly decent 1980-style powerpop-punk with an occasional dash of bar-punk. The slow songs are the weakest tracks on here, sounding like something that would play over the slideshow before the movie starts,

although I will give him props for trying to break up the tempo tyranny that ruins many a modern full-length. I really cringed when I was assigned this because I used to sort of like his stuff around 1991 or so, but this isn't half bad, a true tribute to the concept of never "retiring;" no comeback necessary.
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

JEUNESSE APATRIDE – "La Victorie Sommeille" CD

Political punk from the new world capital of punk rock aggro: Montreal, Quebec. The music is standard, mid-tempo, anarcho punk with female vocals. It varies a little, and there are some good, catchy almost streetpunk tracks. The lyrics and booklet are all in French so I don't know what it's about—but it looks heavy. (AD)
(Fire and Flames, Rote Str. 3, 37073 Gottingen, GERMANY)

JOHN SCHOOLEY – "And His One Man Band" CD

I'm a fan of the one-man (uh, person?) band in both concept and (generally) practice. John (HARD FEELINGS, etc.) Schooley's version of this venerable concept is high in musicianship (no rhythm spazz outs, though I love it when it happens with overextended single players) yet still satisfying on a gut level. The production, while gritty as expected of a Voodoo Rhythm release (also available on LP, folks), at times manages to make it sound like a hell of a lot more than one person can play, but the liners assure that it is all, indeed, John playing live. I guess he dropped the needle on A.W. NIX's "Black Diamond Express" just before he started accompanying it for the first and last cuts. Still, he's got NIX and his congregation added on those two, but I'm not one to be a purist in the face of something that works. (DD)
(Voodoo Rhythm, www.voodoorhythm.com)

JOHNNY CASINO'S EASY ACTION – "We've Forgotten More Than You'll Ever Know" CD

No, it ain't the EASY ACTION fronted by the guy from NEGATIVE APPROACH: this work a mutant roadhouse/blues/surfer shack angle, come from somewhere else, and are fronted by another guy with powerful lungs (possessed of a gravel-filled mineshaft of a voice: suits the music well). Their sound's a bit slippery—they're not a bar band, you wouldn't call it "punk" exactly, and it's too rude to call tradish biker STEPPENWOLF noise. A "party" band, if you will. (JH)
(Off the Hip, PO Box 1211, Carlton Vic 3053, AUSTRALIA, www.offthehip.com.au)

KILL-A-WATTS – "Circuit Breaker Love" LP

Jesus F. Christ, shouldn't these kids be looking older than this by now? Fortunately, they still sound as brash (yet Midwestern-kid sweet) as ever, even though there is a certain thoughtful maturity evident in their current song-crafting…nah, just fucking with you, though these are great songs. This is probably the KILL-A-WATTS best record yet. No indication is given on sleeve or label of the actual sequence of songs, which seems appropriate because you should pay attention while you're listening to this. Fuck waiting around for a free copy, I'm buying this. (DD)
(Rip Off, Kill-A-Watts, shockyoudead@hotmail.com)

KIROTTU – "Eloton Maailma" EP

This current American band KIROTTU takes a stab at re-creating 1980s Finnish hardcore with this six-song EP, and they actually do a convincing job of it. The only real give away that this was recorded in 2004 is the artwork. Musically it reminds of the 80s Swedish sound more than it does Finnish, and they're using a lot of 90s crust riffs too, but all the lyrics are sung in Finnish and overall I'm pretty damn impressed with the effort. Tough, dirty, and melodic—It's not a rager, but definitely not a dud. Worth checking out. (VH)
(Panikkai, PO Box 696, Carlisle, MA 01741)

KOLOKOL – "Grundrisse" EP

Norwegian thrashers KOLOKOL let loose with three ripping tracks of fast, energetic hardcore on this one-sided 45. The packaging is great—a sixteen-page booklet filled with radical lefty literature, lyrics in Norwegian and English, and a foldout poster. Musically all three cuts are solid, straightforward, and catchy in a way that should appeal to the straight edge kids and the crust punx alike. (VH)
(Stian Tonnessen, Huvikeien 30, 3222 Sandefjord, NORWAY)

THE KRUNCHIES – "In De Winkel" LP

Hmmm. If you were ever luckily enough to hear a 7" record by THE MAGGOTS, you'll know what I mean when I say that this reminds me of that 7". They did a song called "Let's Get Tammy Wynette" that has the same sound that this band has. I don't think this one is as good, but after listening to it, it's better than I thought it was when I first put it on. It took me a song or two to figure out that the record is meant to be played at 45 rpm. The sound can be described as really fast music with male and female screaming type vocals. The female screaming vocals, in particular, can be ear splitting. (KK)
(Criminal IQ, 3540 N. Southport Ave, Chicago, IL, 60657, www.criminaliq.com)

KUNG FU MONKEYS – "Electric Tangerine Smile" EP

Like many *MRR* readers, I devour the zine *Ugly Things* with a passion. The writing in that zine is superb, backed up with even better research, and put forth with so much passion that I want to go out and buy many of the records they are talking about even if I don't like the genre. Unfortunately once I start reading about these records and actually start listening to them, I realize I am bored out of my skull half the time by things that are just too psychedelic or freakbeat for me. KUNG FU MONKEYS is a band that I imagine would fit fine in the pages of *Ugly Things* with their 60s sounding psych ways. They just do not fit in the pages of a magazine

called *Maximumrocknroll*. Side note, this comes with a blue and red copy of the record to simulate 3-D glasses and has nice back liner notes by Mike Faloon of *Go Metric* zine. (JF)
(www.whoaohrecords.com)

LAST DAYS OF HUMANITY – "In Advanced Haemorrhaging Conditions" CDEP

Holy fuck, this Dutch grind band is just so ridiculously over-the-top it beggars description. 10 songs in 7 minutes and almost half that time is samples. So you basically get a set of 30-second blurts of the most bowel-gurgling pitch-shifted vocal vomits ever, overtop absolutely relentless blast beats with an identifiable bass blur qualifying as the riff. Seriously, the drumming and vocals on this are some of the most extreme the genre has ever seen (or heard). With suitably revolting cover art, titles and samples, this is about as good as it gets for those interested in gore-grind fare, and I haven't stopped listening to it yet all week. Makes CARCASS sound like the soundtrack to a game of Candyland. (EL)
(Bones Brigade, BP 31, 62140 Hesdin, FRANCE, www.bonesbrigaderecords.com)

LAST OF THE JUANITAS – "In the Dirt" CD

This trio plays throbbing, dissonant noise-rock that at times sounds like it could be a Jon Reis project, then at other times the bass and drums lock into a NOMEANSNO groove. There are hints of an Amphetamine Reptile heaviness too, and when the female bassist sings I'm reminded of BREEDERS or maybe SONIC YOUTH. Jumble all of this together and what you get doesn't sound like one thing in particular, which is good. LAST OF THE JUANITAS is hard to pin down, but if you like early-90s indie rock, you'll probably like this. (AM)
(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com)

LETHAL REJECTION – "2,1,2,2" CD

Seattle punk rock unit reminding me of Oakland's THIRD RAIL at times. Driving mid-tempo, guitar-heavy riffs with inescapably non-musical vocal phrasing and rhyming. Lyrics deal with being hard, fighting to survive, being captivated by celebrities... "My Blood" features a chorus-breakdown that would make just about any fan of BL'AST squirm with unease; chorus lyrics include "...my blood, it's in my blood..." Clifford? Is that you? (BS)
(Day 51, 4742 42nd Ave. SW #357, Seattle, WA 98116)

LOONS – "Paraphernalia" CD

The rose-tinted cover of the LOONS' *Paraphernalia* recalls the artwork wrapped around the *Salon* LP by PLASTICLAND a long, long time ago: ironic in that they were a 60s-revivalist group plunked down in the middle of the Reagan 1980s, while the LOONS are a paisley-draped combo in the age of Orange Alerts and Dick Cheney. Go figure. These guys and girl are the semi-official house organ of *Ugly Things* editor Mike Stax, and if you've ever thumbed an issue of that (recommended) magazine, you know what to listen for: rough 60s sounds, blues harp, nods to popular favorites the PRETTY THINGS, and shag 'dos on men, women, furniture, and houseplants. Aim that tambourine carefully. (JH)
(UT, 3707 5th Ave. #145, San Diego, CA 92103)

LORDS OF LIGHT – EP

Wow, while thinking of bands to compare these guys to upon first listen I thought, "Hmm, this guy sounds like the guy from SOCIETY OF FRIENDS and whaddaya know: it *is* the guy from SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. Go me. I guess that means he's got a pretty distinct voice, especially for hardcore singers, though LORDS finds him adopting more of an INFEST style bark along with his more idiosyncratic yelps. Not quite as off-kilter or non-linear as latter FRIENDS material, this is more straightforward grind, with some seriously potent blast beats. The LORDS do, however, throw in the odd "Criminally Insane" time change and the guitarist, though not so heavy in a bass-less trio configuration, has plenty of non-aggro ideas to throw in the mix to keep things interesting. Definitely one for all fans of FRIENDS, grind, and irregular hardcore in general. (EL)
(625, www.625thrashcore.com)

LORDS OF THE HIGHWAY – "Degreaser" CD

I am still unsure why I always seem to end up reviewing these kinds of CDs. I know nothing about rockabilly and I could care less. This could be the greatest rockabilly band to exist, but how would I know? It sounds very average to me. Male and female vocalists with a few instrumentals thrown in. (CK)
(Rock N Roll Purgatory, PO Box 771153, Lakewood, OH 44107, www.rocknrollpurgatory.com)

MAN THE CONVEYORS – EP

Not-too-original but not-too-bad metallic crust from somewhere in the Northeast, I believe. The riffs don't add anything new but are catchy enough. The pace is consistently fast; the vocals are gruff, demented, shouted fare and everyone sounds sufficiently pissed. One minor complaint: I know you guys are too punk to care, but seriously, your layout could use some work. No one likes bad pixilated scans for cover art. It's funny though, the blurry art and the very rough recording quality (especially in the vocals) are oddly matched. (EL)
(Vinyl Massacre, www.mantheconveyors.com)

THE MASONICS FEATURING LUDELLA BLACK – "Outside Looking In" CD

I'm a big fan of the MICKEY (MILKSHAKES) HAMPSHIRE and I've never thought the MASONICS records got the attention they deserved. I must admit to being less than enthused about this one, though: the guitar tends to lack the bite that worked so well with his catchy and well-crafted songs, while many of the songs themselves seem to be a little bit thin and rushed. A few very good songs stick out prominently, though the whole is certainly OK and the addition of LUDELLA BLACK on several songs will provide impetus for some fence-sitters. (DD)
(Vinyl Japan, Hamada Bldg. 1F 4-7, 7-Chome, Nishi-Shinjuku, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN, www.vinyljapan.com)

MC MONKEY AND APE WITH ATTITUDE – "The Human Zoo Pts 1+2" EP

I really thought the TUNNEL OF LOVE 7" would take the cake for supa-dupa lo-fi krap for this fiscal quarter, but here's the newly crowned King of the Party. I could expend a lot of hyperbole on this, it's great and all, but I'll just say this record is fucking "living punk" and leave it at that; this 45 is as refreshing as the first beer o' the morning. I've heard that Side A is already under Kraut Control for KBD Vol. 346-A. (RW)
(Kryptonite)

MEGAHURTS / SEX ROBOTS – split EP

What's up with St. Louis? Seriously, besides Cincinnati, St. Louis is the most under performing city in punk rock. It's not just that there are really no good bands that I know of, but there is a serious dearth of bands period. Are the kids too obsessed with baseball and Nelly to be interested in loud, fast, and snotty stuff? Maybe the answer is to just blame Budweiser and the Cardinals, two things that would take the life out of anybody. Now if you haven't guessed it yet, both the MEGAHURTS and the SEX ROBOTS are from St. Louis. So while they take care of band part, they forget to cover the "good" part. MEGAHURTS play simple female-fronted pop punk with an emphasis on the pop. The SEX ROBOTS meanwhile have that '77 look going on, but come across on vinyl as something more akin to circa 1995 Chapel Hill bands like SMALL

and PIPE. If you don't remember those bands it's a nice way of saying that this band is too college rock for me. (JF)
(www.roadhousetunes.com)

MI AMORE – "The Lamb" CD

With a goat-head on the cover and an upside-down cross on the back of the booklet I was expecting to find some serious black metal on this disc. I guess looks can be deceiving sometimes, because when I put this CD in my stereo I found that MI AMORE is way more hardcore or even rock and roll than metal, even though there is definitely some metal-heaviness present here. The riffs are very seventies rock-oriented and have a dirty, distorted sound to them. As a whole this band sounds a lot like their fellow-countrymen CURSED. Not bad at all, and this record manages to create a very distinct atmosphere that would go along great with long winter-nights or pagan rituals. It was produced by Kurt Ballou of CONVERGE-fame and there are guest-vocals by people from CONVERGE and DAMNATION AD, so I'm sure that a lot of people will check this out just because of that, but MI AMORE's music is good enough that it could do without those references. (JD)
(Cyclop Media, 16 du Charron, Levis, Quabec, G6V 7X5 CANADA, www.cyclop-online.com)

MIGRA VIOLENTA – "Studio Live in Paris" CD

Shit, I have been sleeping on this Argentine band for far too long—who knew that they were this good? Relentless thrashing hardcore punk that fucking explodes out of the stereo speakers and backs up its anger with thoughtful, political lyrics. Unlike too much of the generic shite that comes through this review room, MIGRA VIOLENTA has actually gotten me tapping my toes, nodding my head and (gasp) air drumming on the computer keyboard. This CD was recorded "studio live" in Paris on their semi-recent (2003) European tour, and it has a raw quality that lends itself well to the angry hardcore herein. A rare CD release that warrants repeat listens and has me getting all Bruce Roehrs about it: Fuck yes! (GN)
(Infected, www.infected-rec.8m.com)

MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS – "Stop/Parasite"

I suppose it's impossible to mimic the greatness of those early NEW BOMB TURKS records, so this band has clearly decided to ape their later material. Trouble is they throw in too much wank and not enough energy. This is the sort of stuff that ran rampant a few years back on labels like Junk and countless others. Ehhhh. (MC)
(Blue Bus, P.O. Box 31130, San Francisco, CA 94131)

MINIMAL MAN – "Shroud of" CD

Here's one I never thought I'd see on CD, the first LP from Bay Area weirdos MINIMAL MAN circa 1981. This was originally on the Subterranean label (who really should get their props as the best Bay Area punk label of the 1978-'83 period, name a better one) and it's one of those records that definitely hits the old nostalgia button for me. It's arty, super-aggro, scrape-driven bad-mood-music, like JOY DIVISION jammin' out some THROBBING GRISTLE outtakes. Lead guy Patrick Miller had more than a few rotten things twisting around in his guts, and the results are harrowing to say the least. The perfect record to alternate with early some 80s hardcore on that mix CD you're toasting up to take on that road trip through Texas this summer. (RW)
(Boutique)

MOB STEREO – "Too Young to Go Steady" CD

I thought I was going to hate this. First there was the awful drawing of what appeared to be hipsters on the cover. Then I saw that the band was from Brooklyn, which these days makes it automatically suspect. Still, Paul and Golnar say I have to actually listen to records if I want to review them, so that is what I did. You know what? I don't hate this. I don't love it either, but it is some primitive neo-garagey punk stuff with a NY indie/noise feel. The vocals need to be brought up, but otherwise it is all pretty competent stuff. (JF)
(www.dollarrecords.com)

MORE TO PRIDE – "This Is Life" CD

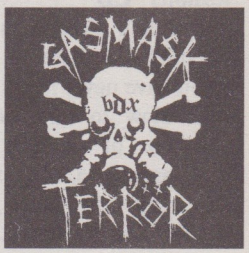
Pissed off old school hardcore that draws on the eighties just as much as it draws on NYHC like MADBALL or late nineties straight edge bands like FLOORPUNCH. Overall this is fast, but there is the occasional mid-tempo breakdown part in here. Lyrics are tough as nails (the first songs starts with the singer venting his frustrations and screaming out "What's up motherfuckers?!?" among other things) and deal with the hardness of life, staying true, and friendship. All in all this is a little too tough and jock-like for me, but I'm sure kids who are into INTERNAL AFFAIRS and the likes will dig it. (JD)
(Rivalry, www.rivalryrecords.com)

MOTHBALLS – "Come Out of the Closet" EP

Fan, fan, fantastic. A real corker. Recalls the best and brightest of the Radio X/Super Teem! Releases of the mid 1990s: all four moth-tunes boast melodies that got my pupils dilating and my nerves singing like piano wires. There's something fucked up on side two (a locked groove or what have you) but I'm able to decipher chunks of their Link Wray cover ("Walking Down the Street Called Love")—apparently one has to spin it backward, and even that doesn't seem to work. The MOTHBALLS: almost as good as LOLI & THE CHONES in their prime, I'd say. (JH)
(Car Hole)

MOTHER NATURE'S REVENGE – "Off to the Glue Factory" EP

Wow, on the second track these guys sound like RUDIMENTARY PENI. I guess this would be the punk side of the spazzy hardcore thing. The music is tight and tough, and they have a great guitar sound. The singer kicks butt too. Now, I'm no Joe Hardcore, but I'm hearing bits of TALK IS POISON, TRAGEDY, SEPTIC DEATH, ICONS OF FILTH, and like I said, RUDIMENTARY PENI, so maybe you HC types better like...sit up and take notice or something. Whatever, this is the best hard stuff I've heard for some time. (AD)
(Basement, PO Box 511, LaHabra, CA 90633)



MOTORHOME – "Black Lung" CD

MOTORHOME delivers ten tracks of serious *rawk*. *Black Lung* includes their debut EP *Commando*. Some serious power chords dominate their sound with hooks-a-plenty and dueling lead guitars. This kinda reminds me of the TIGHT BROS, JUDAS PRIEST, GLUCIFER, and THIN LIZZY all rolled into one heaving mass of head bangin' goodness. (HM)

(Infringement, PO Box 1224, Eugene, OR 97440, www.infringementrecords.com)

MÜTANT – "Schizophrenic Records Presents Mütant"

Abrasive and chaotic Japanese thrash featuring wild guitar playing, occasional gang vocals, and some absolutely incendiary vocals. MÜTANT plays as fast as a hardcore band can without spilling into grind territory, but they manage to keep things from becoming a messy blur with some deft tempo changes and interesting vocal hooks. At times, this reminded me of the CONGA FURY tracks on the second *Histeria* comp in speed, distortion level, and vocal approach. For punx and thrashers alike, the raw sound of the distortion alone makes this one a winner for me. (GN)

(Schizophrenic, www.schizophrenic.com)

NEGLECT – "The Complete Don Fury Sessions" CD

This is a discography of sorts, compiling NEGLECT'S material spanning 1991-1995. If you have never heard them, you can expect some slow to mid-paced hardcore packed with tons of metallic crunch. They rarely break pace here, keeping things slow, steady and angry. Musically, you can use SHEER TERROR as a reference point and go from there. That the lyrics are packed full of hatred and rage that is quite apparent when you look at song titles like "Fuck Life" and "Livin' to Die." To be honest, this really isn't my thing musically, as I generally like my hardcore much faster. Nevertheless, I know they have got some fans out there, so dig in because you won't be disappointed. (RC)

(NGS, PO Box 334, Westmont, IL 60559, www.ngsrecords.com)

NEUROOT / JETSET / MURDER INC. 3 – 3 way split LP

This is one of those shitty looking—and I mean really shitty looking — over-priced boot LPs that have been coming out lately. Nevertheless, musically this is great! I love old European, hardcore punk especially from this era — it is amazing. Fucking JETSET! Excellent female-fronted hardcore from Holland with a drummer who just goes crazy. They even bust out maracas on a song; this is just insane and I am flipping on it! This comes from an era where bands were not afraid of trying something a little different, which is why we consider them classics! This stuff is from their 1983 demo tape, with 14 tracks. Then we get a not so good sounding demo from MURDER INC. 3 from Holland, These songs seem to come from an old split tape from 1984. The songs are very good, but just hurt a bit in the sound quality, which won't necessarily bother most who are into this era of euro hardcore stuff. Lastly, we have NEUROOT bringing their 1983 demo out of obscurity. Anyone familiar with them knows they brought us powerful early 80s hardcore punk. This LP has me thinking of the old squats and political European punks that dug holes into the streets and dropped rocks on cops' heads—after all who wanted to get evicted from their homes, right? (MS)

(no address)

NEW YORK REL-X – "Sold Out Of Love" CD

Where is the anger? Where is the passion? Where is the energy? Where is a reason for releasing this piece of garbage? Non-catchy, safe, wannabe UK82 punk rock? Generic as they come. (JF)

(TKO, 8941 Atlanbta Ave #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

NIGHTBREED – "Immortality Through Ashes" CDEP

Heavy rock that I'm not sure fits into this magazine's bracket of coverage. It's not bad, kinda like NEUROSIS. (AD)

(Tragic End, tragicendrecords@yahoo.com)

NINJA! NINJA! NINJA! – "How to Talk to Liberal (if You Must)" CD

NNN combines shabby, scratch the surface lyrical topics, with tunes along the lines of CRINGER, PHLEG CAMP, and SCHERZO, but still owing a great deal more to the late, great CRIMPSHRINE. Ignoring the hopeless vocal meandering and I-don't-care-about-what-I'm-doing-shitty, hook-less lyrical posturing of this disc, I turned to their music, listening for some glimmer of hope, something I could react positively to. But alas, it was just green corn. The FIFTEEN cover… just a bad idea. (BS)

(Blinded By Billboards)

NO LESS – "Le$$on$ 93-98" CD

Really don't know where to begin with this band. I already raved about this criminally underrated Northern California band's discography in my column this issue, but I'll reiterate again in case you missed it. Rising from the ashes of such seminal West Bay bands as PLUTOCRACY, IMMORTAL FATE and 976, NO LESS took their hometowns by storm, and the rest of the area by utterly confused surprise, with their bizarre brand of noise-infused hardcore, swimming in a shit-storm of bad acid-trip feedback manipulation, vocal squeals, samples, tempo changes, blast beats, shout-outs, death threats, jazz breaks, hip hop beats and PCP paranoia the likes of which hadn't existed before or after. This is everything they ever recorded, from five different recordings, tracks from which appeared on various comps and EPs, but which are best appreciated as distinct sessions capturing the band at whatever volatile state they were in at the time. An essential document of an endlessly creative and misunderstood band. (EL)

(Push Down and Turn, PO Box 170276, SF, CA 94117)

THE NOW – "Into the 80s! The 1978 Demos" LP

(Nearly) 30-year-old recordings from an ignored, largely unknown (to me) UK group who sported 77-style Rod Stewart 'dos and played a simple clean-cut punk that bears some similarities to (very early) WIRE, the UNWANTED, or any of the other groups on the old *Live at the Roxy* comp. Or maybe the ARMITAGE SHANKS! The group have the requisite energy and wide-eyed innocence: tunes like "Here It Comes Now," "You Student" or their cover of "The Shape of Things to Come" are fun, skeletal punk rock that's marred somewhat by the live-quality recording. Worth a listen by all you errant DESPERATE BICYCLES fans with nothing to seek out with extreme prejudice. The biggest selling point of the group is their obviously youthful energy here—maybe they could have acted as surrogate big brothers to EATER. A limited edition of 461, whippersnappers. (JH)

(Boot, lastyearsyouth@web.de, www.the-now.com)

NYLON – CD

Mike Lucas swore these gals were one of the best live bands he had ever seen come out of Japan, a bunch of crazy chicks that all look like the female bodyguard who was swinging that nasty flail around in *Kill Bill*. I've only got this digital platter before me, but I can tell you for sure that they give the 5678's a run for their yen at their raunchiest. All the vocals are in Japanese, so they can also duck the "pure-USA-worship" tag that drags too many Japanese bands to the bottom of the river. A straight-ahead 60s-fueled party record. (RW)

(Time Bomb, Sunbowl B1, 2-9-28, Nishi-Shinsaibashi, Chuo-Ku, Osaka 542-0086, JAPAN)

THE OBSERVERS – "Walk Alone" EP

It's been a rough week for being a Catholic, what with the Pope dying, the Celtics losing, and my Ma forgetting to send the Easter eggs. Bleaksville my friend, the dark clouds of doom and gloom, an unshakable depression. But three tunes is all it took to turn it around; fuck your Prozac, the OBSERVERS man, they're pure MDMA. If you ain't hip to Portland's best kept little secret, then shame on you. They play classic, driven melodic punk with a twist, a band that sounds like so many different acts but still maintains a very strong identity. Fuck the comparisons, I'm sick of them—this band is simply one of the bestest frikkin' punk bands period. The melody has been cranked up a notch or two, and is present with all the elements that made the first single and LP a must. They're on tour; see them, buy their shirts, purchase their records, give them beers, pull the bass player's balls, and sleep with the damn lot of them. (SD)
(Jonny Cat, www.theobservers.org)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – "To Hell With This and All of You" EP

I love sneering twats, vocalists who hate and I mean *hate*, spiting venom down the mike, even badder when some skinny no mark is battering away on an eerie organ. This is what I guess the kids are calling no-wave, I prefer just to call it by what it is, fantastic, attitude drenched punk rock. Like the later ADVERTS, stinking of the smartass cockiness of TV SMITH. They even have the balls to break punk's golden rule and include two ballads on the flip, which even in all their brazen fruitiness seem to work. Loving it. (SD)
(Redemption Alive, 1101 26th Ave Se MPLS.MN 55414)

OUT COLD – "Goodbye Cruel World" CD

Man, is this band still around? Crazy. For years, they have been receiving reviews telling punx how underrated they are, and this review isn't going to be any different. OUT COLD plays ugly, negative hardcore from Massachusetts that would fit in with a lot of the nihilistic shit that's come out of the Midwest since the early days of hardcore punk. Solid and straightforward, this should please current fans of the band and will hopefully bring new listeners to the fold. (GN)
(Acme, PO Box 441, Dracut MA 01826)

PAINT IT BLACK – "Paradise" LP

Paradise is the second full length from PAINT IT BLACK, and while it's better than the first LP, there is still something missing. The similarities to Mr. Yemin's previous work with KID DYNAMITE and LIFETIME are present, but I feel a little more late 80s NYHC style in this. The problem I believe is that while both LIFETIME and KID DYNAMITE had vocalists who could pull this shit off, PAINT IT BLACK doesn't. Give this band somebody who could really belt it out and they would annihilate. Instead, it's just a nice record that probably wouldn't knock any favorites off of my playlist. (JF)
(Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd, Wilmington, DE 19810)

PEOPLE AGAIN – "The Earth as All That Lasts" CD

Fuck, this shit is so lo-fi that it really should've been a demo, but with the minimal DIY packaging that came with this, maybe it is meant to be just that? Ultra-crusty hardcore from Milwaukee with deep, dark vocals. Honestly, this shit is so fucked up sounding and bass heavy that I can't really make out what's going on, but maybe that's for the best because if this were well recorded it would just be metal. (GN)
(Deadmen on Holiday, PO Box 11577, Milwaukee, WI 53211)

PETER PAN SPEEDTRACK / ZEKE – split CD

Definitely not my thing. This is everything I hate about metal being passed off as punk. Macho attitudes, songs that go on for way too long, and guitar solos galore. Yikes. (CK)
(Bitz Core, PO Box 304107, D-20324 Hamburg, GERMANY, 1756@bitzcore.de)

PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION – "Sex War" CD

These veteran Welsh punkers have been around forever, I suspect going on 20 years, or more. I've no idea what release this is, in terms of their discography. But they certainly can still bash out the UK82 sounding punk with the best of them. The guitarist has improved considerably. Think of that classic Riot City sound, or pre-thrash EXPLOITED, with a guitarist who can play the flash leads without sounding metal. Stirring stuff for sure, especially given their current girth, and wrinkles! (RK)
(CultJam, www.pictureframeseduction.com)

PINK RAZORS – "Scene Suicide" CD

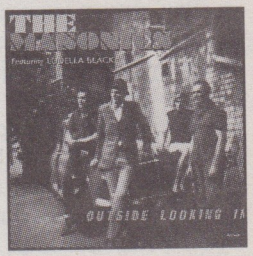
Decent, short album here from a newish Richmond, VA band. I hear a heavy DILLINGER FOUR and THUMBS thing going on, while some parts recall JAWBREAKER. A lot of it seems like an incomplete thought, with lyrics that are getting at something, but don't quite wrap it up. Conveys a general disillusionment with a variety of things. I coulda done without the acoustic song on the end. Still, a strong effort. (WL)
(Robotic Empire, PO Box 4211, Richmond, VA 23220, www.roboticempire.com)

POINTED STICKS – "Perfect Youth" LP

.....a reissue record originally released in1980 by Canada's sugar-coated cutie pie new wave pop bunnies known as the POINTED STICKS…!!! If you can fuck your kid sister to the sounds of the BOOMTOWN RATS, OINGO BOINGO, SPLIT ENZ, and ELVIS COSTELLO, then you can easily graduate to balling your daddy with the POINTED STICKS…!!!!! Don't hold back ……suck your old man's prick…you know you want to……have a taste of his POINTED STICK!!!!! Say, who reissued this anyway…a fan????? If this is a bootleg it sure does look and sound great!!!!!! (SW)
(no address)

REASON OF INSANITY – LP

This LP got my attention from the first track. REASON OF INSANITY provides us with some very well done hardcore with nice speed and some memorable



mid-paced hardcore songs. The guitar sound is pretty nasty in a good way with an overall strong sound. I like the vocal style, especially on tracks like "Fuck Your World." I would have enjoyed this LP even more if it were a bit shorter of a record—I think it is too long. There are four covers, which is a bit much in the way of covers on one record. One cover is by Treblika. Treblinka? That is pretty fucking obscure. I actually laughed because I don't know of many folks who have ever heard of Treblika or have any of their music. Enough of that shit, this is a cool record so check REASON OF INSANITY out. (MS)
(Psycho Wolf, 411 Lindale, Houston, TX 77022)

RIISTETYT – "ValtionVankina" LP

Officially raging political Finnish hardcore first painted in 1983, and given the quality reissue treatment now to coincide with the band's 2005 US tour. The album kicks off with a VARUKERS cover but then turns the fuzz up even higher. The bee-in-a-jam-jar guitar sound was prevalent back in those days, and RIISTETYT made full use of it on this album. Never a band to let dynamics or melody get in the way of their thrash, they nonetheless managed to create some catchy songs. Let's face it, if you're a fan of this band you already have this album or the earlier reissues, or you went to see them on their tour and picked one up. It's on nice red vinyl too. (AM)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrecs.com)

RIISTETYT – "Skitsofrenia" LP

I got some Finnish punk to review. I know fuck all about Finnish punk, in fact my knowledge of Finnish punk is in league with my in depth knowledge of, lets say, the inner workings of atomic fusion. Anyways this is a reissue, the original probably fetching sinful amounts on eBay, causing spontaneous wanking through the studded black cladded hordes. I just love the circle-A patch, smash capitalism, up-the-punks, fuck-the-system crews obeying capitalism's fundamental law of supply and demand every time they sell their little shriveled souls on eBay. I say fuck the punks. Recorded in '83 and soaking up the atmosphere of the times, this is bleak, bleak, and more bleak. Droned punk rock that owes as much to DISCHARGE as it does GBH; a no future (or is it fuck the future) mentality drives the groove. I'm diggin' it—it ain't a patch on ONE WAY SYSTEM, but then again who was. (SD)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT – "Skitsofrenia" LP

Though I have to personally rank Appendix's *Money Is Not My Currency* as my favorite classic-era Finnish hardcore LP, *Skitsofrenia* certainly rates a close second. It has, arguably, the most archetypal Finnish sound of a lot of those early Finn-core records. Trebly guitars, lots of reverb on the vocals, and tin can drumming give this a particular charm, but the exciting songs and vocals are what put it over the top. Finnish hardcore owed (and still owes) a lot to the UK82 model, but it is a pretty distinct entity. By now, if you are a fan of international hardcore, you likely have this record on one of its CD or LP reissues (or perhaps the original on Propaganda), but this is a welcome US pressing (the first one, if I am not mistaken) of this Finnish classic, and will be a bit less tough on the ol' pocketbook for you Stateside folk than the Hohnie import (or said original, for that matter). Hopefully the availability of this gem will cement its place as an all time hardcore classic. (GN)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT – "Tuomiopaiva" EP

Another scorching reissue! This EP brings us six tracks of devastatingly raw Finnish hardcore mayhem from 1984, two of which have never been available on vinyl. Along with the classic *Valtion Vankina* and *Skitsofrenia* LPs that Havoc just reissued to coincide with the current RIISTETYT North American tour, this is a total rager. 500 on colored vinyl as well as an edition of 50 glued to a saw blade. (VH)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

RIISTETYT – "Kahleet" EP

The release of this new EP of modern Scandinavian crustcore coincided with the recent stateside tour by these Finnish legends, which was a real treat for those of us who are too young to have caught their US tour in the mid-80s. Many of the qualities that made those early RIISTETYT records so unique and memorable are still present in the modern day version of the band: killer bass lines, catchy vocal hooks, and glimpses of the classic Finnish feel in the song structure. If you expect this to sound just like *Skitsofrenia*, though, you'll likely be disappointed. Their sound (in guitar tone and vocal gnarl) has as much in common with the modern wave of Swedish hardcore (think SKITSYSTEM) as it does with classic Finnish stuff. Purists among us might be disappointed in the metallic guitar riffs and burlier vocals, though overall this is a solid EP with some memorable hooks that at its best reminds me of ÄÄRITILA and at worst reminds me how much I dislike "chunky" guitar parts. Extra points to the band members for sporting classic Finnish thrash t-shirts. Altogether, this is a worthwhile effort from one of the all-time greats. (GN)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 5408, www.havocrex.com)

RIPCORD – "In Search of a Future" 12"

The punk scene is constantly awash in half-assed reissues and borderline unethical cash-ins of former greats, but there are definitely reissues that are clearly labors of love, done with the punk spirit and ethic in mind. This first-time vinyl issue of the entire Ripcord demo (which predates their vinyl output) is certainly one of the latter. The sound quality is top-notch, and this demo serves as a worthy document of the origins of, in my opinion, the best band of the 2nd wave of British thrash. To top it off is possibly the most high-quality booklet insert I have ever seen in an LP—the beautiful, full color photos practically jump off of the (oversized) page. The insert also includes artwork and lyrics, all lovingly reproduced. Not to wax too effusive about an insert, but the photos in the booklet are so nice that a fellow reviewer here in the MRR review room literally stopped what he was doing to gawk at the quality of the printing from across the room. Anyway, on to the important stuff (duh, the music). This demo showcases the band with its original singer, who, by the looks of him with his clean-shaven noggin' and boots and braces could account for the almost Oi feel to a couple of the songs. For the most part, though, this stuff shouldn't surprise any fan of RIPCORD's particular brand of "UK thrash." Their original vocalist wasn't quite as venomous as their two later singers, but he holds his own quite nicely over the course of these nine songs, three of which were also featured on *The Defiance of Power*. On the whole, this demo is an excellent addition to the spate of well-done RIPCORD reissues from the last three years or so. This one is limited to 500, though, so act fast. (GN)
(Shortfuse, c/o Aldgate Press, Units 5 & 6, Gunthorpe Street Workshops, 3 Gunthorpe Street, London, E1 7RQ, UNITED KINGDOM)

RIZILLOS – "Demasiado Honrados Para el Rock and Roll" EP

First off, this has nothing to do with the REZILLOS. At least they didn't name themselves the Six Pistols. Sloppy punk rock with keyboards. Sung in Spanish, this doesn't do a whole lot for me. Maybe its because I'd be really pissed off if I went to see REZILLOS and these guys came on stage. (RL)
(rizillo@hotmail.com)

THE SAINTS – "Prehistoric Songs" LP

Poor sounding bootleg of a greatest hits compilation from legendary Australian band SAINTS. The SAINTS wrote so many classic

songs that of course they deserve to have all their stuff in print, which would mean that these lame bootlegs wouldn't be necessary. That's just the way it goes I guess. Buyer beware. (CK)
(no address)

SAY GOODBYE – "Misanthropy" EP

SAY GOODBYE plays very rock'n'roll influenced hardcore done with some weight. In other words, it's got power to it. The vocals are strong on this record and definitely add to the overall sound. The lyrics lean towards the negative side of things, which is just fine with me, especially when shit (life) looks and feels bleak. By the way, don't be fooled by the youth crew style drawing on the cover this is not posi or finger pointing type of stuff. (MS)
(Western Front, PO Box 832, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267, www.westernfront.com)

SCREECHING WEASEL – "My Brain Hurts" CD

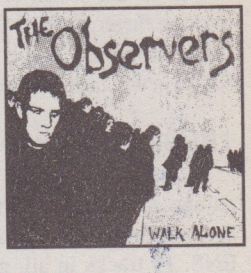
A CD reissue of what I think most people would agree is the best SCREECHING WEASEL album (though some days I'll argue for *Emo*—that album gets no respect and should). Listening to this album after not having done so in a few years cements it in my head as being one of the great punk albums. Drawing from bands like RAMONES, EFFIGIES, and NAKED RAYGUN (as well as, says Danny Vapid in the newly added liner notes, bands like BUGGLES and B-52'S) and fourteen years old, the album sounds as fresh as ever. Ben Weasel's lyrics are bratty but smart and undeniably clever. The songs are straight to the point; some of the catchiest shit ever. Songs like "Slogans," "The Science of Myth," and "What We Hate" mix philosophy with punk snot and give me chills. Newly remastered, the album sounds a little brighter. No extra tracks, which I actually applaud—I can't stand having to re-buy albums for a couple of tracks. Not sure why they chose to change the art around, as I like the starkness of the original, but it doesn't take away much from this great album. I fucking love this. (WL)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

SCREECHING WEASEL – "Boogadaboogadaboogada" CD

Seventeen years? Dear lord, no. This record changed everything, or at least it changed the face of punk rock. I got this record sixteen years ago, actually. It was the first release by SCREECHING WEASEL to be released in the UK (on Wetspots Records). I had already taped songs from the first album off the John Peel show on BBC Radio 1 the previous year when I snatched up *Boogadaboogadaboogada* in my little local record store in Northern Ireland in the spring in '89. There was nothing like this around at the time—catchy, silly, snotty punk rock—all there was back then was crossover metal and New York Hardcore. There was Alternative Tentacles and Dischord and a few cool bands, but no basic punk rock (except maybe the QUEERS, and the earliest efforts of the MR. T EXPERIENCE and SLOPPY SECONDS.) Afterwards there would be OPERATION IVY, CRIMPSHRINE, the other Lookout! bands, and in England, SNUFF, but right then this was it. I was too born too late and missed CLASH, CRASS, and DEAD KENNEDYS; SCREECHING WEASEL was my band, the only band I followed from my teens to thirties, always looking forward to the new releases. When shit gets me down it's them I still listen to. In a scene that destroys its loves (nowhere more so than the *Maximumrocknroll* reviews section) I'll continue to stick by them as the best band of our generation, the kids who were once too young and are now too old. Like I said, *Boogadaboogadaboogada* was their second album, and there was already a progression evident from their debut. This album is catchier, better played, with more well-written hooks and instantly memorable songs like "Dingbat," "Stupid Over You," "Love," "Supermarket Fantasy," "Sunshine," "I Love To Hate," "I believe in UFOs," and of course "Hey Suburbia." These songs became instant classics to me, and remain stuck in my head all these years later. The music blended obvious RAMONES influences with hardcore, resulting in something fast and hard, yet catchy and melodic. Although this is a little before the classic Weasel/Jughead/Vapid/Panic line-up, this is probably what I would consider to be their classic record. Their music would further progress and refine itself, but it was this record where the sound (that was born on the first album with "Murder in the Brady House") was harnessed. A load of albums (and a thousand imitators) would follow, but this was the transition, this was their *Metal Circus*. Along with the music came a sense of humor that was lacking in punk at the time, songs like "Holy Hardcore" and "Nicarauga," with its deliberate spelling mistake, poked fun at a scene which took itself far too seriously. The humor was washed down with bile in "This Ain't Hawaii" and "I Hate Led Zeppelin" and this became their trademark lyrical style—funny yet serious, cynical yet whimsical, and all the time intelligent. I never got to see SCREECHING WEASEL—they played England in 1989 but never came to Ireland. I don't mind, I never saw CLASH, CRASS, or DEAD KENNEDYS either, but one of the happiest memories of my life remains driving along the coast of Strangford Lough when I was eighteen, on a rare sunny day with my cousin John, listening to a tape of *Boogadaboogadaboogada*. (AD)
(Asian Man, www.asianman.com)

SECRET CRUSH SOCIETY - "Baltimore Chapter" CD

A bunch of regular looking folk, these gals and guy sure have a cool sound. One moment sounding like THEE HEADCOATEES and the next a little BOW WOW WOW. Gal vocals over amateurish music that ranges from garage to sparse, brooding grooves. Could have been a UK band on Subway in 1987 going by the sound. Right on! (RL)
(Atomic Twang, www.secretcrushsociety.com)



SECRET SEVEN / FPO – split EP

A nice international split here, we have Singapore united with Macedonia brought to us by Moo Cow Records in the US. SECRET SEVEN is from Singapore and play fast hardcore akin to something one would normally expect from a 625 release. If you're into the quick stuff check it out. FPO, from Macedonia, plays fast, fast, fast hardcore with breaks and slower bits thrown in here and there, which in this case makes it more interesting. In all, worth checking out if you are into the faster stuff. (MS)
(Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle Belmont MA 02478 www.moocowrecords.com)

THE SEVENS – "Be My Loving Baby" LP

Storming out of the burgeoning European garage scene circa 1965 came a bunch of Swiss mop tops collectively known as SEVENS. 19 tracks in all, gathering their LP and all of their singles from '65 to their final split in '68. Like their American counterparts, these European cats spent hours emulating their bad teethed British brethren, soaking up heavy doses of THEM, ANIMALS, and of course everyone's heroes ROLLING STONES. Storming, Hammond-driven, raucous R 'n' B, soaked in harmony, attitude, charm, energy, and of course that distinctive 60s groove. Along with fellow Europeans SLAVES, this is a must for all dedicated retroheads. Big ups to Akarma Records for lovingly documenting these forgotten gems with a great pressing, great packaging, and altogether a bloody fine job. (SD)
(Akarma, www.akarmarecords.com)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE – "Fucking Butchery" EP

Holy crap! SEVERED HEAD OF STATE combines crisp, shouted, overtly gruff vocals with a wall-of-sound guitar blitzkrieg! This shit is about as heavy as modern day punk rock gets. The lyrics are right on the money for these times. In "Blood of Vengeance," SEVERED HEAD OF STATE sings, "Our years are the years of war / Our days are measured in as battles / Every hour is a life now lost / Strangers from without have built great charnel houses / To nourish the fucking fiends!" Brilliant! This is the rarified kind of punk band that has great music and fleshes it out with great lyrics. This 7" is another triumph for Hardcore Holocaust. (BR)
(Hardcore Holocaust, www.hardcoreholocaust.com)

SHORT.FAST.DEAD. – "6 Song" EP

This Providence, RI band mixes things up a bit more than I was anticipating. It's not all just fast thrash like I was expecting. They've got a pretty heavy approach to songwriting, infused with a healthy dose of metal—unavoidable with double-bass drumming in the slower, heavier parts. The mix isn't so hot on this: the guitars are almost nonexistent, leaving a whole lotta bass. Still, the songs are cool. I can't for the life of me think of bands to compare them to except DROP DEAD and STRAIGHT TO HELL, which is just lazily due to proximity more than anything—they're a bit more metal and sinister than that. Solid stuff, and nice work on the screen-printed canvas covers. (EL)
(Non-Prophet, donttalktosfd@hotmail.com)

SIEGE / LIP CREAM – split LP

Two exceptional, radical bands brought together for one miserable slab o' wax. Think listening to these gigs by means of a tin can pressed against a cinderblock wall—an eavesdropper's delight? Avoid at all cost. This bootlegger must die. Fuck you, human garbage. (BS)
(no address)

SLEDGEHAMMER – "Your Arsonist" CD

When I first read about this band, I was quite intrigued about them. SLEDGEHAMMER contains Dwid from INTEGRITY and folks from LIAR and CONGRESS. It seemed like a great combination of those mid-90s hardcore powerhouses, and yet I was partially let down by the final product. Granted, this is some power-packed hardcore that reminds me of a slightly stripped down INTEGRITY. And Dwid's vocals are as angry as ever. But it didn't hit me like the blast to the eardrums that I was hoping for. I am not clear what they are trying to accomplish with a few of the weird things they added onto this four-song CD (including a hidden dance track?!), but they should just stick to the hardcore. The cover art of the girl lying in a car with her panties pulled down around her knees makes no sense either. I still enjoyed it but I hope they pull together their collective powers and put out a more crushing release in the future. (RC)
(Martyr, PO Box 955, Harriman, NY 10926-0955, www.martyrrecords.com)

SNUFF - "Six of One, Half Dozen of the Other" CD

A "best of" collection here. Legends of modern UK melodic punk, this is a two-disc set with one disc of hits and another of rarities. 50 tracks in all! Circa 1986-2002, this is awesome stuff with the rarities disc having some serious hard-to-find collectibles as well as unreleased tracks. A no-brainer!
(Fat Wreck)

THE SORES – "Wormwood" EP

Since this is on Kryptonite, I automatically know that it's going to be one of those amazing records that is recorded so dirty and distorted that I will immediately love it. Guess what? It is, and I do. Screeching vocals, guitars that don't seem to be playing any melody, and bashing drums—in short, everything that is great about garage and punk rock. (CK)
(Kryptonite)

SORES – "Play Six Songs of Despair and Frustration" 12"

Real basic, howlin' garage stammer 'n drawl, guitars around yer ankles and a tube sock in yer gullet. From Davis, CA. No new ground broken, no brains tossed in the pan, just a direct appeal to your central nervous system. Dig it, just don't squint too hard. (RW)
(Borox , PO Box 1581, Davis, CA 95617)

SPIRAL CHORD – CD

Ten tracks of totally blown out, overly distorted, yet somehow extremely melodic indie rock. In places it reminds me of HÜSKER DÜ or JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, in the way they layered noise over pretty traditional melodies, but this has very few of the other qualities that made those bands exceptional. The main thing this has going for it is the driving energy that is propelled by the rhythm section, especially the bass. Not bad. (AM)
(Straight Up)

SPITS / TRIGGERS – split 45

I am going to get this over with quick, the SPITS side of this record is pure shit. Not the good type of shit where you feel great after getting it over with, but the too much whiskey the night before shit that leaves you and your ass feeling awful. Luckily, the TRIGGERS side is like a good Japanese toilet/bidet combo unit that has a heated seat. Rocking, basic punk that makes you feel refreshed no matter how much whiskey you have consumed. This wouldn't be a horrible purchase, but it would be another split to treat as though it were a one sided release. (JF)
(Puke, PO Box 99456, Emeryville, CA 94662)

STATE – "No Illusions" EP

Finally, we have an official reissue of this amazing Midwestern HC classic brought to us by Mr. Havoc. This band was great, although many did not pay too much attention to them until recent years. The STATE has played some shows recently in the true punk spirit—cheap and with other current hardcore punk bands, so hats off to the fucking STATE! " No Illusions" and "Police State" are still amazing

songs and worth putting on any mix tape of hardcore classics. Amazing shit. (MS)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

THE STEAM PIG – "Bastard Ugly Everything" CD

This Irish band's been kicking about a fair while. This latest offering contains twelve songs that are pretty hit-or-miss musically but above average lyrically. For the most part they are pretty generic metallic punk, but there are a few stand out tracks that redeem the whole thing. This is worth getting for the songs "Clusterbombs" and "Redundant" alone. A game of two halves but at the end of the day, a good result. (AM)
(Jacinta's Offshore Holdings, PO Box 7674, Dublin 1, IRELAND)

STUFF – "The Curse" CD EP

Four-track effort from this French quartet who have apparently spent their formative years holed up solely with NOFX records. Complete with melodic riffs, snotty singing, moving bass parts, and that high end, stop/start guitar. They certainly do it well. Not sure why they have a picture of the pyramids on the cover. The lyrics seem to be in English, but its obviously lost in translation on my aging ears. The pyramids are cool dude. Not only that, but they were built when the French (and the Yanks for that matter) ancestors were still literally in the stone age. Living in caves and shit. The Arabs were poncing around inventing the wheel, science, building incredible stuff. Doesn't sound much like a curse to me. Who would be French, eh. (RK)
(Association Hemlock, www.stuff.fr.st)

SUGAR EATER – "American Idle" CDEP

This trio blasts through four poppy punk ditties on this six minute EP. "American Idle" reminds me of some clever GREEN DAY tune. Next is a frantic version of CIRCLE JERKS' "Operation." "Born on Third Base" is an astute, clever 30-second blast followed by "Tiffany Jordan Likes Dave Matthews," which has a SCREECHING WEASEL feel. Pretty good stuff. (HM)
(Eyephat, PO Box 1156, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866, www.sugareater.com)

SURFAHOLICS – "The Sugar Smile on Candy Faces" CD

Neat-looking package (what's it say about my life that I pay attention to the wrapper first?) that houses a dozen-odd tunes from this youthful Austrian outfit. Note: the SURFAHOLICS have nothing to do with "surf music," at least the type purveyed by DICK DALE, JACKIE & THE CEDRICS, or AGENT ORANGE in their off moments. This is straight-no-chaser punk rock of the modern variety, played with plenty of clarity and most of the rough edges sanded down. Could be the level of recording (a notch better than I'm used to), but tracks like "Cities on Fire" or "Teenage Rock Boy" come across as a bit sterile. I'm sure they get the crowds spinning. (JH)
(Crony, Leopoldstr. 24, 6020 Innsbruck, AUSTRIA, ww.crony-records.com)

SURFIN' MATADORS – "Drive Me Crazy" EP

These guys should know better than to risk the opprobrium of the "surf" label when they don't stray anywhere near that sound. What we've actually got here is a good specimen of high-energy slop blasting out of the garage without sounding especially retro, despite the organ slightly winning its fight with the guitar for prominence in the mix. Good stuff. (DD)
(Unrecording, www.unrecordingrecords.com)

TARAKANY! – "Rockets From Russia" CD

Snotty, melodic punk from Moscow. This is by far the best punk rock I've heard out of Russia. Obviously influenced by the RAMONES as well as German and European bands, this is very well played and has a nice variety in pace and sound; it ranges from poppy ballads to fast noisy numbers. The CD comes with a bonus live disc from a show in Moscow. This is very interesting. I remember *MRR* did a Russian issue eight or nine years ago, but apart from that I've never delved into the scene there. The lyrics are in English and Russian, as is the lyric booklet. Good stuff. (AD)
(ZCM, Am Kesselhaus 9, 79576 Weil am Rhein, GERMANY)

TARNFARBE – "Heroes of Today" LP

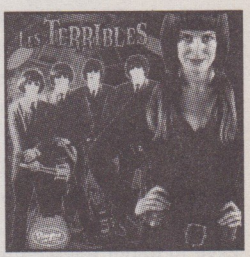
Martin and I both had the same reaction to this: "I don't remember this being so *awesome*." Such is the case with many reissues these days. Somehow time has been good to some of the less recognized (or less remembered) bands of the 80s. Originally released in 1984, this is catchy German punk rock that fits right in with compatriots SLIME, TARGETS, and NEUROTIC ARSEHOLES. Strong, melodic vocals (a Deutsche-punk trademark) and driving, tight musicianship make this highly recommended. (PC)
(Assel, Groner Landstr. 48, 37081 Göttingen, Germany, www.assel-records.de)

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – "Total" CD

This band reminds me of SCREECHING WEASEL. Kind of RAMONES but energized. Decent, listenable vocals, which get a little MISSION OF BURMA when the singers switch off. Recorded at the Blasting Room in Colorado by Bill Stevenson, you know this is gonna sound good. A solid, catchy release. (RL)
(Red Scare, www.teenagebottlerocket.com)

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES – "And Don't the Kids Just Love It" LP

Normally I would recommend against buying bootlegs of any kind. Bootleggers are capitalist scum and don't deserve a penny of your hard-earned cash (or your mom's, or whatever). But I will forgive you if you break down like I did and get this, one of the best albums of all time. The TVPs were either ahead of their time or way behind the times, or maybe in a completely different time-space continuum. Proto-indie-pop? Psychedelic funny-punk? Serious artists or the goofiest band ever? One might even say this isn't punk rock at all—Tim did when he purged this from the MRR collection ten years ago. But the TVPs had such a DIY, raw, desperate, and even gloomy sound that's it's hard for me



to separate them from punk rock, even though I will admit that the music is pretty much pop. *And Don't the Kids...* has got a some of their funnier songs, like "Geoffrey Ingram" and "I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives," but not their classic punk spoofs "Where's Bill Grundy Now?" and "Part-Time Punks." This album showed them moving away from taking easy jabs at the trendy punks of 1977, going in a mellower and (dare I say) more mature direction. That may sound bad—eventually they did get really boring—but this album is pure musical and lyrical genius. Includes two (good!) songs not on the original: "The Prettiest Girl in the World" and "That's What Love Is." For open-minded pop and punk fans alike. (PC)
(no address)

LES TERRIBLES – CD

"Recorded in France," the cover boasts: well, yeah! LES TERRIBLES—a group I've heard of for years, but never really *heard* or *experienced* (as it were): glad that I have. Various Parisian scensters don "beatle" wigs and plunder the 60s beat back catalog: you got French-language versions of "All Day and All of the Night" ("La Nuit le Jour"), "I Can Only Give You Everything" ("Chante") and originals ushc as "Rosbeef Attack" or "Froggies Strike Back." The DUKES OF HAMBURG they ain't: more like the BRISTOLS (especially the ace female vocals, perfectly suited for the material). Top marks all around—one of the rare 60s piss-takes/tributes worth repeated listens. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysusrecords.com)

TIGER BEAR WOLF – CD

This band tries to combine the rawness of sixties and seventies rock bands (i.e. MC5 or STOOGES) with the feel and song-writing of modern indie-rock (DRIVE LIKE JEHU or even SONIC YOUTH come to mind every now and then). The rock and roll influences are predominant though, and at times they do succeed at their attempt to bring back the heyday of rock. At those times their version of indie rock sounds refreshing and exciting, but unfortunately, the songs have a tendency to cave in under the weight of the technique and thought that was obviously put into them. I'm not really sure whether I can explain it or not, but sometimes this sounds just too technical, too well thought-out and simply too safe to be as exciting as the bands from the past they try to emulate. It's not raw enough and lacks that sense of excitement, urgency and danger. As I said, sometimes TIGER BEAR WOLF does succeed, and at those times this is an enjoyable indie record, but overall I couldn't get really excited about it. You should probably check this out yourselves though, because I haven't quite made up my mind yet. (JD)
(Hello Sir, www.hellosirrecords.com)

TIN CAN ARMY – "TCA" LP

This month saw a veritable deluge of classic German punk reissues, including this LP's worth of material from TIN CAN ARMY. Like so much other German punk, TIN CAN ARMY has an acute sense of melody while still maintaining a certain brashness (maybe it's the tough sounding German language, but TIN CAN ARMY sounds tough even when they sing in English). I am sure they thought of themselves as a hardcore band, but put against the Scandinavian or Japanese bands of the era, TIN CAN ARMY stand firmly grounded in the punk camp. This LP could induce a bit of spontaneous bedroom pogo-ing for sure, and after a couple of listens I think I am ready to claim that this is more than just an excellent reissue, it is in the near-essential category for anyone interested in classic, melodic punk rock. This 20-song album is a greatest hits of sorts, featuring songs from their split with MANIACS, unreleased stuff, comp stuff, and some live stuff thrown in for good measure. (GN)
(Assel, www.assel-records.de)

TINY HAWKS – "Fingers become Bridges" 12"

First of all I'd like to compliment TINY HAWKS on the great packaging for this record. I always love it when bands go out of their way to make something special of the way they present their music and this band does that beautifully with screen printed covers and an etching on the back of this one-sided 12". Musically, TINY HAWKS take their cues from bands like SHOTWELL and POLICY OF 3 and, in my opinion, would fit in well with the bands on the *Wayfarers All* compilation LP that came out a while back. I enjoyed this record a lot. TINY HAWKS is a cool addition to the contemporary emo/screamo genre and you should check this out if you're into current bands like RAEIN, LIFE AT THESE SPEEDS, or LA QUIETE. (JD)
(Moganono, 66 Marshall St. Apt. 2, Brookline, MA 02446)

TORRINGTON – "Wage Slave" EP

Angry and discouraged punk, channeling discontent through bass-heavy punk rock annihilation. Solid and raucous duet-style vocalizing, at times reminding me of NAUSEA or ECONCHRIST but with their own take…and, with a bit of the old D-beat worship added. Good stuff. (BS)
(Soviet State)

TOTAL ARMSVETT / DISORDER – split LP

This LP provides early demos for both bands that are, in their own ways, evocative. Although Swedish, TOTAL ARMSVETT have an almost Finnish intensity at times, like KAAOS on coffee syrup, with a buzzy static of guitar over snot-nosed vocals. Wonderful stuff, all the songs short. The sound quality of the DISORDER tracks isn't very good, but you get insight into one of the UK's more influential HC outfits at their rawest and sharpest, their HC like a power drill or an atomic blast. They are rarely as consistently, listenably insane as on these tracks. Recommended.(SS)
(no address)

THE TOTAL END – "Stolen in the Night" EP

I thought the *Chasing Nightmares* LP this band did last year was really solid, so I was excited to find this 7" in my bin and it's no disappointment at all. In fact, this is really powerful, awesome stuff. There's nothing on here that couldn't be expected from these ex-DIALLO folk, and simply put, they are good at what they do. Pounding crustcore with a metallic edge that you'll love if you're into bands like HIS HERO IS GONE. The artwork shows the usual death and destruction but is executed really well, which only ads to the quality of this record. Recommended. (JD)
(Cries of Pain)

TOTUUS – "Kun Kuolema" EP

On their third EP release, TOTUUS pounds out eight more ripping tracks of fast traditional 80s style Finnish hardcore that combines a heavy DISCHARGE influence with elements of modern crust. It's brutally raw and harsh in the same way as a lot of the classic Propaganda Records releases were, but TOTUUS play a lot heavier and less abrasive style of HC than bands like KAAOS and KANSAN UUTISET did. At times it's a little bit to metallic for me, but the vocals—rough, totally pissed, *and* melodic—make up for that. Overall, a great listen. (VH)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND, www.kolumbus.fi/fight)

TO WHAT END? – "Concealed Below The Surface" LP

As you probably know by know by now, this band contains folks from WOLFPACK and SUNDAY MORNING EISTEINS. TO WHAT END takes the dark, crusty elements of those bands and adds in their own melodic

flare. The trade off between male and female vocals works well here as the guitars create these layered soundscapes of aggression. And yet, through all the complexities I still picked up on a riff that was lifted straight from a DISCHARGE record. This isn't overly aggressive or in your face, but it still holds strong and is a great release that you should pick up. Keep in mind that the CD is on Crimes Against Humanity and the LP is on…. (RC)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

UNGUIDED MISSILE – "Below and Beyond" CD

Jeez, have I become the bar-punk reviewer *du jour*? Well, these guys don't quite hit the "punk" side of the equation, how about straight-up 90s bar-rock? There are two songs on here that shake themselves out of the meandering "indie" doze hard enough to rock, and then the singer simply pins a picture of Mark Arm to the studio wall and cuts loose, sub-MUDHONEY-style. Forgettable stuff. (RW)
(Crazy Beast)

VICIOUS CYCLE – CD

I gotta get all geeky to do this thing justice, so bear with me. This thing reminds me of the plethora of rockin' powerpop *slash* bar-punk bands that put out 45s from say 1980-83, featuring hot chick singers. Usually the sleeve is really cool lookin', and expectations for a BLONDIE or BRAT ripoff soars, only to be dashed by the super-slick singing style of the vocalist. It works for male singers too, sometimes the music is damn good, but the 'pro' vox just turn the whole thing into a JOURNEY or HEART demo. Well, here's the 2005 version. (RW)
(Sweet Ass)

VICTIMIZE – "Fuck The Pistols I've Been Victimized" LP

One sided LP of five tracks from a live 1979 demo of VICTIMIZE, plus an OK studio recording called "One of Our Aircraft Is Missing." I guess the obvious question is why the superior 7"s weren't thrown on side two? I suppose there's a good reason for it, whatever it might be, and this edition of 459 is obviously intended for collectors only, so I will let you collectors (you know who you are) get to hunting it down. (DD)
(Boot, lastyearsyouth@web.de)

VOORHEES / RADIO ALICE – split EP

These two defunct bands share a red-streaked white vinyl EP, and acquit themselves respectably with four tracks each. The prolific VOORHEES treats you to a mini-set of their trademark thundering HC. They are eminently competent (as usual), with good, thick guitars, but without tracks that will stick to your memory. On the flip, the OIL-ish hardcore of RADIO ALICE offers stop-and-go discord and a sharp vocal attack. Fans should probably pick these up, though it's not on the top of my list. (SS)
(Hermit, PO Box 309, Leeds, LS2 7AH, UK)

THE WESTERN DARK – "So Sad, Well?/Breaks My Heart"

….ouch, this is really one turd of a single…!!!! Yet more of that STOOGES-as-a-bar-band kinda sound that seems to be popular with the new crop of young, good looking counter culture youth…….the Detroit thing is *in* baby, and it's been *in* for a while now…all the way *in* Bob Seger's male vagina……!!!!! As a matter of fact, one of the dudes in this band *looks* like a very young Bob Seger……with a little bit of James Taylor in the eyes…….which is making my cock moisten with precum!!!! Unfortunately the whole STOOGES/MC5/SEGER trip is *soooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo* played out these days that I might have to hire an assassin!!! Yeah, Iggy was cool back in the day but I can't wait until that motherfucker DROPS DEAD!!!! It'll give everybody a chance to MOVE ON!!!! The only redeeming points this record has for me is the fact that the lone gal in the band is not the boring old bass player but the motherfucking guitar player!!!!! I think chick guitarists in boy bands are *hot*!!!!! Other than that, this record is zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!!!! (SW)
(Perpetrator, PO Box 68-984, Newton, Auckland, www.westerndark.com)

WILLOWZ – "Are Coming" CD

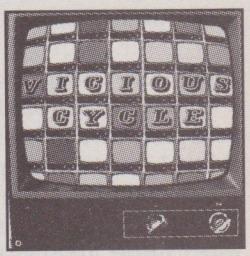
A very Los Angeles-type band; a good-lookin' power trio that successfully integrates an appealing mix of 90s indie with a smattering of *au current* garage sonics. It's very well produced, and by that I mean it ain't overpoweringly slick but you can hear everything and they have a goddamn take on what they are trying to nail down. It's not a bad record by any means, and I wouldn't mind hearing it come out of a radio sometime I guess, but it's just got a certain "packaged" feel to it that doesn't work for me in 2005, and I felt the same way about the LIBERTINES. I'll just toss this in an empty toolbox for a decade and give you the rest of the review then. (RW)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

WINKS – "Too Hot To Be This Cool" CD

The WINKS play basic, high-energy punk with a garage rock 'n' roll feel. Amanda's vocals show an energy that is a lot more prevalent on this CD on their 7". Though this isn't going to set the world on fire, I do think this CD will manage to get a few more plays on my stereo. (JF)
(Super-Secret, PO BOX 1585, Austin, TX 78767)

WITH HONOR / DISTANCE – split CD

For as much effort as they put into the packaging (a four-way gatefold digipack), they could have made this six-song split CD a lot less confusing. There's no proper track listing, and not a single word is printed on the outside of the case. Anyway, both bands play modern straight edge style hardcore that's angry and energetic. Neither band is afraid to exploit the youth-shout or the breakdown. WITH HONOR goes for a very clean sound, throwing lots of pick slides and vocal harmonies into the mix. DISTANCE, my favorite of the two, take a



harsher, more in your face approach to the same formula. I'm kind of hung up on the stupid packaging, but musically it's not bad. (VH)
(Martyr, PO Box 955, Harriman, NY 10926-0955)

WITH OR WITHOUT YOU – "Six Reason's to Drop Out" CD

Sadly, the name of this band immediately reminds me of the U2 song of the same name (and I am sure I am not the only one who thinks this). Fortunately, they do not sound like U2… Unfortunately, I still didn't care for them very much. Musically, they take chugging hardcore and add in a rocking groove and a few mellow "passionate" breaks. There were breakdowns and shouted backing vocals galore, but in the end it just didn't have any energy to it. And I always find bands that start off their thank you list by thanking "God" to be rather irritating. No can-do. (RC)
(Martyr, PO Box 955, Harriman, NY 10926-0955, martyrrecords.com)

WKZ – "Echte Punx" LP

Unspectacular generic thrash with lackluster production, gruff vocals, and really bored-sounding backups. A German album from 1988. Don't see why this one had to get reissued, frankly. (PC)
(Assel, Groner Landstr. 48, 37081 Göttingen, Germany, www.assel-records.de)

WOW OWLS! – "Pick Your Patterns" CD

This is not my thing—this thing being sporadic noisy hardcore—but, saying that, this sounds pretty good. If sporadic noisy hardcore is yer bag, that's fine. I've always found it a bit...I don't know, decadent. There's no two ways about it—this is emo. (AD)
(The Perpetual Motion Machine, PO Box 7364, Richmond VA 23221)

ZEGOTA – "Sinnerman" EP

A pretty unique band here, hard to pigeonhole. ZEGOTA is pulling from all sorts of styles; I imagine most punks would hate this record and find it hard to stomach. Their BORN AGAINST meets CRANBERRIES meets newer AGAINST ME sound, I think, would spin a lot of heads/have Maxi-Rockers puking in the free bin. What do you know? I kind of like it. Not so much the actual final product, but the spirit in which the songs were most likely composed in. That is, being unsatisfied with shitty corporate rock but bored by 95% of punk rock coming out—but that's just a guess. They have an ear for dynamics but also attack. I find some of their lyrics to be horrible, for example: "An enemy for every day of the week and a bomb in my heart for each one." Bomb in my heart? Get it out of there! And the cover envelope with glued-on Polaroid is mind-numbingly emo. So what do I say to ZEGOTA? Congratulations, you caught my attention, which is more than most bands do. The verdict is out on whether you are one of the cheesiest bands I've ever heard and the answer is somewhere between "No, definitely not" and "Absolutely, one of the most." In the name of art, I applaud this—it is a testament to creativity—the flipside being that most punks hate art. And me, I'm not sure if I hate art, but I think I do. (WL)
(CrimethInc., PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402)

ZSK – "We Are the Kids" CD

What the fuck's this? The German ANTI-FLAG? *Nein Danke!!!* (AD)
(Bitzcore, PO Box 304107, D-20327 Hamnurg, GERMANY)

V/A – "Back to Punk, Volume III" LP

This reaches back into the archives for some true obscurities. The glam-tinged KULT HUREN has a stinging, sarcastic style that's pared down for punk—maybe too much. KOTZT IHR HIN WOLLT also would have been better served with good production; they specialize mostly in sharp, mid-speed classic-style punk, with that distinctive monochromatic German style, though "Straight Edge" seems to make a blundering attempt at HC. The material from NO RESPECT tends to be almost self-consciously repetitious '79 vintage loose-punk, with a weird cover of "La Cucaracha" thrown in for some reason. Finally, PARANOIA actually deserves respect, and is no doubt the most familiar band on this comp. This is thick punk in a style that recalls a slower NIKO-TEENS with its abrasive guitars and incisive vocals (though they're obviously not in the same category). On balance, an interesting group of bands. (SS)
(Krachschwindel, c/o Patrick Lehmann, Rosdorfer Weg 26A, 37073 Gottisgen, GERMANY)

V/A – "The Bastards Can't Dance" CD

A LEATHERFACE tribute from the current Snuffy Smile roster. Although the vocals aren't up to Frankie's, the music on this does kick. A little odd at first, this finds its groove on repeated listening. With covers by SPRAYPAINT, NAVEL, PEAR OF THE WEST, and URCHIN to name a few, this will work best with fans of LEATHERFACE. (RL)
(Snuffy Smile)

V/A – "Hate The State: Fire and Flames Music Sampler" CD

Sampler from a new(ish) German label, dedicated to bringing the best anti-fascist/(extra-parliamentary)political Oi!/punk/ska bands to prominence in the "youth" and "street" scenes. Seven bands are showcased, probably the most familiar being France's BRIGADA FLORES MAGON and ARGIES from Argentina. All in all, there's at least a couple of tracks from them, and DULCES DIABLITOS, JEUNESSE APATRIDE, OBRINT PAS, OPCIO K-95 and ROGUE STEADY ORCHESTRA. I have to say, I'll have to take it as a given that the bands are militant and political, since none of them (quite understandably and laudably) sing in English (though there are handy liner notes with a brief history, and their "street" credentials). But the music is uniformly really good! I even like the ska and rocksteady stuff (and there's a fair bit of it). Quite superb. (RK)
(Fire And Flames, www.fireandflames.com)

V/A – "Konton Damaging Ear Massacre" LP

Jesus fucking Christ! If you are thinking about putting out a compilation this year, you may want to wait a while until this masterpiece gets done crushing every listener in its path. This is a steamroller of ear-splitting punk from Japan, with a variety of styles to be found on this slab of wax. Distorted thrashing insanity from FRAMTID, POIKKEUS, FEROCIOUS X, LAUKAUS, and DEFECTOR, quirky punk rhythms jammed out by ADIXION and KRUW and the spiraling pit of darkness cranked out by ZOE all combine for one hell of a compilation. And as an added bonus the cover folds out into a huge CRASS-style poster. You better get to cracking on this before it is gone and you are paying $50 for it on eBay! (RC)
(Crust War, 1-28-30 Sikitu Nishi 2, Naniwa-Ku, Osaka-City, 517-0017 JAPAN)

V/A – "Live at Continental: Best of NYC, Vol. I" CD

Big comp of New York bands recorded live at the Continental. There's the big names (AGNOSTIC FRONT, BOUNCING SOULS, CHEETAH CHROME, CRO MAGS, H2O, JOEY RAMONE, LES STITCHES, LUNACHICKS, MURPHY'S LAW, RAMAINZ, TOILET BOYS, and VOLUPTOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK) as well as a few unknowns. A nice surprise was the band HEAP, as well as the not listed CRO MAGS track "Survival of the Streets." Essential only for those with a history involving the venue. (AD)
(Continental, www.continentalnyc.com)

V/A – "Power for Passion" CD

A collection of independent power-pop hits from the early 80s. This includes tracks from REDUCERS, FOREIGN OBJECTS, HEADACHES, and DENNIS MOST amongst others. Collectors know this stuff as many of these bands have had compilation CDs and the singles are semi-scarce items. Good stuff, but with fifteen tracks this really just scratches the surface of the "power pop" genre. (RL)
(Dionysus, www.dionysusrecords.com)

V/A – "Punksvall 1979-80"CD

Comp CD of all of the early punk singles circa 1979-80 by this early Swedish institution, who hit the nail so many times on the head they must have pounded it back up from the flipside so they could hit it again. Singles from: MASS MEDIA (both), VACUM (both), PIZZOAR, DIEINSTICT, FORBJUDNA LJUD and a track each from the SAME and INVASION. Ah, gimmie punk before the rules set in! This stuff is all over the map, from super-primitive noise (MASS MEDIA's first, geez, did they really think people would line up to buy something that ranuched out in 1978??) to bands that seem to know their way around a mixing desk; DIEINSTINCT's taut punk for starters. This is a great CD comp for those looking to fill in the holes of their late 70s punkolgy on the cheap. (RW)
(Massproduktion, Box 377, 85106 Sundvall, SWEDEN)

V/A – "Salvo of 24 Gunshots: Tribute to Gun Club" 2xLP

It's only fitting that a band as legendary and difficult as the GUN CLUB garner a suitably eclectic tribute compilation. The compilers and bands (not to mention this particular reviewer) clearly have a deep-rooted love for the source material, but I think it's apparent from the get-go that this is difficult shit to pull off well…let alone *good*. Over the course of this double LP, I find myself thinking that the highs are few and far between while the lows are nothing short of horrendous. The roster features several notables (DIRTBOMBS, FATALS, REBEL, ANDY G & THE ROLLER KINGS to name a few), the packaging is quite handsome and die-hard GUN CLUB fans (not to mention fans of the Sympathy, Nasty Product, and In The Red rosters, from which the compilers borrow heavily from) will want to pick this up for no other reason that it exists and you will die if you don't ingest its power immediately. Or not. Just don't go in expecting any mind-blowing takes on Jeffrey Lee's classics. (MC)
(www.unrecordingrecords.com)

V/A – "Smash the States: Redefining Punk from the South" CD

Ohhhh noooooo. A thirty five-track CD compilation set out to prove to me, the victim, that such mediocre bands do exist, and always will. Either every band on here is made up of sixteen-year-olds or the South really is full of retarded inbreds (and I'm pretty certain it's the former). The only exception being that there is an already released CARRIE NATIONS track on here, which is great. An interesting song from NEW SCHOOL DROPOUTS and a rad one from DESTROYED TRADITION that's starts with "Freee Counnntrryyy!!!," not to mention a catchy one from DONE DEAL: "Let's take it back to '72..." Great. Near every song on here is recorded terribly. Thanks to the dropping cost of CD manufacturing and the widespread use of Pro Tools-like recording programs, I will probably be assaulted with garbage like this for the rest of my time as a reviewer. (WL)
(Suicide Watch, PO Box 9599, Charlotte, NC 28299, www.suicidewatchrecords.com)

V/A – "Teenage Crime Wave" EP

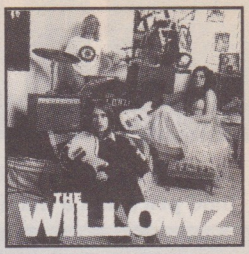
A good gal-featured comp here with BOONARAAAS, ELVIS McMAN, UNLOVABLES, and the BAZOOKA BOPPERS. The BOONARAAAS track is the POINTED STICKS "Out Of Luck" and the UNLOVABLES track is from the new CD although I'm not positive it's the same version. A good release all the way around,especially for fans of the gal rock/pop. (RL)
(Squirrel, PO Box 481, Leeds, LS5 3TH, UK)

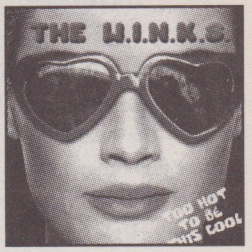
V/A – "Vägra Raggarna Benzin" CD

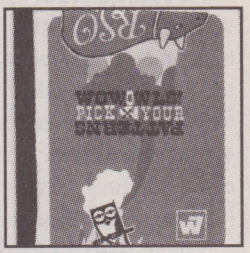
This comp came out around 2000 or so, but this is the first we've gotten it for review, so fug it. Original Swedish punk from the late 70s and early 80s, covers all types of indie punk bands from the proto-hardcore of MISSBRUKARNA and BRULBAJZ to the aggro pop of BRANDA BARN and NOISE to the unsettling weirdness of MIZZ NOBODY. Then there is the wide expanse of just straight up 70s punk tossed off by SHIT KIDS, RUNE STRUTZ, PIZZOAR, SVART, etc. It's weird to think that bands such as these had some sort of expectation to maybe, *maybe*, hit the local Top 40 with their sound basically intact. America in 1980 was just coming to grips with the radical sonic challenges presented by BLONDIE and TOM PETTY. A perfect starter kit for those of you disinclined to track down one of those painfully shy and withdrawn Swedish punk vinyl boots. By the way, "Das Jazz" by MASS MEDIA is one of the greatest punk songs of the first wave of punk. (RW)
(Massproduktion, Box 377, 85106 Sundvall, SWEDEN)

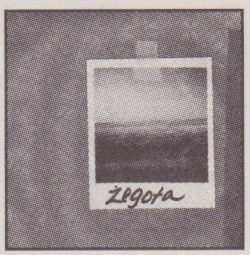
V/A – "Vägra Raggarna Benzin, Vol. II" CD

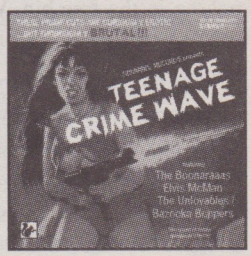
Twenty—count 'em, *twenty*—tracks of Swedish punk and semi-punk, culled from the dusty archives of Northern European record collectors. We're talking 1978 to 1982, here—fertile years by anyone's estimation. There are some biggish names on the roster (like ASTA KASK) and a whole lot of smallish ones (the SAME, ONBIRDS, CYKLON B, EPIDEMI, RASTA HUNDEN, BAD BOO BAND, etc.) delving into a variety of styles that range from speedy politi-punk ('82 style) to RICHARD HELL-ish tweaks and twists to reggae-ish pop played by spiky-haired Swedes with attitude. While it's a great historical document for locals and fans of the era's releases, casual listeners might not have much to grab on to—the "punkier" (for lack of a better term) material seems a little more controlled and constrained than what we're used to in 2005, and the new wave-y pop stuff definitely falls "outside" to most. Reservations aside, I wanna see *more* comps like this. (JH)
(Massproduktion, Box 377, 85106 Sundvall, SWEDEN)











DEMOS

Send all demos to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland,OR 97207. Please provide a postage paid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Erin Yanke & Peter Avery.

AMNESTY's second demo is recorded much better than the first. Simple, kind of angry songs which are not acoustic but sound like acoustic CELEBATE RIFLES songs—the vocal tone especially. They use drums this time, and the vocals don't dominate. Good work! ($2 ppd. 2 song CD, lyrics included. 644 Highland Park, Tupelo, MS 38801.) (Erin)

APPRECIATION plays songs in the same vein as the CHAMPS. They are instrumental rock tunes with a metal influence and a whole lot of wanking. While the songs aren't amazing, they are complex and dynamic enough to keep you interested for a while. It's just that it isn't exactly original. (7 song CD, no lyric, obviously, www.appreciationmusic.net) (Pete)

I think **BIRDFLESH** is from Sweden. This total grindcore demo was recorded live in Germany, and has good sound for the circumstances. They play intros that are more traditional punk, and they have moments that are pure metal headbanging. The vocals and drums are more prominent than the guitars, but that's part of the live quality. I like the talking in between the songs, too. ($3 ppd. US, $5 ppd. World. 14 song cassette, no lyrics included. P. O. Box 348, Yonkers, NY 10710.) (Erin)

THE BLONDE ALIBI has a CD of emotional, melodic hardcore. I think this stuff is fairly popular but my only real reference may be to a slightly more hardcore version of HOT WATER MUSIC. The songs are complex but catchy, with heavy but melodic guitars (that have a pop feel at times) and one vocalist who screams while the other sings. The recording is very good but almost over-produced. (5 song CD, with lyrics, contact?) (Pete)

CARDIAC ARREST rules! A good mix of old-style catchiness and angry punk rock, with a "take no prisoners" fury of hardcore prevalent in general, but especially with the vocal attack. They mix it up on a few songs with a moody influence, and a song with some unusual timing. They do a MOB 47 cover, and one acoustic song, featuring good backups! For the most part, driving and no holds barred. But, the punks, you should know they are about to change their name to **SVARTENBRANDT**. Be on the lookout for their stuff in the future and get this tape now! (13 song cassette, lyrics included. c/o Lindecrantz Bjärka-Säby, Ekhammar 590 55 Sturefors Sweden. bushtrik@hotmail.com) (Erin)

THE COMPANY ANTHEM plays six songs that cross the line between pop-punk and hardcore. The sound is very much in the vein of PROPAGANDHI. The songs are fast and straightforward with melodic but aggressive guitars and partly sung, partly yelled vocals. Not the best recording but then again it's not too bad. (6 song CD, with lyrics, $4 ppd, 31 Kellogg St. #3, Portland, ME 04101, www.thecompanyanthem.tk) (Pete)

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN plays standard straightedge, tough guy East Coast hardcore without modern metallic influences. The vocals are yelled, and the crew is still standing strong handling the backups. Well done for what they're going for. (Free! 4 song CD, lyrics included. 700 Phoenixville Rd. Route 198, Chaplin, CT 06235.) (Erin)

FALLEN WORLD are grindcore traditionalists, although they are much faster. They break out with some catchy moments in the mists of it all, but they mostly just pound forward. Vocally, the genre's duel between the screecher/screamer and the low-down voice from hell continues. They also do one of the best NIRVANA covers I've ever heard. (7 song CD, lyrics included. Block 856, Woodlands ST. 83, #04-06, Singapore 730856) (Erin)

THE GENDERS have a CD-R full of well-recorded, 70s-influenced rock and roll songs. About half of the songs sound heavily influenced by the STONES with lightly distorted, twangy guitar, mid-tempo drumming and lazy vocals. The other half of the songs are much more rocking and have a strong MC5 sound. Pretty good stuff for an overcrowded genre. (8 song CD, no lyrics, 37 Harechasim St. apt 4, Ramat-Gan 52355, Israel) (Pete)

THE HARTFORD WHALERS are a mid-tempo, emo-pop-punk band playing catchy songs that reflect loneliness and isolation. Funny how those are the ones that get all the kids dancing like crazy. It's easy to picture a full basement of kids singing along and digging this band. The vocals are kind of guttural, and the backups punctuate nicely. ($3 ppd. 8 song CD, lyrics included. P. O. Box 20996, Ferndale, MI 48220.) (Erin)

HEXACRON plays quirky, dissonant, metal-influenced, dark music. Elements of the grind are here and there, but mostly mixed with other genres that are influenced by the netherworld. You will not find any groove or melody to this band. The vocals are throaty shouted bowels-of-hell style.(4 song CD, lyrics included. 2156 W. Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622.) (Erin)

THE INTERVENTION plays emo hardcore that seems like the years haven't passed since the mid-90s. That's what they're going for, though—in their manifesto they spell it out. I like band manifestos! Musically, this is equally about the slow parts and the mosh parts. They have a range of dynamics (quiet and then *loud*!) The vocals are pure shouting. ($2 ppd. 4 song CD, lyrics included. P. O. Box 193, Bennett, IA 52721.) (Erin)

JOHN WALSH say "positive" on one demo more than anyone I've ever heard! They are beginning the metal backlash by stripping down the music back to thrash basics, keeping it guitar-driven without solos, and bringing in the whole gang to yell "positive" in the background. If they didn't include the cartoon, they'd sound more like tough guys, but cartoons really betray that image. (7 song CD, no lyrics included. 515 St. Thomas
Ct., Fairfield, OH 45014.) (Erin)

KILLER SQUIRREL sounds like a four-track project, with fake drums but lots of heart. They have mid-tempo songs, and the guitar is fuzzy sounding, but kind of hard to hear because the vocals tend to drown out the music. The songs are about the Fortune 500 list being a hit list and how Jesus sucks. That's punk. (2 song CD, lyrics included. P. O. Box 13380, Mill Creek, WA 98082.) (Erin)

MEER CAZZ have a CD-R of sloppy, lo-fi, rock tunes. The songs are in the vein of that retro 70s rock that the STROKES made so popular about three years ago. Mid- to up-tempo tunes with slightly muddy but not heavily distorted guitars and mostly sung vocals. The sound isn't bad considering that it sounds like they recorded it live (not at a show), but the songs are sloppy and the main vocalist is dull and monotone. The recording also suffers from a lack of bass guitar. Not bad but it fails to stand out. (9 song CD, no lyrics, 2817 NE Oregon, Portland, OR 97232) (Pete)

NOIR LES HORREURS plays heavy, impassioned hardcore tunes. Thick, melodic guitars play over solid, up-tempo drumming while the vocalist lets out screams in the higher range of the sonic spectrum. The catchy yet forceful songs are well played and have been captured perfectly. This is well worth checking out. (7 song CD, lyrics in French, Descomps Vincent, 5 Rue des Augustins, 33000 Bordeaux, France, noirleshorreurs@tiscali.fr) (Pete)

RODAN (definitely not the RODAN of indie-rock fame) plays full-speed, heavy handed, grindcore. Sludgy slow parts with a ton of double bass mix with high speed blasts, metal guitars and deep, throaty screams. Altogether well played and recorded, they just need a new name. (4 song CD, no lyrics, rodan@tampabay.rr.com) (Pete)

SEX VIDEO plays sloppy hardcore mixed with some garage rock sensibilities. They play on the fast side of things, and with some wildness. The vocals are slurry and kind of guttural, and mix in with the music really well. Good job. ($1 ppd. 7 song cassette, no lyrics included. P.O. Box 2066, Olympia, WA 98507.) (Erin)

SOCIAL CLASSICS plays straight up pop punk. For the most part the songs are in the vein of SCREECHING WEASEL or THE QUEERS with mid- to up-tempo drumming and snotty vocals. At their best there is some hint of early REPLACEMENTS in the songs but it just doesn't happen enough. The recording is OK and frankly it is better than the band I was in in high school.
(9 song CD, no lyrics, 1510 Henry St., Neenah, WI 54956, socialclassics@hotmail.com) (Pete)

SUICIETY has a plethora of hardcore styles going on here, and what you get depends on what song you listen to. To generalize, they musically thrash it up and throw in elements of grindcore, metal, and dark, slow hardcore to mix it up. The dual vocals are always shouted like a discussion during an exorcism. They do two FUCT covers, which I assume is one of their old bands, but don't hold me to it. ($1 ppd. 11 song CD, lyrics included. PMB 60, 595 W. Main St., Norwich, CT. 06360.) (Erin)

THE TRUTH HURTS plays short, fast hardcore tunes. The songs are pretty basic with power chords going up and down the fret board, solid, straightforward drumming and a deep, guttural vocalist. Think about a mix between the very early Dischord bands and the late-80s New York hardcore scene. (8 song CD, no lyrics, 16 Pollock Rd, Latham, NY 12110, xplodingx@hotmail.com) (Pete)

WINSTON SMITH has a CD-R of catchy but discordant hardcore tunes. The songs very much remind me of HARRIET THE SPY. The music is fuzzy, quirky, heavy and catchy all at once while the vocals consist of throat-hurting screams. This may be well worth checking out for all the kids who are paying a bunch of money for my CURRENT records on eBay. (8 song CD, with lyrics, 2068 Tina Ct., Arcata, CA 95521, jammeal@aol.com) (Pete)

XBRAINIAX is a Star Wars-obsessed blast beat band. Short songs that explode with energy and are over before you know it, with a shouter vocalist ranting over the top of it. They include an INFEST cover. ($1 ppd. US, $2 ppd World. 10 song cassette, lyrics included. 5726 Sussex Ct., Troy, MI 48098.) (Erin)

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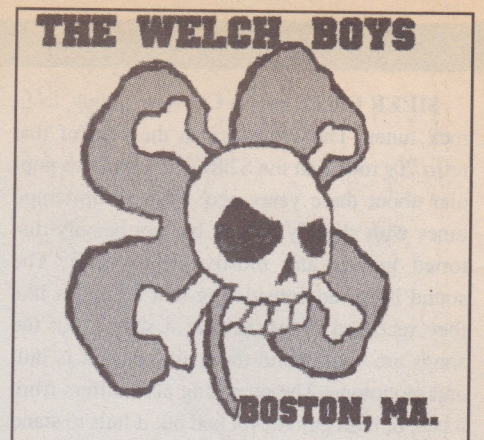
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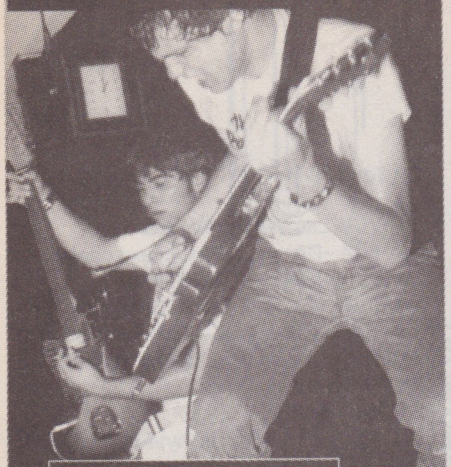

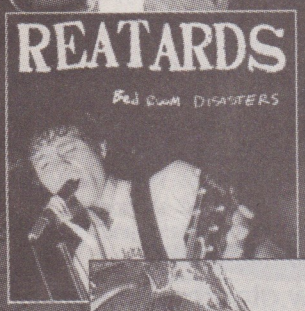

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (JB) Julia Booz Ullrey, (PC) Paul Curran, (JD) Jip Daems, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (LG) Layla Gibbon, (CH) Cassie Harwood, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (CR) Casey Ress, (CQ) Cooper Quintin, (AS) Andy Shoup, (DS) Dionne Stevens.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

AGITATE #5 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
This is a nice, small newsletter from Britain that focuses on crust and fast hardcore punk. It includes an editorial, a news section, reviews, and a piece on the Anarchist Black Cross in Brighton. The layout is basic but works well, and the text is juxtaposed with photos of Visions of War, See You in Hell, and Avskum.
PO Box 202 / Shipley, BD18 3 WB/ United Kingdom

AK INK #14 / $?
8.5 x 7 - copied - 21 pgs
Imagine punk bands booking gigs in Alaska as part of the summer tour without some incentive, so, the kids will make their own music until the festivals hit, and give their bands silly names too. The references made by this fanzine's review staff appear to have a slight snow-core slant, and I sense its presence in the editor's picks as well... as there is almost a suburban sentiment. Regardless, these kids living in Anchorage maintain their own little scene, and are proud of it. The mall may be a slight catalyst to its continued interest, but they are doing it nonetheless... "Read all about it." (DS)
PO Box 244235 / Anchorage, AK 99624
jennink@ hotmail.com

THE ALARM #1 / free
5 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
This small zine advocates the Peoples Global Action network as a framework for building a radical movement. Or at least that's its mission. In practice, this first attempt barely serves as a wrapper for a series of press releases of the various progressive and somewhat radical groups that exist in the Houston area. There is no context. There is no real connection shown between everything from Earth First!, APOC, and Food not Bombs and the PGA. Mostly this is because there is no connection. I guess it's alright that one would want to reprint a bunch of "shout outs" from local groups that they find interesting. It would be nice, though, if they would include a bit more exposition about why (for instance) the PGA makes sense as an organizational model, why these groups would agree, and what their action plan looks like. (AR)
1301 Richmond Apt U9 / Houston, TX / 77006

ANARCHOI #12 / $4
8 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs
This is kind of zine that I really want to love. It's called *Anarchoi* for gods sake! And while it's been close to 15 years since I've put on the braces, I still have a soft spot for the music and the style. The problem with this issue is that most of the content I would want to read is six fucking point! I'm surely not alone in not being able to read something that small without a magnifying glass. The content is your usual mix of band related pictures and interviews (Deadline, The Last Resort, Constant Fear, 4 Past Midnight, The Wernt). The rest of the content is comprised of a couple of reprints about the bombing of Dresden and a largish pile of smallish reviews of music and a couple zines. (AR)
3 Hazel Grove / Kilwinning Ayrshire KA13 / 7JK Scotland / United Kingdom

ARTCORE FANZINE #22 / ?
8.5 X 11 - printed - 40 pgs
I really must hand it to *Artcore*. They've been at it for a long, long, fucking time, and still manage to kick out a no-bullshit punk zine on a pretty regular basis. Issue #22 features interviews with the Adolescents, Signal Lost, the Dauntless Elite, and Vitamin X, articles about Gang Green, Social Unrest, Negazione, and Posh Boy records, as well as an assload of zine and record reviews. When reading *Artcore*, I get the impression that they've made a conscious effort to trim the fat, and it works. Get this one. (AS)
1 Aberdulais Rd / Gabalfa / Cardiff / CF14 / 2PH / United Kingdom

AT BOTH ENDS #3 / $1 plus postage
10.5x8 - printed - 48 pages
Well. This is a fanzine that used to be called *A Bond Still Strong*. It features interviews with Terror, Cursed, Greg from Trial, Morsecodeheartbeat and Undertow. The front cover features a group of dudes with their mouths open, fingers pointed towards the skies all on top of each other. This fanzine is called *At Both Ends*. Um. Insert inappropriate for uptight SxE kids joke here? (LG)
#207-555 East 6th Ave / Vancouver BC / Canada V5T 1K9
Stephen@atbothendsmagazine.com

AT BOTH ENDS #5 / $1 plus postage
10.5x8 - printed - 80 pages
This one features Converge, Go It Alone, Second Age, The Miracle Mile, A-18 and Eric FYH. This just isn't my world at all, so I have no idea what to say really, but it seems like a typical earnest sXe zine. Lots of adverts, clean, easy to read layout, columns, reviews, interviews...Kind of bland? Maybe those are your favorite bands though. The collegiate font make your heart pump faster? Get this zine! (LG)
#207-555 East 6th Ave / Vancouver BC / Canada V5T 1K9
Stephen@atbothendsmagazine.com

BORN 20 YEARS TOO LATE #3 / $1 or postage each
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
Pretty standard zine fare here, with cut and paste layout that is endearing but sometimes difficult to read. Mostly interviews (Driller Killer, Laukaus, Cluster Bomb Unit), with some reviews, show flyers, and reprints from CrimethInc and animal rights pamphlets.

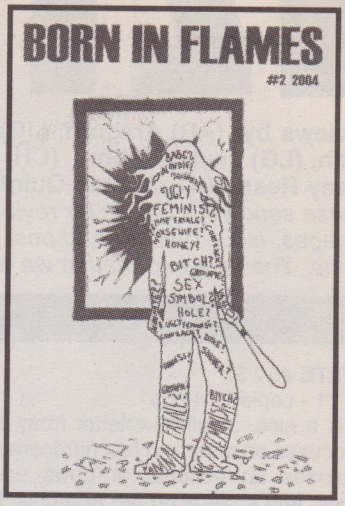
There are also reprints of old interviews with Amebix and the Partisans. Back issues are also available: #1 has interviews with GBH, Misery, Raw Power, Broken Bones; #2 features Legion, Asta Kask, and Selfish). (MD)
92 Riel / Gatineau, QC / Canada J9A 1M4
theamebix@yahoo.com

BORN IN FLAMES #2 / $1?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 38 pgs
Is the punk scene fixable? That's one thing I wonder when I read a zine that focuses on sexism and oppression within the "scene." This zine poses some interesting questions of its interviewees from punk bands (both males) as far as sexism and its pervasive effect both in the punk scene and what some would call the "real world." A lot of interesting questions, not a lot of easy answers. Personally, I've found that you can't just try to change the world, you have to simultaneously change your personal response to it, to stay sane and healthy. Anyway, a decent feminist and otherwise political zine. Interviews with performance artist Kristina Sheryl Wong, Robert Collins, and Harald from Forever Ends Tonight; there's some poetry and "declarations" on different issues, from safety on public transit to polyamory. (MD)
Jo Troxin / 61 Argyle Ave / Ottawa, Ontario / Canada K2P 1B3

THE BROADSLIDE #5 / $1
8 x 11 - copied - 20 pgs
This is a liberal zine out of a place where red state-blue state politics may actually be relevant and captivating. I don't miss those kinds of arguments. About half of this is filled with commentary by the primary contributor on the Iraq war, Abu Ghraib, torture, etc, etc. As you can imagine the position taken is that the US is leaving a sad legacy, creating questions about legitimacy, and is creating a tragedy. The review section is nice. Instead of snapshots, the author actually give a bit of context to the music reviewed, which is something more reviewers should do. (AR)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO / 65205-0329

BROKEN PENCIL # 27 / $4.95
8.5 X 11 - copied - 90 pgs
Broken Pencil bills itself as "the magazine of zine culture and the independent arts." It's from Canada, and is funded, (at least in part) by a couple of different arts councils in Canada, which I must admit, is awesome. It contains excerpts from various zines and small press stuff, as well as some fairly decent zine reviews, online zine reviews, reviews of comics, and a pretty standard array of alterna-art doodly /MC Escher-ish crap. The thing with this one that I just can't get past, however, is the lack of overall graphic design aesthetic. Perhaps this zine's creators would say that they were attempting a minimalist approach, or that their layouts are a reaction to the frenzied pages found in art magazines throughout the last few years. I, however, would disagree, and maintain that this magazine has both feet planted firmly in the "boring as fuck" school of design. (AS)
PO Box 203 / Stn P / Toronto / ON / M5S 2S7 / Canada

CALCUTTA, LOCAL POTTERY TRUTHS / $1 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 36 pgs.
The title suggests an air of pretension, and I am immediately turned off by the "hearing" suggestions. If bands like Tarentel fold your socks than stick 'em in your dresser. Unfortunately, there is no room in my sock drawer for this zine, but that does not mean that some heavy-hearted emo kid won't appreciate the variety of reading lists provided by this zine's creators, and the interview with Lisa Oglesby of *HeartattaCk* fanzine. Personally, I have difficulty accepting such humorlessness, and do not have the patience for this particular style of writing. See for yerself. (DS)
5044 Valley Ridge Rd. / Cincinnati, OH 45247



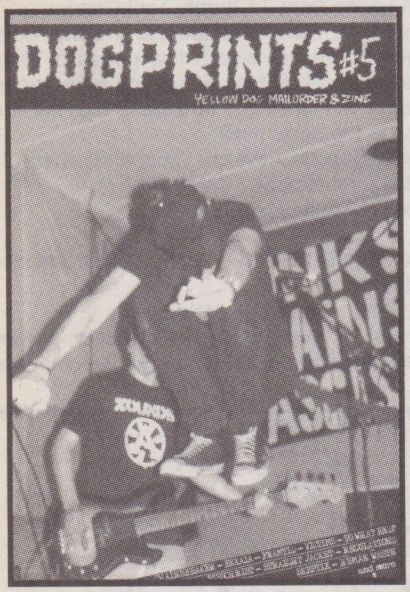
CITIZINE #8 / $3.25
8.5x11 - printed - 48pgs
If you are the kind of person who relishes little tidbits of punk trivia about bands that broke up when you were like, four, then *Citizine* will probably have something for you to add to your backlog of extremely geeky and useless knowledge. In this issue you can read the second installment of a very long interview with former Black Flag bassist Kira Roessler and hear from Derf Scratch and Spit Stix of controversial LA punk band Fear. I'd like to take this opportunity to point out that contrary to recent accusations in the letters section, I have nothing against geeks. I mean c'mon, I do fanzine reviews! Doesn't that make me a total geek automatically? Anyway, in this issue as with all issues of *Citizine* you will also find loads of record reviews and a dash of political commentary. (BD)
T Dubbs Enterprises / 2513 W 4th St / Los Angeles, California / 90057

DOGPRINT #5 / $2
11 x 8 - printed - 32 pgs
Here is a great fanzine from the German capital that is all in English. There are interviews with the bands Chain Breaker, Ekkaia, Victims, Framtid, Draftdodger, and Pisschrist. There are no record reviews to write about, but there are plenty of cool ads. The fanzine has a great lay out with totally cool graphics. Definitely check this one out especially if you are into the Berlin scene. (HH)
PO Box 550208 / 10372 Berlin / Germany
www.yellowdog.de

DON'T HAVE A COW #3 / free / donation in US, $4 Can/Mex, $5 world
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
This vegan cook-zine is only about 30% recipes, the rest being essays, letters, and reprints. This is the first in this genre I've seen that tells you to use the microwave. The recipes tend to be on the basic side, fine for me. The reprints include a long list of regular grocery store food that is vegan and an account of how they trick bulls into fucking an

artificial vagina. The essays include some good tips on eating out in the straight world. I liked the attitude herein that being vegan/vegetarian is not an all-or-nothing proposition, and that doing the best you can in a given situation is still in line with your ethics. Since most people who read these things eventually acquire a bunch of them, the extra material makes this still worth getting. I would guess that $2 and some stamps would be close to a fair donation. (JM)
John Johnson / PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

DWELLING PORTABLY April 2005 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
A resource for people who, uh, dwell portably. Lots of anecdotes and advice on all kinds of shit like scrubbing the insides of jugs, eating wild mushrooms and acorns, Mexican border pharmacies, a refreshingly short train-hopping story, and an interesting piece on Seattle's homeless "jungle." Indispensable, I imagine, for those who actually do live in transit, and a good read for the rest of us. Now I'm off to boil me up some acorns! (PC)
PO Box 190-d / Philomath, OR 97370



FASHIONABLE IDIOTS #2 / stamp or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
I like these real basic hardcore zines. This one is two pages of photos along with reviews, flyers, and news on some upcoming tours and records. This is a fine compliment to *Equalizing Distort, Hazardous Waste*, and the like. (JM)
Andy Peterson / 674 Van Buren Ave / St. Paul, MN 55104

FOLLOW UP #23 / free
7x10 - printed - 24 pages - Japanese
This Japanese punk zine has a hot lookin cover shot of everyone's favorite Misfits tribute band, Balzac. There is also a feature on something called Rock Motown, not sure if this is a record label/compilation CD, the back cover of the zine has a track listing with a band called Doping Panda which I like as a band name. (LG)
ShuwaSanbancho Bldg 7F / 28 Sanbancho Chiyoda-Ku / Tokyo 101-0063 / Japan

FREAK TENSION #12 / $?
8.5 x 11 - printed - 16 pgs
What a magical world, where punk kids in prison can have this kind of output. I don't understand it, but I like it. Actually this zine reminds me of a shorter and plainer *Rocktober*. The reviews are the whole zine, but they are really funny and illuminate a whole mess of ideas this kid has about music and DVDs and the intensity of life. You should get this. (JB)
Matt Johnson #26564 / S Paul X Tivnan Dr / W Boylston, MA 01583-2126

FT. VENOM STORIES: EAVES OF ASS #4 / $2 or trade
4.25 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
"We were still filled with a fiery rage to live. But still couldn't love ourselves enough to make it work. Still too lonely, too scared of failure. Maybe one day we'd have enough faith in ourselves to make our lives work. Until then we had each other."
Whaddya think? I imagine a lot of folks would find it poetic, haunting, and bittersweet. Personally, I think it sounds like the lyrics to a hardcore song circa any time *ever.* This is the sort of zine that has a lot of stories about drinking, alienation, and despair. There are stories about a bunch of punks in a house in Indiana or somewhere, just trying to make it through life. It would be awesome if no one had ever chronicled this sort of thing, but at this point, a zine like this feels like a big cliché. (AS)
PO Box 20692 / Seattle, WA 98102

GENERATION EXPOLITATION / $3
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 60 pgs
If you are the type of person who will watch an entire bad B movie and take solace in the one "so bad it's good" moment, this is the zine for you. I'd rather just read a synopsis, and most of the ones here are funny enough, and they all end with "this film's exploitation highlight" (e.g. rubber monster mask, Jesus gets punched, cops sexually harass the Munsters...) There is a longer article on "Revolutionary Politics in American Film," focusing on the late '60s/early '70s, and the cover story details "the Christian action films of Erik Estrada, 1970-1972." Bonuses for Canadian readers are the lists of quality (well, you know) video stores in Vancouver and Toronto, and a guide to the cheap section at some chain department store. A number of movie posters for these terrible films appear as well. (JM)
8-1730 E Pender / Vancouver, BC / V5L 1W4 / Canada

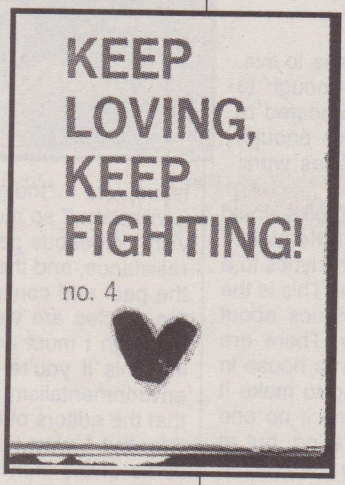
GREEN ANARCHY #19 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 78 pgs
This issue of *Green Anarchy* is, as usual with this zine, chock-full with articles, editorials, news, and reviews. The general theme of this

issue is "Indigenous Resistance to Civilization,'" so most of the pieces here deal with indigenous people, their cultures, ideas, resistance, and the issues they have faced in the past and continue to face today. Most of the articles are well written and informative, although I must admit that you might not be into this if you're not really into anarchism, environmentalism, or the anti-civilization-ism that the editors of this zine are into. I enjoyed this, but I also found myself very critical of some of the stuff that was written in here. If nothing else, this is great food for thought and is therefore worth checking out. (JD)
PO Box 11331/ Eugene, OR 97440

THE INNER SWINE #1, Vol. 11 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 60 pgs
At least Jeff admits he's arrogant. That's more than I can say. I would more likely classify this kind of writing as contrived arrogance, a showy version of insulting other people's intelligence to seem smarter. The kind of writing that hits you in the place you just got hit last week, reintroduces the bruise you were nursing carefully and makes you hate life that much more. The most offensive writing this time is the essay called "The Inner Swine Guide to Living on the Street." Since this guy clearly isn't and has never been homeless, it smacks of the article I found in my sister's copy of *Newsweek* one time where I discovered there is a travel agency that sets you up to be homeless in Europe for a week. Yeah, you pay people to help you live this great adventure of pretending to be desperate and penniless so you can get that rush from being "on the edge" and sleeping on the street. In Jeff's version, he advises that you stay clean so that more doors are open to you. Take people's laundry out when they leave the laundromat and use their wash cycle. Look like a prosperous member of society, while also muttering about beetles crawling out of your

nose. Hang out in Barnes and Nobles and table dive half-eaten sandwiches. The article of course ends "Doesn't sound so bad, actually, when I think about it at work" I don't know about you guys, but whenever someone postulates about how easy life on the street is without ever mentioning what to do when you are being attacked by the police I want to kick them in the nads. The rest of the zine is what you might expect: stories about being a privileged fuck followed by complaints about the free market economy. (JB)
PO Box 3024 Hoboken, NJ 07030

IT'S ALL GRAVY #8 / $1
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 24 pgs
Wow, crazy, this is a zine documenting the Compton, California ska-core scene. Who knew that such a thing existed? Well, now I have been schooled, and I have to say that even though I am resolutely not a ska fan, I was impressed by this little zine. It's fucking inspiring to see kids making a scene for themselves, and being excited about it. There is even a moving letter from an imprisoned old-school Compton telling the editors of *It's All Gravy* to keep the faith. They dub this the New York issue, which is a bit of a misnomer with the exception of some rad photographs of NYC graffiti. My copy also came with a separate insert/zine part called "The LA Scene Reporter," which has, among other things, tales of the pigs shutting down some shows. (GN)
Nick G / c/o Libros Revo / 312 W 8th St / Los Angeles, CA 90014



KEEP LOVING, KEEP FIGHTING #4 / $2
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 44 pgs
I couldn't make much sense out of the writing in here. "the ghosts cannot haunt a moving wind so i ride down street following street until i find a place i have no name for, an intersection without a story..." This type of thing does not hold my attention. "i speak in abstracts," she says. There is poetry and the layout is sprinkled with artwork. There are contributions from the editors of *Chainbreaker* and *I Hate This Part of Texas*, and these were more linear and comprehensible to me. I'm sure some people could interpret this and get something out of it, and think the layout complements the poetics—for these people, I could see this being worth two bucks. (JM)
Hope / 1324 Marginy / New Orleans, LA 70117

LAZYBONES #4 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 26pgs
For a horrible moment I thought that this entire zine was going to be a day-by-day account of the editors liver cleanse, but thankfully that is only one short part of this zine, and it's actually pretty funny. This is basically a collection of journal entry type short stories following editor Marc's half-assed search for employment and subsequent run ins with TV news reporters looking for dead donkey stories to fill in the gaps of their shows. Not the kind of stuff that you would write in a letter to a friend, but slightly more catered towards an audience than your typical diary entry. The writing is not bad, but the layout is a little plain for my tastes. (BD)
Marc Parker / 2000 NE 42 Ave #221 / Portland, OR / 97213

LOWER FORTY EIGHT #1 / ?
7 x 8.5 - copied
This thick-ass zine is packed full stories and photos dating as far back as 1994. Editor Jack is a lifelong fanzine fan and, after years of being in the army, in-and-out of shitty jobs, on-and-off drugs and alcohol, living all over the country, having kids, playing punk rock, and getting married, he's finally given us his contribution to the zine world. I didn't really expect to like this upon initially flipping through and seeing photos of trucks, dudes sitting on couches playing video games, an army dude, lots of pictures of the editor's wife and kids, the editor naked, or shooting a gun, or standing in front of a Confederate flag. But the writing really won me over. You get sucked into Jack's life and start to root for him through all his trials and tribulations, laugh with him as he takes a shit in his racist boss's laundry basket (hence the ironic rebel flag pose), and cringe as he tries a variety of DIY tattoo removal methods. My girlfriend couldn't relate to the "bro"-ness of this, so I imagine it might be that way for other people as well. But I was pretty damn impressed. I just wonder, with so much time obviously put into the content of this issue, how and when he will possibly be able to pull off an issue #2. I look forward to it anyway. (PC)
PO Box 3852 / Chandler, AZ 85244
lowerfortyeight@hotmail.com

MAGGOT ZINE #3 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 72 pgs
The focus of this zine, according to its editor, is "sex, punk, and politics." Hey, my favorites! The zine relies heavily on interviews, and the most interesting ones in here are with Alison of Bratmobile and the filmmakers of a documentary about the word "slut." There is definitely an everything-but-the-kitchen-sink feel to this zine, as it includes interviews, reviews, recipes, personal writing, random rambling, artwork, and other stuff too. It's all pulled together, ostensibly, by a focus on the politics of sexuality; *Maggot Zine* is resolutely in the camp of reclaiming sexuality to be wholly positive for women, though they are so cut and dry about their convictions that they gloss over some of the complexities of the issue. Also, I wonder about the decision to interview Zeke, who has songs called "Slut" and "Raped," and suck to boot. Overall, a worthy effort. (GN)
23 Veterans Dr / Fredericton / NB E3A 4C4 / Canada

MIND CLUTTER #1 / $1 or trade
4 x 6.5 - copied - 20pgs
Mind Clutter is a fitting name for this zine, as it reads like a late night, sleep deprived and coffee induced bout with ye olde typewriter. This is a pretty classic still in high school first zine, by which I mean that it's really good. For those of us who are out of high school it's a vivid reminder of what those days were like when all you wanted to do was get out of there and live your life the way you wanted to. For those who are still dealing with the dumb jocks and all the other high school bullshit like Jenn is, maybe this will help you feel less alone. I hope to see more issues of this and other zines like it in the future. (BD)
Mind Clutter c/o Jenn / PO Box 800757 / Santa Clarita, CA / 91380-0757

ORIENTAL BEAT #9 / $3
8 x 6 - printed - 36 pgs - Italian
This fanzine is simple and to the point. It has several cool columns; there are interviews with Lance from J Church, Toni Crimine a '77 punk from Pisa, and the band Long Dong Silver. There are also a few pages of show reviews, and a few pages of new record reviews. All in all this fanzine is big, but it is punk to the core. (HH)
Miguel Basetta / Piazza Cinque Giornate 2 / 20051 Limbiate, Mi / Italy
www.orientalbeat.cjb.net

POOR AND FORGOTTEN #21 / $1 stamps, trade
3.5 X 4.5 - copied - 8x fold
Several of my favorite, most action-packed zines have been presented in this manner.

The paper is folded and used to its fullest capacity with no cut pages—it's clever. People making zines from places such as penitentiaries are often forced to be more-than-clever merely to survive, and are not afforded every day luxuries like staples. I am truly impressed by this staple-less twenty-first issue of *Poor and Forgotten.* Photos, comments, and penmanship connect, and are worthy of cheers. Well, the prisoner abuse story made me lose my appetite, but by the time I got to the word search I was thinking about how much a good comic can be worth and the joys of punk radio shows. I extol the author of this zine for his dedication to punk's rawness and humor, and his ability to focus that energy into something creative despite his situation. Send stamps to...(DS
PO Box 59 / Linwood, MA 01525
Matthew Johnson #26564 / 5 Paul X Tivnan Dr / W Boylston, MA 01583-2126

PROFANE EXISTENCE #47 / $5
7 x 10 - printed - 100 pgs
At first I was skeptical of *PE*'s glossy new look, but I have to say, they continue to do what they do, and do it well! There are several band interviews (Ballast, Extinction of Mankind, Blown to Bits, Askum)—which are well done—my only complaint is if you are going to have such a slick zine, it would be nice to have better band photos within. There's a cool interview with a pizza collective (yum), plus great features on artist Kieran Plunkett and the "moral majority's" response to the gay rights movement. If that wasn't enough to rock your socks off, there are letters and art from prisoners, a piece on alternative "feminine products," a bibliography of all *PE* issues ever!, vegan recipes, reviews, and columns, which feature a nice representation of women in the scene. Totally excellent! (MD)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408
www.profaneexistence.com

RAZORCAKE #25 / $4
8.5 x 11 - printed - 116 pgs
I liked this issue better than the last one I read. Interviews in this issue are with Hot Snakes, Federation-X, Giant Haystacks (heck yea), and North Lincoln. This issue has a really in-depth and helpful guide to record players and vinyl. There's everything from the history of vinyl, how to store vinyl, what to look for when buying a used record player, and a sort of anatomical look at record players. All the columns in this issue were really good too; memories of Irish dancing, feeling nostalgic for KROQ radio and that feeling of lost innocence that comes along with nearly being duped over the telephone by some older dude to come drink beers with him in his hot tub. Ahh! (CH)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

ROCK HARD #32 / $10
8 x 6 - printed - 100 pgs - French
This edition of this fanzine celebrated its twentieth year. It has a great cover with interesting paper. The insides are loaded with lots of punk rock including interviews with the bands the Neurotic Swingers, and the Jerry Spider Gang. There are lots of record reviews, and mostly people in the French scene writing about their favorite bands. There are also plenty of comics, and finally the fanzine comes with a 24-song sampler that contains some pretty cool cuts. Check this fanzine out because you will find it a fun read. (HH)
3 rue Beausoleil / 63100 Clermont-Ferrand / France

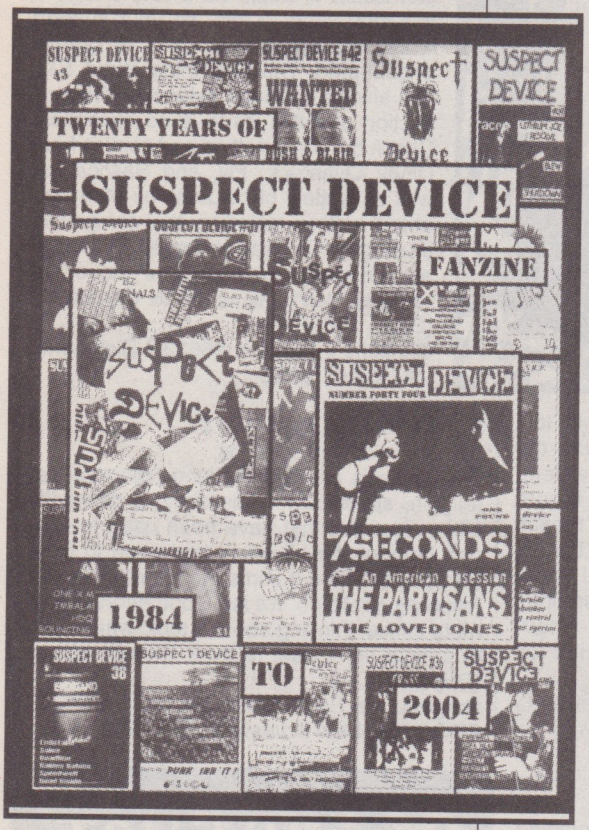
ROCK HARD #33 / $9
8 x 6 - printed - 60 pgs - French
Another great cover from this long running fanzine from France. This issue includes interviews with Minimum Rock'n'Roll, the Ramonettes, Starshooter, King Size, Nervous Shakes, the Fabulous Trobadors, and Berurier Noir. There are also some record reviews, comics, and a few ads. And of course this fanzine comes with a CD sampler. (HH)
3 Rue Beausoleil / 63100 Clermont- Ferrand / France

SLINGSHOT #85 / free
11.5 x 17.5 – printed - 20 pgs
This free, long running newsprint zine is fairly ubiquitous—kinda like the *Slug & Lettuce* of the activist community. A bunch of articles in this one ranging from military recruitment, to the continued crisis in Palestine/Israel, to the struggle for maintaining a counter-cultural ethic in the face of cultural appropriation. There is a focus on outlining what readers can do to put their politics into action, they in a lot of cases they are only first steps. *Slingshot* also features a section in Spanish. I am sure you will see this around somewhere, so pick it up and give it a perusal. (GN)
Long Haul / 3124 Shattuck Ave / Berkeley, CA 94705

SLUG AND LETTUCE #82 / free + postage
11x16 - printed - 20 pgs
Once again another fine issue of this long-running DIY punk rock zine/newspaper. It's good to hear that editor Chris(tine) is hopeful for the future of *S&L* and is dealing with the budget and burnout problems she lamented in the last issue. It would be a real shame if this zine were to fold, so your support would be appreciated and is greatly encouraged. The best thing about *S&L* has always been the extensive columns section and this issue is no exception. Check out some writing and comics from Cindy Ovenrack, Fly, and Sascha, as well as a slew of columns by other talented writers including the compelling musings of Chris(tine) herself. There are also, of course, plenty of zine and record reviews. Don't give up on us Chris(tine)! (BD)
Christine / PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA / 23261-6632

SUBURBAN BLIGHT #3 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
This issue is all about looking objectively at religion, specifically Christianity. It discredits bible passages that have been used to support homophobia. It encourages you to think for yourself when it comes to following or not following a religion. It's is a good effort to promote critical thinking about a topic which a lot of people don't want to think critically about. (CH)
Rutgers: the State University of NJ / 26378 PPO Way / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

SUSPECT DEVICE #44 / $4
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I enjoyed this fanzine from the UK even though this is basically your standard hardcore-punk zine. In here you'll find columns, reviews, interviews (with 7 Seconds, The Loved Ones and The Partisans) and some articles on Coca-Cola, DIY drinking, and animal abuse. Though the focus is definitely on the music side of things I like the fact that the articles delve into some other subjects. The layout could use more attention and creativity but it's a nice zine as it is. (JD)
PO Box 295 / Southampton, SO 17 1 LW/ United Kingdom



SUSPECT DEVICE: Twenty Years of Suspect Devise Fanzine 1984 to 2004 / $14
8.5 x 12 - copied - 88 pgs
I never really heard about this fanzine until I got this collection and their latest issue for review this month. This zine is a reflection on 20 years of zine-making by two guys from the UK and all the people that helped them out over the years. Personal stories, recollections, a compilation of interviews and other writings make up the majority of this 88-page publication. The love of punk that is presented here is great to read, but some of the stuff in here is probably only worth it if you're familiar with the zine and have been reading it for a while. As a first-timer, I couldn't really get into this. Some parts and personal stories were cool to read though and this is an impressive effort nonetheless. (JD)
PO Box 295 / Southampton, SO 17 1 LW/ United Kingdom

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #183 / $3
8 x 6 - printed - 36 pgs - Finnish
There is the usual punk rock in this small fanzine. There are lots of record and fanzine reviews including *MRR*, which is in English. There are a couple of band interviews including Ambulance and Ballast. This fanzine is the best place to check out the Finnish scene. (HH)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
email:jantsa@yahoo.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #74 / $1 + postage or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 48 pgs
This zine is mostly just reviews of records and shows and some interviews. It covers more hip/indie bands than anything else. This issue has interviews with The Reputation and Karate. Oh man that band Karate is awesome. I had forgot that they existed. Anyway *TTWN* is really into long and descriptive show reviews, which tend to remind me of the year 2003 when I thought it would be cool to write down everything I did at the end of each day for the whole year. I did a bunch of cool stuff that year, but when I go back and read about it I think, "Dude this is so lame man, this stuff is really boring to read about. I think I am gonna go keep doing more cool stuff instead of reading about all the cool stuff from my past." You know what I'm saying? (CH)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 18 #1 / $2
17 x 11 - printed - 8 pgs
This publication has as subtitle "Journal of Anti-Racist Action, Research and Education." In this eight-page newsletter type zine you'll find articles on Ward Churchill, rape in the military, pro-choice activism and news on communities in LA. (JD)
PO Box 1055 / Culver City, CA 90232

UNDER THE VOLCANO #84 / $3.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 52 pgs
Interviews with DOA, The Ducky Boys, The End Records, Jesu, Lamb of God, and Seemless. Filled with columns, reviews, and pictures. What more can I say? (CH)
POB 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

UNLESS INDICATED #5 / $1 & 2 stamps, or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Anecdotes about motherhood, being on and off meds, growing up Mexican-American, getting a bad review in *MRR* (!) and more. I learned that you can teach babies sign language before they can talk. And it helps them form a closer bond with their parents, and increases self-esteem. There are also zine reviews and a very short interview with the writer of the prisoner zine *Poor and Forgotten*. (PC)
PO Box 30117 / Bakersfield, CA 93385

US AGAINST THEM #12 / $2
5 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
This is a nice effort by some people who are making the painful transitions of living a radical politic. Within is a largish reprint of a Crimethinc "how to protest" piece, an interview with Cries of Pain records, a DIY guide to bleeding (including creating a pad/belt combo), and some shit about FEMA. (AR)
PMB 60 / 595 W. Main St / Norwich, CT 06360

VOICES WAKE US #14 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 8 pgs
This is strictly a review-zine filled with really in-depth descriptions of punk and hardcore records. This issue has reviews of awesome bands like the Violent Minds, The Oath, Negative Approach, and more. There are some cool pictures in it too. Hey this guy should reviews for *MRR* cause he knows his stuff. (CH)
3836 Stockport Drive / Plano, TX 75025 / misfitsfan@gmail.com

WHEN I SAW THE MONKEES & I SAW ELVIS #1 & #1 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 16 pgs
Quite a miniature comic collection here, two sided, both about the first concerts ever attended by the artists, check the title. Funny, predictable, too short. (JB)
Wunderpants Productions, Inc / 1100 W 36th St / Baltimore, MD 21211

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CAUSTIC CHRIST Government Job
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DAMAGE DEPOSIT Straight to the Bottom
AUS ROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy
ANY LAST WORDS S/T ep
AMDI PETERSENS ARME Blod Ser-Mere...
BRISTLE System
CODE 13 Doomed Society
CODE 13 A Part of America Died Today
CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
MASSKONTROL Warpath
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MURDERERS S/T
NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR Split
KAAOS Nukke
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT Dirty...Weapons
NINE SHOCKS TERROR Mobile Terror
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DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation
TEAR IT UP S/T
CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa
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VITAMIN X People That Bleed
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UNITED SUPER VILLAINS Escapist

To read complete descriptions, listen to mp3s, view our t-shirt selections, or to order online, visit www.havocrex.com.

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Orders are sent via media mail in the US. Expect 2-3 weeks for delivery. Overseas will take longer (especially surface.)

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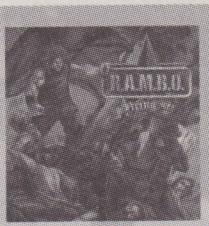

RAMBO
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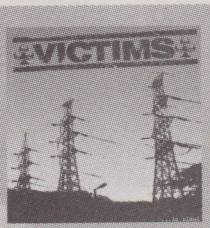

VICTIMS
Victims ... In Blood LP/CD

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RIISTETYT Valtion Vakina LP
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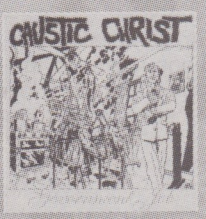

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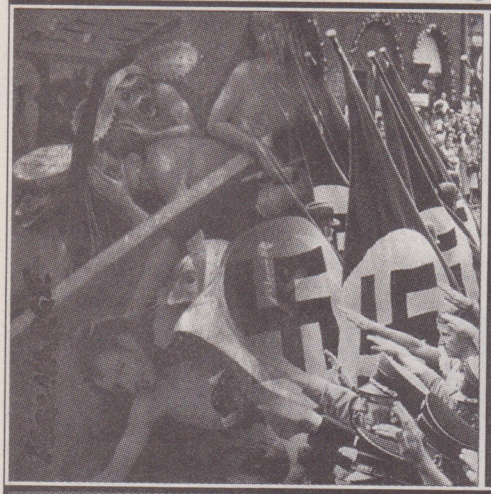

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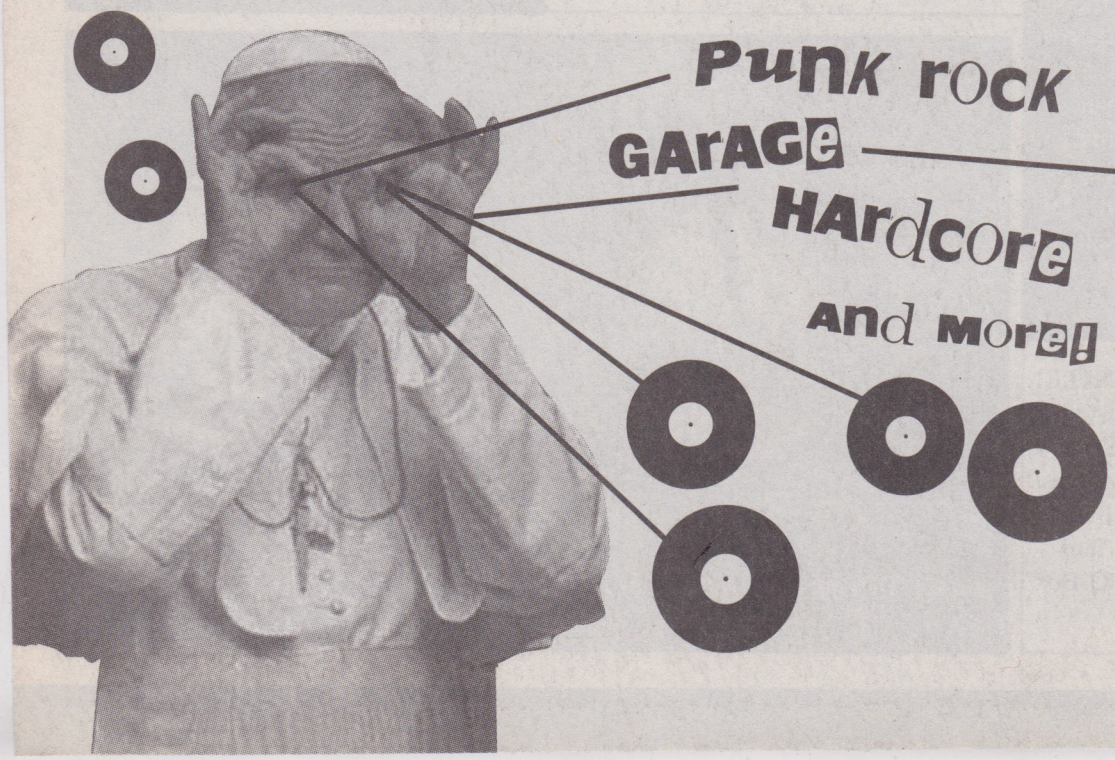
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